John Milton

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THE

COMPLETE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON:

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES, AND A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY THE

REV. H. STEBBING, A.M.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED.

DR. CHANNING'S ESSAY

ON THE

POETICAL GENIUS OF MILTON.

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MEMOIR

OF

MILTON'S LIFE AND WRITINGS.

THE celebrated subject of this Memoir was born Dec. 9, 1608. His father, who was a scrivener, soon after obtained a sufficient fortune to retire from his profession, but resided, at the birth of the poet, in Bread-street, London. After having received considerable advantage from the instructions of private tutors, Milton was sent to St. Paul's school, where he made a remarkable progress in classical literature; and from whence he was sent to Christ's College, Cambridge. In 1628 he took his B.A., and in 1632 his M.A. degree; after receiving which, and declining to take holy orders, he retired to his father's house at Horton, near Colebrooke, in Buckinghamshire. During the five years he resided here, he pursued his studies with an ardour and diligence which have seldom been equalled; and besides making many acquisitions in learning, he produced his exquisite poems of Comus, Lycidas, and some other minor pieces.

About the year 1638, his mother died, and he obtained the consent of his father to make a tour on the continent; he accordingly set forth, and very few travellers could be found possessing the qualifications for profiting by their journey which Milton had acquired in his retirement. In the different parts of the continent, therefore, which he visited, he was received with the greatest attention by the most celebrated men of the age, and he returned to England, after an absence of fifteen months, with the acquisition of many honourable friendships, and an important addition to his stock of knowledge and accomplishments. It had been his intention to prolong his tour by a visit to Greece, but the civil commotions which preceded the establishment of the

Commonwealth were commencing, and he conceived it his duty to lift up his voice in a struggle to which his love of liberty gave the highest interest.

Almost immediately after Cromwell had obtained an established ascendancy, Milton was appointed Latin secretary to the government, and in this situation, besides performing the proper duties of his office, he distinguished himself by several works written in defence of republican principles, and of the conduct of the men who had rendered themselves most conspicuous in the late contest. Before, however, he acquired this situation, he passed through some troubles of a domestic nature, which it is probable, materially influenced many of his subsequent feelings and opinions. In the year 1643, he had married the daughter of a gentleman of the name of Powell, a magistrate in Oxfordshire. Unfortunately for the parties, they each belonged to factions, over which political rancour exercised entire control, and Milton had scarcely been united a month, when his wife requested permission to visit her relatives. She obtained her desire, but soon after intimated that she never intended returning. This circumstance gave birth to our author's celebrated writings on the subject of divorce; and he was on the point of marrying again, when his repentant wife sought a reconciliation, and she was restored to favour. At this time also he took pupils, and by the income he thus obtained, he was enabled to support not only his family, but the father and mother of his wife, who subsequently suffered in common with the rest of the royalist party.

About the year 1639, after having been for some time labouring under an affection of the eyes, he was afflicted with the total loss of his sight, which he never recovered. But this caused no diminution to his zeal for learning, and as soon as he found himself free from the burden of public controversy, he commenced a History of England, which, however, he carried no farther than the Norman Conquest. He also prepared some portion of a Latin Thesaurus, which was published in the Cambridge Dictionary of 1693. But events were about to happen, which

however inimical to the temporal prosperity of Milton, were, it is probable, of the utmost use in concentrating the powers of his mind on an object sufficiently noble for their employment. By the restoration of the royal family he lost his office, was driven into obscurity, and was for some time in hourly danger of suffering for the active part he had taken in the councils of the revolutionary government. But fortunately for the interests of literature, his noble genius was no longer to be occupied in the defence of political factions, or in the preparation of treaties. He was henceforth to be left in solitude, and in the undisturbed peace of his obscure home, to hold communion with his own spirit, which had been gathering strength from worldly trouble, and with the great and awful spirit of truth which converted the splendid workings of his imagination into revelations of her hidden glory. The conception of the Paradise Lost was not one of those flashes of genius which it would be impossible, perhaps, to trace to their cause. It had been long growing and developing in his mind, and when the particular form of the work was determined, the vast and glorious assemblage of thoughts and visions which had been long present to his intellect, arranged themselves in a beautiful and perfect order—the creative faculty of the poet had been at work, and it wanted but the repose which is necessary to judgment to connect imagination with design. But there is an inspiration proper to the highest order of poets, which Milton enjoyed in a supreme degree, and the possession of which he signified by those intimations he so fondly gave of his communion with celestial visitants in his lonely chamber, and in the stillness and darkness of the night. To this mysterious elevation of nature, if it be nothing else, or to this divine gift of clear intellectual vision, are to be ascribed the deep and solemn tones of his lyre, the grandeur and splendour of his representations, the power with which he calls up from the unfathomable depths of chaos and eternity spirits of good and evil, the glory with which every scene and object he describes is bedropped, and the calm authoritative language with which

he inculcates the unchanging beauty of virtue. We have here also, it may be conjectured, a reason why Paradise Lost, and I believe it has been the case with all great poems, was the work of Milton's declining years. It was produced when every turbulent feeling of youth was subsided; when experience had had her perfect work, and when his soul could listen in quiet to the voice of the charmer, wisdom. Many of its most brilliant passages might have been produced in earlier years, but it could only be when the waywardness of thought was subdued, and the human spirit stood free from temporal hopes and wishes, that it could bear such a weight of glory; that it could look long and steadily upon the majestic vision with which it was encompassed.

Paradise Lost was completed in the year 1665, when Milton was verging towards sixty. He had at that period been suffering for several years under the distressing deprivation of sight, and an acute gout, from the torture of which he was seldom free. His fortunes also had been almost continually fluctuating, and he had witnessed as many domestic changes as fall to the lot of most men. His first wife died in child-bed, and he shortly after married the daughter of a Captain Woodcock, whom he lost in the same manner as he had done his former wife, before their union had been completed a year. From the unprotected state, however, to which he felt himself reduced by his blindness, he was tempted to enter the matrimonial state again, and he married a lady of the name of Minshull, who survived him. While these events were occurring, he changed his residence to every part of London, till at length he finally settled himself in a house in Bunhill-row.

Several difficulties, it is said, were found to prevent the publication of the Paradise Lost after its completion. These were partly owing to the power of the licenser, who could raise whatever objections he chose to the printing of any work, and partly to the niggardliness of the booksellers and the character of the public mind at the period. The latter, it is probable, was the greatest obstacle which an author in those days had to encounter. There was no

reading populace, no book-clubs, provincial libraries, or facilities for circulating literary works through the mass of the public; intelligence was in general confined to the small portion of the community who were possessed of fortune and talents, and the productions of taste had, consequently, to wait for the slow succession of those select readers before they could obtain a decided establishment in the list of classical works. There were, it is true, literary productions in the reign of Charles the Second, which acquired a reputation that might be called popular, but they were such as appealed, by their ribaldry and loose sentiments, to the lowest of men's passions, and were, therefore, equally sure of vulgar, as of fashionable attention. The poetry of Milton, on the contrary, touched upon no topic which the lewd spirit of the age could relish; it fed no unhallowed desire, perverted no principle of morality, and gave splendour to no character which was not rendered illustrious by holiness. The comedies of the most popular authors of the period, and the licentious verses of the wits of Charles's court, were greedily devoured by all classes, but no purity of taste was required to enjoy them, and no depth of thought to fathom their meaning. Milton's verse was a magic stream that had music for but few ears, and the levity and vicious abandonment of the times had degraded king, courtiers, and people, to the lowest character of vulgarity. Hence the comparative neglect which attended the original publication of Paradise Lost; hence the fear of the bookseller to give more than five pounds for the copyright, and the slowness of its sale, compared with that of works infinitely inferior in merit.

When, however, these circumstances are considered, there was no particular bad fortune attending the publication of this poem. It was sold, in the first instance, to one Simmons, a printer, and the real wonder is, that it was disposed of for no more than five pounds, with the agreement that five more should be paid after the sale of thirteen hundred of the first edition, and the same sum after the sale of as many of the second; which stipulation was also

to extend to the third edition. All that Milton lived to receive was ten pounds, as he died the same year the second edition was published. It is impossible not to be forcibly struck with this remarkable circumstance, but when the period in which the work was published, and its particular character, are considered, its reaching to three editions in ten years is a sufficient proof that it suffered no greater neglect than may be accounted for by obvious causes. In the history of literature there is more than a single instance of failure which the unfortunate author could attribute only to his own bad luck, which resulted from his want of means to make his work known, or the neglect which a production of the greatest merit will often suffer, when a writer has not the advantages of a previously acquired reputation. Many are the works of genius which have been permitted to pass at once into oblivion from some such causes as these, and the authors of which have pined in broken-heartedness after a reputation which they only wanted some favourable accident to receive, possessing the golden ore, but wanting the amalgam that should make it valuable in the world. But Milton lost not a particle of success in this manner; the times were against him, not fortune; and his labours were as amply rewarded by public fame as any author of such a work as Paradise Lost could have expected.

About three years after the publication of Paradise Lost, the History of England, which had been written many years before, was printed, and in the following year, 1671, Paradise Regained and Samson Agonistes. The former of these poems was owing to the advice of Elwood, a Quaker, who had been a pupil of Milton's, and to whom he had shewn his larger work in manuscript. On returning it the former observed, 'Thou hast said much of Paradise Lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?' 'He made no answer,' continues Elwood, in his account of this conversation, 'but sat some time in a muse; then broke off that discourse, and fell upon another subject.'

The temperate mode of living which Milton had

early adopted, was s[illegible]vening [illegible] by a long and healthy life of the [illegible] hereditary gout, [illegible] his [illegible] ceasing application, all contribut[illegible] constitution which had never been robus[illegible] of lett[illegible] either have ever suffered [illegible] the wear and tear of public life. From w[illegible] knowledge of Milton's character there is reason to think that the ordinary passions of our nature were, from the first dawn of manhood, subdued in his bosom. There was a calmness and tranquillity, amounting to sternness, in his conduct and [illegible] measure [illegible] life was sincere and constant in his friendships, [illegible] he wrote to and of his friends with classical precision, and seemed to find a greater relish in the intercourse when the learned spirit of antiquity assisted it. Love of woman never warmed him sufficiently to make him for a moment forget the severe assertion of authority, and in his character of child and father no melting tenderness, no irresistible flow of domestic joy, entered into its composition. It would, perhaps be refining too much, but I am inclined to think that this austerity of nature may be observed in the coldness with which he seems to have regarded the objects to which private memory gives a sanctity and beauty. His poems are singularly devoid of any occasional interest derived from this source. There are no signs of that deep rich stream of inner feeling which memory calls up in gentler breasts. We hear him uttering no lament over things which have passed away, because they were associated with some home-thought, or old familiar object. Whenever he leaves the present for the past, it is to hasten far beyond the bounds where history ceases to have a daily interest; it was not with the generation of his fathers, but with the patriarchs of the world he held communion, and when his heart warmed at any recollection of the past, it was his admiration, not his sympathy, that was awakened The ordinary passions of our nature had, therefore, not much influence over Milton. Those which fever the heart had little, those which contract it had less. But there was one grand and mighty feeling

of strong excitement
dued; it was his ardent
ty aspiration after a liberty
, render all men equal by exalting all.
quil meditations, in the loneliest retire-
s home, when oppressed with care and
s, and wearied with the vicissitudes of fortune
his passion was still as burning as in his earliest youth; the evil days and times on which he was fallen bowed his spirit, but diminished not its thirst for freedom; and when he saw his fondest hopes disappointed in the destruction of the commonwealth, he appears to have cherished a bitterness of feeling, as well as a heavy wearing sorrow, that must have materially assisted in shortening his days. The death of this illustrious man took place on the 10th of November, 1674, at his residence in Bunhill-row. He was buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, in the chancel of the church, and the funeral was attended by a great number of noblemen, as well as by a large concourse of the populace. In 1737 a monument was raised to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and a few years back another small one was placed in the church where he lies interred.

Milton's person is described as of the middle size, and his countenance as remarkable for mildness and beauty of expression. When at Cambridge, he was called the lady of Christ's College, and there is an anecdote told of his having captivated, by his singular beauty, the heart of some unknown female of rank, who happened to see him sleeping under a tree. In his advanced age he suffered so acutely that his hands became almost deformed with chalk stones, and his face of a sickly paleness. His habits were, as it has been said, extremely temperate, and those of a diligent student, to the last year of his life. He was accustomed to retire to rest about nine, and to rise at four in the summer and five in winter. The first thing which he did on getting up, was to hear a chapter of the Hebrew Bible read to him; he then studied the subjects he was occupied upon till twelve. after which he took an hour's exercise, and then dined. With playing on the organ, an hour or two's

further study, and the [illegible] 's conversation with his friends, the remainde[illegible] day was concluded, and having eaten a few chives, smoked his pipe, and drunk a glass of water, he retired to rest.

Milton had five children; four by his first and one by his second wife; of these, the three daughters whom he had by the former survived him, the others died in infancy. The last surviving of the daughters died in August, 1727. She was married to a Spitalfields' weaver of the name of Clarke, by whom she had seven sons and three daughters. Of these only two had children; and there is at present no lineal descendant of the poet living.

But I turn from this brief review of the poet's life to as brief a consideration of the magnificent talents by which his immortality is established. The genius of Milton has not yet, perhaps, met with its proper observer. His great fame has made him too sacred an object in the eyes of general readers to let them think of any thing but implicit veneration; and the men of letters who have been professedly his critics, have been more intent on correcting or illustrating the text by their learning than on unfolding the veil which partially hides the grandeur and uncomprehended beauty of all true poetry. Almost the only one among them who has written with the express purpose of employing a more general and philosophical species of criticism is Addison, a man of elegant taste and accomplished mind, but possessing little of that depth of thought, or vigour of intellect, which is necessary to the character of a critic. Johnson, again, strong as was his mind, was as little fitted for the office he had assumed; for he was as deficient in depth of perception and feeling as Addison was in intellectual power. Much, therefore, as has been done towards illustrating the works of Milton, the praise or blame he has received has not proceeded from any very elevated principles of criticism.

Milton is the most learned of our English poets. There is no work of either this or any other country on which so much profound erudition has been expended as on Paradise Lost. The learning of all

ages, the opinions of the wisest men, the superstitions of the most benighted nations, the truths of philosophy and science, and the most solemn mysteries of religion, were all explored by the great author, and he poured out the whole vast treasure of his mind into the golden vase his imagination had formed. But to decide upon the true character of his genius, we must not be content with the examination of his larger works. They were composed after his mind was more than furnished, after it was enveloped with learning; and it is sometimes, therefore, not clear whether knowledge have not mastered thought instead of being its auxiliary.

From the earlier poems of Milton we are able to discover, with some degree of certainty, the principal and original characteristics of his genius. In them we trace the love of truth, the creative imagination, the power over language, which form the features of his subsequent productions. But we see them in their origin. With him the love of truth was the offspring of a tranquil but noble soul, and from the dawning of his mind it was the object he most earnestly sought. But he sought it chiefly among books, or among those who derived their materials of thinking solely from them. The fashion of the times was not in favour of original thinking, and hence he, like the other great men of the period, principally employed himself in heaping together all the knowledge which the accumulated learning of ages could afford. One consequence of this was the subjection of passion, thought, and feeling, to memory; and there is, therefore, to be discovered no beauty of a sentimental kind, even in his freshest and earliest poems. The same cause will also account for the absence of that heart-reaching, spiritual eloquence with which poetry sometimes awakens us. There are scarcely any thoughts to be found in Milton which can be ascribed to his sympathy with individual suffering, or to his consideration of human nature in its simple but deep workings. He gave himself no time for this unincumbered view of humanity. He sought the true philosophy of nature, but it was in the

history of sects and kingdoms; and he learnt to excite wonder but not passion. Whatever, therefore, might have been the tendencies of his nature truth in his poetry is a reflected not primitive truth; the truth which learning searches for and discovers, not what every heart feels and recognizes.

But Milton possessed an imagination of the highest order; an imagination which could combine or create at will the noblest objects of contemplation. His early poems sufficiently attest the energy of this divine power in his mind. The classical style of his verses never affect its originality; and they run like a stream of light and beauty wherever the imagination is free to operate. All the other faculties of his intellect received their tone from this. His power of description was raised by it into a creative faculty; the objects of memory passed through it, and became godlike and eternal. It elevated his thoughts to other worlds of beings, which it alone could make visible; and reason in her severest moods was led by it to take her weapons from the splendid and ethereal armoury of poetry. In Comus, the Allegro, and Penseroso, and the religious Odes, we see all this power of the imagination operating, but producing only beautiful and holy forms; we are entertained with the sight of nature suffused with heavenly light, with the discourse of bright and spiritual beings, and with the view of past scenes, over which hangs the cloud of divine glory. All here is fresh and spring-like. The poet's imagination was a bird of Paradise, that had not strength of wing to explore the dark world beyond it.

When years, continued study, and experience of the world, had altered the general tone of his feelings, this distinguishing power of his genius assumed, with increasing strength, a severer character. The world of interminable being was all before it, and it chose out of the tremendous wilderness of space the most fearful spot it could discover. Here it rejoiced in its power. The great void grew instinct with life. The universe of thought became substantial, and night and ruin stood palpably distinct in the outflooding and creating light of heaven.

No mortal ever saw that vision so distinct as Milton, and seeing it he could but write as he did. His imagination was a sense, not the result of emotion. It was from sight, not feeling, his inspiration came, and hence the grandeur, but coldness, of his genius —the distinctness and reality of his creations—the cramped scholasticism of his philosophy.

There are other points of a minor but highly interesting nature in considering the genius of Milton. His deficiency of passion was the only element which was wanting to the perfection of his poetic character. When we examine it in respect to every other, we find it full and complete; perfect, not only in the higher and rarer requisites of genius, but in those lighter qualities from which inferior minds derive their sole claim to consideration. Milton had as perfect a knowledge of the art of poetry as any cold, formal writer of verses, who has no other means of gaining respectability. He had also an equal degree of judgment in arranging the different parts of his subject, and while there was no species of learning which he had not pursued, there was no, not even the commonest kind of, information which he could not accommodate, with the nicest skill, to his purpose. But of all these minor features of his genius, that which most deserves consideration is the exquisite power he possessed over every kind of metre. The versification of his shorter poems is the most beautiful specimen we possess of the music of our language. The blank metre of Paradise Lost is more various, more rich in the melody of cadences, than that of any other English poem. This, perhaps, is owing to a circumstance not generally observed, that Milton is almost the only writer in blank verse who had previously made himself a perfect master of rhyme and the rhyming measures.

DR. CHANNING'S ESSAY

ON THE

POETICAL GENIUS OF MILTON

In speaking of the *intellectual* qualities of Milton, we may begin with observing, that the very splendour of his poetic fame has tended to obscure or conceal the extent of his mind, and the variety of its energies and attainments. To many he seems only a poet, when in truth he was a profound scholar, a man of vast compass of thought, imbued thoroughly with all ancient and modern learning, and able to master, to mould, to impregnate with his own intellectual power, his great and various acquisitions. He had not learned the superficial doctrine of a later day,—that poetry flourishes most in an uncultivated soil, and that imagination shapes its brightest visions from the mists of a superstitious age; and he had no dread of accumulating knowledge, lest it should oppress and smother his genius. He was conscious of that within him, which could quicken all knowledge, and wield it with ease and might; which could give freshness to old truths, and harmony to discordant thoughts; which could bind together by

living ties and mysterious affinities the most remote discoveries; and rear fabrics of glory and beauty from the rude materials which other minds had collected. Milton had that universality which marks the highest order of intellect. Though accustomed almost from infancy to drink at the fountains of classical literature, he had nothing of the pedantry and fastidiousness which disdain all other draughts. His healthy mind delighted in genius, on whatever soil or in whatever age it burst forth and poured out its fulness. He understood too well the rights, and dignity, and pride of creative imagination, to lay on it the laws of the Greek or Roman school. Parnassus was not to him the only holy ground of genius. He felt that poetry was as a universal presence. Great minds were every where his kindred. He felt the enchantment of Oriental fiction, surrendered himself to the strange creations of 'Araby the blest,' and delighted still more in the romantic spirit of chivalry, and in the tales of wonder in which it was embodied. Accordingly his poetry reminds us of the ocean, which adds to its own boundlessness contributions from all regions under heaven. Nor was it only in the department of imagination, that his acquisitions were vast. He travelled over the whole field of knowledge, as far as it had then been explored. His various philological attainments were used to put him in possession of the wisdom stored in all countries, where the intellect had been

cultivated. The natural philosophy, metaphysics, ethics, history, theology and political science of his own and former times, were familiar to him. Never was there a more unconfined mind, and we would cite Milton as a practical example of the benefits of that universal culture of intellect, which forms one distinction of our times, but which some dread as unfriendly to original thought. Let such remember, that mind is in its own nature diffusive. Its object is the universe, which is strictly one, or bound together by infinite connexions and correspondences; and accordingly its natural progress is from one to another field of thought; and wherever original power, creative genius exists, the mind, far from being distracted or oppressed by the variety of its acquisitions, will see more and more common bearings and hidden and beautiful analogies in all the objects of knowledge, will see mutual light shed from truth to truth, and will compel, as with a kingly power, whatever it understands, to yield some tribute of proof, or illustration, or splendour, to whatever topic it would unfold.

Milton's fame rests chiefly on his poetry, and to this we naturally give our first attention. By those who are accustomed to speak of poetry as light reading, Milton's eminence in this sphere may be considered only as giving him a high rank among the contributors to public amusement. Not so thought Milton. Of all God's gifts of

intellect, he esteemed poetical genius the most transcendent. He esteemed it in himself as a kind of inspiration, and wrote his great works with something of the conscious dignity of a prophet. We agree with Milton in his estimate of poetry. It seems to us the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment, which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; we mean of that thirst or aspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty, and thrilling, than ordinary and real life affords No doctrine is more common among Christians than that of man's immortality; but it is not so generally understood, that the germs or principles of his whole future being are *now* wrapped up in his soul, as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison-house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being. This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes further towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the very foundation and sources of poetry. He, who cannot interpret by his own consciousness what we now have said, wants the true key to works of

genius. He has not penetrated those sacred recesses of the soul, where poetry is born and nourished, and inhales immortal vigour, and wings herself for her heavenward flight. In an intellectual nature framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, powers of original and ever-growing thought; and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it 'makes all things new' for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences, in the worlds of matter and mind; but it combines and blends these into new forms and according to new affinities; breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bounds of nature imparts to material objects life, and sentiment, and emotion, and invests the mind with the powers and splendours of the outward creation; describes the surrounding universe in the colours which the passions throw over it, and depicts the mind in those modes of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifest its thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence. To a man of a literal and prosaic character, the mind may seem lawless in these workings; but it observes higher laws than it transgresses, the laws of the immortal intellect; it is trying and developing its best faculties; and in the objects which it describes, or in the emotions which it awakens, anticipates

those states of progressive power, splendour, beauty, and happiness, for which it was created.

We accordingly believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and shew us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed portrays with terrible energy the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which shew a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shudder-

ing sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and through the brightness of its prophetic visions helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware, that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom, against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thraldom of this earthborn prudence. But, passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry as abounding in illusion and deception, is in the main groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories

and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry the letter is falsehood, but the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labours and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame and finite. To the gifted eye, it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes, of youth; the throbbings of the heart, when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and her blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire;—these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence,

arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys; and in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence, and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being. This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which make civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which being now sought, not as formerly for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts, requires a new developement of imagination, taste and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, epicurean life.—Our remarks in vindication of poetry have extended beyond our original design. They have had a higher aim than to assert the dignity of Milton as a poet, and that is, to endear and recommend this divine art to all who reverence and would cultivate and refine their nature.

In delineating Milton's character as a *poet*, we are saved the necessity of looking far for its distinguishing attributes. His name is almost identified with sublimity. He is in truth the sublimest

of men. He rises, not by effort or discipline, but by a native tendency and a godlike instinct, to the contemplation of objects of grandeur and awfulness. He always moves with a conscious energy. There is no subject so vast or terrific, as to repel or intimidate him. The overpowering grandeur of a theme kindles and attracts him. He enters on the description of the infernal regions with a fearless tread, as if he felt within himself a power to erect the prison-house of fallen spirits, to encircle them with flames and horrors worthy of their crimes, to call forth from them shouts which should 'tear hell's concave,' and to embody in their Chief an Archangel's energies and a Demon's pride and hate. Even the stupendous conception of Satan seems never to oppress his faculties. This character of power runs through all Milton's works. His descriptions of nature shew a free and bold hand. He has no need of the minute, graphic skill, which we prize in Cowper or Crabbe. With a few strong or delicate touches, he impresses, as it were, his own mind on the scenes which he would describe, and kindles the imagination of the gifted reader to clothe them with the same radiant hues under which they appeared to his own.

This attribute of power is universally felt to characterize Milton. His sublimity is in every man's mouth. Is it felt that his poetry breathes a sensibility and tenderness hardly surpassed by its

sublimity? We apprehend that the grandeur of Milton's mind has thrown some shade over his milder beauties; and this it has done not only by being more striking and imposing, but by the tendency of vast mental energy to give a certain calmness to the expression of tenderness and deep feeling. A great mind is the master of its own enthusiasm, and does not often break out into those tumults, which pass with many for the signs of profound emotion. Its sensibility, though more intense and enduring, is more self-possessed, and less perturbed, than that of other men, and is therefore less observed and felt, except by those who understand, through their own consciousness, the workings and utterance of genuine feeling. We might quote pages in illustration of the qualities here ascribed to Milton. Turn to Comus, one of his earliest productions. What sensibility breathes in the descriptions of the benighted Lady's singing, by Comus and the Spirit!

COMUS.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard

My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now.

Lines 244—264.

SPIRIT.

At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death.

Lines 555—563.

In illustration of Milton's tenderness, we will open almost at a venture.

Now morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked, so custom'd, for his sleep
Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred,
And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough; so much the more

His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake,
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Par. Lost, b. v. lines 1—25.

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd,
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wiped them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

Ibid. b. v. lines 129—135.

From this very imperfect view of the qualities of Milton's poetry, we hasten to his great work, Paradise Lost, perhaps the noblest monument of human genius. The two first books, by universal consent, stand pre-eminent in sublimity. Hell and Hell's King have a terrible harmony, and dilate into new grandeur and awfulness, the longer

we contemplate them. From one element, 'solid and liquid fire,' the poet has framed a world of horror and suffering, such as imagination had never traversed. But fiercer flames, than those which encompass Satan, burn in his own soul. Revenge, exasperated pride, consuming wrath, ambition though fallen, yet unconquered by the thunders of the Omnipotent, and grasping still at the empire of the universe,—these form a picture more sublime and terrible than Hell. Hell yields to the spirit which it imprisons. The intensity of its fires reveals the intenser passions and more vehement will of Satan; and the ruined Archangel gathers into himself the sublimity of the scene which surrounds him. This forms the tremendous interest of these wonderful books. We see mind triumphant over the most terrible powers of nature. We see unutterable agony subdued by energy of soul. We have not indeed in Satan those bursts of passion, which rive the soul as well as shatter the outward frame of Lear. But we have a depth of passion which only an Archangel could manifest. The all-enduring, all-defying pride of Satan, assuming so majestically Hell's burning throne, and coveting the diadem, which scorches his thunder-blasted brow, is a creation requiring in its author almost the spiritual energy with which he invests the fallen seraph. Some have doubted whether the moral effect of such delineations of the storms and terrible workings of the soul is good; whether

the interest felt in a spirit so transcendently evil as Satan, favours our sympathies with virtue. But our interest fastens, in this and like cases, on what is not evil. We gaze on Satan with an awe not unmixed with mysterious pleasure, as on a miraculous manifestation of the *power of mind*. What chains us, as with a resistless spell, in such a character, is spiritual might made visible by the racking pains which it overpowers. There is something kindling and ennobling in the consciousness, however awakened, of the energy which resides in mind; and many a virtuous man has borrowed new strength from the force, constancy, and dauntless courage, of evil agents.

Milton's description of Satan attests in various ways the power of his genius. Critics have often observed, that the great difficulty of his work was to reconcile the spiritual properties of his supernatural beings with the human modes of existence, which he was obliged to ascribe to them; and the difficulty is too great for any genius wholly to overcome, and we must acknowledge that our enthusiasm is in some parts of the poem checked by a feeling of incongruity between the spiritual agent, and his sphere and mode of agency. But we are visited with no such chilling doubts and misgivings in the description of Satan in Hell. Imagination has here achieved its highest triumph, in imparting a character of reality and truth to its most daring creations. That world of horrors,

though material, is yet so remote from our ordinary nature, that a spiritual being, exiled from heaven, finds there an appropriate home. There is, too, an indefiniteness in the description of Satan's person, which incites without shocking the imagination, and aids us to combine in our conception of him the massiness of a real form with the vagueness of spiritual existence. To the production of this effect, much depends on the first impression given by the poet; for this is apt to follow us through the whole work; and here we think Milton eminently successful. The first glimpse of Satan is given us in the following lines, which, whilst too indefinite to provoke the scrutiny of the reason, fill the imagination of the reader with a form which can hardly be effaced.

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed, his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, * * *
Par. Lost, b. i. lines 192—196.

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.
Ibid. 221—224.

We have more which we should gladly say of the delineation of Satan; especially of the glimpses which are now and then given of his deep anguish

and despair, and of the touches of better feelings which are skilfully thrown into the dark picture, both suited and designed to blend with our admiration, dread, and abhorrence, a measure of that sympathy and interest with which every living, thinking being ought to be regarded, and without which all other feelings tend to sin and pain. But there is another topic which we cannot leave untouched. From Hell we flee to Paradise, a region as lovely as Hell is terrible, and which to those who do not know the universality of true genius, will appear doubly wonderful, when considered as the creation of the same mind which had painted the infernal world.

Paradise and its inhabitants are in sweet accordance, and together form a scene of tranquil bliss, which calms and soothes, whilst it delights, the imagination. Adam and Eve, just moulded by the hand, and quickened by the breath of God, reflect in their countenances and forms, as well as minds, the intelligence, benignity, and happiness of their author. Their new existence has the freshness and peacefulness of the dewy morning. Their souls, unsated and untainted, find an innocent joy in the youthful creation, which spreads and smiles around them. Their mutual love is deep, for it is the love of young, unworn, unexhausted hearts, which meet in each other the only human objects on whom to pour forth their fulness of affection; and still it is serene, for it is the love

of happy beings, who know not suffering even by name, whose innocence excludes not only the tumults but the thought of jealousy and shame, who, 'imparadised in one another's arms,' scarce dream of futurity, so blessed is their present being. We will not say that we envy our first parents; for we feel that there may be higher happiness than theirs, a happiness won through struggle with inward and outward foes, the happiness of power and moral victory, the happiness of disinterested sacrifices and wide-spread love, the happiness of boundless hope, and of 'thoughts which wander through eternity.' Still there are times, when the spirit, oppressed with pain, worn with toil, tired of tumult, sick at the sight of guilt, wounded in its love, baffled in its hope, and trembling in its faith, almost longs for the 'wings of a dove, that it might fly away' and take refuge amidst the 'shady bowers,' the 'vernal airs,' the 'roses without thorns,' the quiet, the beauty, the loveliness, of Eden. It is the contrast of this deep peace of Paradise with the storms of life, which gives to the fourth and fifth books of this poem a charm so irresistible, that not a few would sooner relinquish the two first books with all their sublimity, than part with these. It has sometimes been said that the English language has no good pastoral poetry. We would ask, in what age or country has the pastoral reed breathed such sweet strains as are borne to us on 'the odoriferous wings of gentle gales' from Milton's Paradise?

We should not fulfil our duty, were we not to say one word on what has been justly celebrated, the harmony of Milton's versification. His numbers have the prime charm of expressiveness. They vary with, and answer to, the depth, or tenderness, or sublimity, of his conceptions, and hold intimate alliance with the soul. Like Michael Angelo, in whose hands the marble was said to be flexible, he bends our language, which foreigners reproach with hardness, into whatever forms the subject demands. All the treasures of sweet and solemn sound are at his command. Words, harsh and discordant in the writings of less gifted men, flow through his poetry in a full stream of harmony. This power over language is not to be ascribed to Milton's musical ear. It belongs to the soul. It is a gift or exercise of genius, which has power to impress itself on whatever it touches, and finds or frames in sounds, motions, and material forms, correspondences and harmonies with its own fervid thoughts and feelings.

We close our remarks on Milton's poetry with observing, that it is characterized by seriousness Great and various as are its merits, it does not discover all the variety of genius, which we find in Shakspeare, whose imagination revelled equally in regions of mirth, beauty, and terror, now evoking spectres, now sporting with fairies, and now 'ascending the highest heaven of invention.' Milton was cast on times too solemn and eventful, was

called to take part in transactions too perilous, and had too perpetual need of the presence of high thoughts and motives, to indulge himself in light and gay creations, even had his genius been more flexible and sportive. But Milton's poetry, though habitually serious, is always healthful, and bright, and vigorous. It has no gloom. He took no pleasure in drawing dark pictures of life; for he knew by experience, that there is a power in the soul to transmute calamity into an occasion and nutriment of moral power and triumphant virtue. We find nowhere in his writings that whining sensibility and exaggeration of morbid feeling, which makes so much of modern poetry effeminating. If he is not gay, he is not spirit-broken. His L'Allegro proves, that he understood thoroughly the bright and joyous aspects of nature; and in his Penseroso, where he was tempted to accumulate images of gloom, we learn that the saddest views which he took of creation, are such as inspire only pensive musing or lofty contemplation.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This First Book proposes, first, in brief, the whole subject, man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed: then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, described here, not in the centre (for Heaven and Earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos: here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded: they rise, their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterward in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal peers there sit in council.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat, 5

1. The fitness and exquisite beauty of this introduction to the poem cannot be too much admired. The classical taste and religious feelings of the author are both evidenced in it; the former by the simplicity with which the subject is stated and the invocation of the muse, and the latter by his addressing the Holy Spirit as the source of inspiration and light. Great admiration has been expressed by the different commentators on the skilful construction of the verse in these introductory lines, the pauses of which are so varied as to give a most musical effect to the whole passage.

4. It has been supposed that Milton intimated in this expression his idea of writing Paradise Regained, but it appears to have been suggested merely by the subject of his present contemplation.

Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning, how the heav'ns and earth
Rose out of Chaos. Or if Sion hill 10
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues 15
Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Sp'rit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st: Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread 20
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant. What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence, 25
And justify the ways of God to Men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first what cause
Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off 30
From their Creator, and trangress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent: he it was whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived 35
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his host
Of rebel Angels; by whose aid aspiring

6. Bentley proposed the changing of this epithet into *sacred*, but his opinion has been successfully confuted, it having been shewn that the former word is peculiarly applicable to Oreb or Sinai, which had been so awfully obscured at the giving of the law.
8. Moses; who, we are told, Exod. iii. 1. kept the flock of Jethro his father-in-law.
11. Siloa was a fountain flowing near the temple of Jerusalem.
15. Th' Aonian mount; the classical seat of the Muses.
16. It has been supposed that Milton took the idea of writing a poem on the loss of Paradise, from an Italian tragedy called 'Il Paradiso Perso,' but little weight can be placed on this opinion when it is considered that both his genius and the most favourite of his studies led him continually to religious contemplation.

To set himself in glory 'bove his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High, 40
If he opposed; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in Heav'n, and battle proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky, 45
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night 50
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain 55
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
Mix'd with obdurate pride and steadfast hate:
At once, as far as angels' ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild: 60
A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace 65
And rest can never dwell: hope never comes,
That comes to all: but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed:
Such place eternal justice had prepared 70
For those rebellious; here their pris'n ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of heaven,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.

44. This whole description of the fall of the angels and of the infernal abyss is conceived in the noblest style of poetry; the flaming, rushing fall of the apostate angels, and the dark but fiery prison which received them, are perhaps the most sublime pictures which the human imagination ever produced.

74. It is a curious observation, that Homer places Hell as far beneath the earth as Heaven is above it; Virgil makes it twice as distant, and Milton here thrice as far.

O how unlike the place from whence they fell! 75
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and welt'ring by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named 80
Beëlzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence thus began:
If thou beest he; but O how fallen! how changed
From him who, in the happy realms of light 85
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine
Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd 90
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest
From what height fall'n, so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? yet not for those
Nor what the potent victor in his rage 95
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fix'd mind
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along 100
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost pow'r with adverse pow'r opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of Heav'n,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will 105
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else not to be overcome?
That glory never shall his wrath or might 110

81. Beelzebub, or the Lord of Flies, was worshipped at Ekron, 2 Kings, i. 2. see also Matt. xii. 24.
82. Satan in Hebrew means *an enemy*.
84. The first speech of Satan is very noble, and the abrupt manner of its commencement is powerfully striking. Imitations have been pointed out in this passage, of Isaiah xiv. Virgil, Æn. ii. 274. and Homer, Odyss. vi. 110. Others have also been remarked of Æschylus, Tasso, &c. but they seem to me to have been coincidences rather than imitations.

Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his pow'r,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed!
That were an ignominy and shame beneath 115
This downfall; since by fate the strength of Gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve 120
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcileable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heav'n.
So spake th' apostate Angel, though in pain, 125
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.
O Prince, O Chief of many throned powers!
That led th' embattled Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds 130
Fearless, endanger'd heav'n's perpetual King,
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat 135
Hath lost us heav'n, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and heav'nly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns, 140
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
But what if he our conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire 145
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,

116. Satan expresses by the word *fate*, his high and proud belief in the original and underived existence as well as immortality of the angels. Here is an admirable attention to the minutest circumstances which might develope the character of the fallen spirit evident throughout the speech, and the reader's attention cannot be too strongly directed to its examination.

Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be 150
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment? 155
Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-Fiend reply'd:
Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil; 165
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see, the angry victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170
Back to the gates of Heav'n; the sulph'rous hail
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of Heav'n received us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage, 175
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep,
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild, 180
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimm'ring of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbour there, 185

170. Dr. Bentley has pointed out a contradiction between this passage and one in the sixth book. It is here said that the good angels pursued the fallen ones down to hell; in the other place, it is asserted, that the Messiah alone expelled them from heaven. The variation has been accounted for by the account being given by different relators—The one by the discomfited Satan, the other by the angel Raphael.

And reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope 190
If not what resolution from despair.
Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed, his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large, 195
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size;
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareos, or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast 200
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream;
Him haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell, 205
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:
So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence 210
Had ris'n or heaved his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heav'n
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought 215
Evil to others, and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth

196. Virgil describes the bulk of one of the giants in the same manner. Æn. vi. 596.

199. Typhon or Typhœus was one of the rebel giants, and imprisoned by Jupiter under Mount Ætna, or, as others say, in a cave near Tarsus, a city in Cilicia.

201. It has been questioned whether Milton supposed the Leviathan to be a whale or a crocodile.—It is most probable his imagination made him content with the description of this animal given in Job, and that his critical industry was not at all engaged in settling the question.

204. Bentley has given a curious instance of his utter want of poetical feeling in proposing to change this epithet *night-foundered* into *nigh-foundered*.

209. This verse, by its laboured length, well expresses the idea of Satan's immense bulk.

Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shewn
On Man, by him seduced; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance pour'd. 220
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight 225
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force 230
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thund'ring Ætna, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with min'ral fury, aid the winds, 235
And leave a singed bottom all involved
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have 'scap'd the Stygian flood
As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength, 240
Not by the suff'rance of Supernal Power.
Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat
That we must change for heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he 245
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best.
Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail 250
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n. 255

226. Said to be borrowed from Spenser, Book i. Canto 8.
231. *Winds* is sometimes read instead of wind.
232. Pelorus is a Sicilian promontory now called Capo di Faro.
245. Sovran is abridged from the Italian Sovrano.
254. This sentiment is the great foundation on which the Stoics built their whole system of Ethics.

What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence: 260
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss, 265
Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in heav'n, or what more lost in Hell? 270
So Satan spake; and him Beëlzebub
Thus answer'd: Leader of those armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft 275
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Grov'ling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 280
As we ere while, astounded and amazed,
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height.
He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend
Was moving tow'rd the shore; his pond'rous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round, 285
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, 290
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine

263. The same sentiment is put by Æschylus into the mouth of Prometheus, and it was the well-known saying of Julius Cæsar, that he would rather be the first man in a village, than the second in Rome.

287. So Homer and Ossian compare the shields of their heroes.

289. Fesole and Valdarno, the one a city, the other a valley, in Tuscany.

Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps 295
Over the burning marle; not like those steps
On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd 300
His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranced
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd imbow'r; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd 305
Hath vex'd the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcases 310
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates, 315
Warriors, the flow'r of heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find 320
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
T' adore the conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon 325

293. Milton here again enlarges on the idea of the great preceding poets, who had given their heroes a pine for their wand or spears.

294. Ammiral from the German amiral or the Italian ammiraglio.

303. A famous valley in Tuscany. The name is compounded of vallis and umbra.

305. Orion is the most stormy of the constellations, and, as the Red Sea abounds with sedge, it is here represented as exercising its influence over it.

307. Pharaoh has been supposed to be the same with Busiris, which opinion Milton appears to have held. *Chivalry* is used in the poets to denote, not only those who fight on horses, but those who go to battle in chariots drawn by them.

His swift pursuers from heav'n gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n. 330
They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight 335
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their gen'ral's voice they soon obey'd
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud 340
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hov'ring on wing under the cope of Hell 345
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain; 350
A multitude, like which the populous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barb'rous sons
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands. 355
Forthwith from ev'ry squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great commander; Godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And Pow'rs that erst in Heaven sat on thrones; 360
Though of their names in heav'nly records now.
Be no memorial, blotted out and rased
By their rebellion from the books of life.

329. An allusion is here made to the story of Ajax Oileus, Æn. i. 44.
338. See Exodus x. 13.
363. Instead of *book*, to answer better to the plural *records* used before, and to the immense number of angels.

Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve 364
Got them new names, till wand'ring o'er the earth,
Thro' God's high suff'rance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted, to forsake
God their Creator, and th' invisible
Glory of him that made them to transform, 370
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the Heathen world. 375
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who
Roused from the slumber, on that fiery couch, [last
At their great emp'ror's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof. 380
The chief were those who from the pit of Hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, Gods adored
Among the nations round, and durst abide 385
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, throned
Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned, 390
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears,
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud

366. See Rom. chap. I.

375. The catalogue of the evil spirits is a great proof both of the art and the imagination of Milton. It is far superior in description, as well as fitness, to those in Homer and Virgil, and forms a part of the poem which could not be removed without great injury to its completeness.

386. God dwelt in a visible glory between the cherubim in the Holy of Holies of the temple on Mount Sion.

392. Moloch has been supposed to be the Saturn of the heathens. The Scriptures say that parents made their children pass through the fire to him, not perhaps in sacrifice always, but as a rite of consecration to him. Rabba was the capital of the Ammonites, and Argob and Basan neighbouring countries. Gehenna, or the valley of Hinnom, near Jerusalem, is made in the New Testament a type of hell, as it was there that a fire was kept up to consume the sacrifices offered to this idol.

Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd thro' fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite 395
Worshipp'd in Rabba and her wat'ry plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple' of God,
On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
The pleasant vale of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell. 405
Next Chemos, th' ôbscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines, 410
And Eleälé to th' Asphaltic pool.
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged 415
E'en to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide; lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
With these came they, who, from the bord'ring flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts 420
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baälim and Ashtaroth; those male,
These feminine: for spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure 425
Not tied nor manacled with joint or limb;
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they choose

406. Chemosh is thus mentioned next to Moloch because their names are united in Scripture, see 1 Kings xl. 7. This idol is supposed to be the same with Baal-Peor and with Priapus, see also Numbers xxv. 2 Kings xxiii.

417. The figure contained in this verse conveys a strong moral truth. Had it not been, however, that the music of the verse would have been injured, the idea would have been more correct by the transposition of the words lust and hate.—See *Faery Queen*, B. 3. Can. 12.

422. The Gods of Syria, Palestine, &c.

428. Speculations about the nature of spirits were a favourite amusement with learned men a few centuries back. Milton doubt-

Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure
Can execute their aërry purposes, 430
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low 435
Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon 440
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell 445
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
While smooth Adonis from his native rock 450
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat;
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led, 455
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopp'd off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge, 460
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers:
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast

less partook in the interest. The work from which he is supposed to have taken most was by Psellus, an author who composed a dialogue on the subject.

438. For mention of this idol, see Jeremiah vii. 18. xliv. 17, 18. also 1 Kings xi. 5. 2 Kings xxiii. 13.

446. Thammuz, or Adonis, was the god of the Syrians. He was slain by a bear on mount Lebanon, from which the river of the same name descended.

463. For the explanation of this passage, see 1 Sam. v. 4. vi. 17.

Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon, 465
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also 'gainst the house of God was bold: 470
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king;
Ahaz his sottish conqu'ror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods 475
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
A crew, who, under names of old renown,
Osiris, Iris, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek 480
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold composed
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan, 485
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox;
Jehovah, who in one night when he pass'd
From Egypt marching, equall'd with one stroke
Both her first-born, and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd 490
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to whom no temple stood,
Nor altar smoked; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd 495
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage: and when night 500
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons

467. Rimmon was a god of the Syrians. The leper mentioned was Naaman, see 2 Kings v.
475. The principal deities of the Ægyptians.
490. Belial and Moloch have situations awarded them according to their characters; the one last because the most slothful, the other first because the most violent.

Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape. 505
These were the prime in order and in might:
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
Th' Ionian gods, of Javan's issue held
Gods, yet confess'd later than Heaven and Earth,
Their boasted parents: Titan, Heav'n's first-born, 510
With his enormous brood, and birthright seized
By younger Saturn: he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top 515
Of cold Olympus, ruled the middle air,
Their highest heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian fields, 520
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Downcast and damp; yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost 525
In loss itself: which on his count'nance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears. 530
Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
His mighty standard; that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd 535
Th' imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind,

502. *Blown* has been proposed as another reading.
508. From Javan were descended the Ionians and Grecians, among whom arose the gods of the later mythology.
530. *Their faintest courage* in the first edition.
534. Azazel, according to its derivation, means *brave in retreating*. The description in this passage is remarkably magnificent.

With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds: 540
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout, that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood 550
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat: 555
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage,
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixed thought, 560
Moved on in silence, to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil: and now
Advanced in view they stand; a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield, 560
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose: he through the armed files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods: 570
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
Glories; for never since created man
Met such embodied force, as, named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry 575
Warr'd on by cranes: though all the giant brood

543 *Reign* used like the Latin regnum, for kingdom.
550. There were three kinds of music among the ancients. The Lydian, the most melancholy; the Phrygian, the most lively; and the Dorian, the most majestic. Milton has been very exact in employing music fit for each particular purpose.

Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son 580
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore, 585
When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread commander: he, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent, 590
Stood like a tower; his form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd, and the excess
Of glory obscured; as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air 595
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all the Arch-angel: but his face 600
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek; but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge; cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold 605
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once he held in bliss), condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain:
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced
Of heaven, and from eternal splendours flung 610
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd: as when Heav'n's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,

577. Phlegra was a city of Macedonia.
580. Uther's son was King Arthur: this and the following allusions are derived from the old romances on the subject. Charlemagne is said not to have died at Fontarabia, but some years after, and in peace.
609. *Amerced*, deprived of.
611. The construction requires a reference to the verb, *behold*, at line 605.

With singed top their stately growth tho' bare
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared 615
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his peers. Attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth. At last 620
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.
O myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers
Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change, 625
Hateful to utter; but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd
How such united force of Gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse; 630
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of Heav'n, 635
If counsels different, or danger shunn'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent, or custom, and his regal state 640
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
So as not either to provoke or dread
New war, provoked; our better part remains 645
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife 650
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of Heav'n:

633. A third part of the angels is supposed to have fallen. see Rev. xii 4.

Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps 655
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor th' abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: Peace is despair'd, 660
For who can think submission? War then, War,
Open or understood, must be resolved.
He spake: and, to confirm his words, out flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim: the sudden blaze 665
Far round illumined Hell. Highly they raged
Against the highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance tow'rd the vault of Heaven.
There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top 670
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
A num'rous brigade hasten'd: as when bands 675
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe arm'd,
Forerun the royal camp to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on;
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From Heav'n; for e'en in Heav'n his looks and thoughts 680
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific. By him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught, 685
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire 690
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best

664. Drawn from the thighs, a Greek and poetical mode of expressing this idea.
673. Womb is here used in the wide sense of the Latin *Uterus*.
678. Mammon is a Syrian word, and means riches.
684. The miners believe in a sort of Devils who frequent the mines, and sometimes work there

Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame, 695
And strength, and art, are easily outdone
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepared, 700
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
With wond'rous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross;
A third as soon had form'd within the ground 705
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes, the sound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge 710
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want 715
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures grav'n:
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine
Belus or Serapis their Gods, or seat 720
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately height; and straight the doors,
Op'ning their brazen folds, discover wide
Within her ample spaces, o'er the smooth 725
And level pavement. From the arched roof,
Pendant by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed

695. *Strength* and *art* are to be construed with *monuments* in the nominative.
706. A new and beautiful comparison—Milton was a performer on the organ himself.
720. Belus was the son of Nimrod, and the first man worshipped as a God. He was called Bel, and Baal.
728. Cresset, any great light.

With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude 730
Admiring enter'd; and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In heaven by many a tower'd structure high,
Where sceptred angels held their residence,
And sat as princes; whom the supreme King 735
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell 740
From heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star, 745
On Lemnos, th' Ægean isle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now
T' have built in heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he 'scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent 750
With his industrious crew to build in hell.
Meanwhile, the winged heralds, by command
Of sovereign power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council, forthwith to be held 755
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd
From every band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest: they anon,
With hundreds and with thousands, trooping came,
Attended: all access was throng'd: the gates 761
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the soldan's chair
Defied the best of Panim chivalry 765
To mortal combat, or career with lance),
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,

766. This simile is a imitation of Homer, Il. ii. 87.

Pour forth their populous youth about the hive 770
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs; so thick the aëry crowd 775
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder! They but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that pygmean race 780
Beyond the Indian mount; or fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth 785
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear; [dance
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall 791
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim,
In close recess and secret conclave sat, 795
A thousand Demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

777. We here see the use of the lines on the nature of spirits which prepare the reader for the wonders afterward related.
785. Arbitress, witness, or spectatress. Allusion is here made to the superstitious belief in the power of witches over the moon.
797. Frequent, like the Latin frequens, meaning *full*.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade: a third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell-gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised 5
To that bad eminence; and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven; and, by success untaught,
His proud imaginations thus display'd: 10
  Pow'rs and Dominions, Deities of Heaven,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear 15
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me, though just right, and the fix'd laws of Heav'n,
Did first create your leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in council or in fight, 20
Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss,
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,

2. Ormus is an island in the Persian Gulf, and, together with India, produces many of the treasures enumerated in this passage.
11. St. Paul divides the angels, into thrones, dominions, principalities, &c.—See Col. i. 16.

Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurld
Each on his rock, transfixed the sport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds, or forever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,

Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw 25
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thund'rer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good 30
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell
Precedence; none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then 35
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best way, 40
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate: who can advise, may speak.
He ceased: and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Sp'rit
That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair. 45
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength; and rather than be less,
Cared not to be at all. With that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,
He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake: 50
My sentence is for open war: of wiles
More unexpert I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait 55
The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather choose, 60
Arm'd with Hell-flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear, 65
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see

Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels, and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps 70
The way seems difficult and steep, to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend 75
Up to our native seat; descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then;
Th' event is fear'd. Should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction, if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd. What can be worse 85
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe,
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 90
Inexorably, and the tort'ring hour
Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus,
We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which to the height enraged 95
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, happier far
Than mis'rable to have eternal being.
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:

89. *Exercised*, this word is here used in the sense of the Latin *exercco*, that is, to vex or trouble.
91. Inexorably—in some editions, inexorable.
92. By calling to penance, Milton seems to intimate, that the sufferings of the condemned spirits are not always equally severe.
104. Fatal, that is, upheld by fate.

Which, if not victory, is yet revenge. 105
He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desp'rate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane:
A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seem'd 110
For dignity composed and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow, though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low; 115
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Tim'rous and slothful: yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began:
I should be much for open war, O Peers!
As not behind in hate, if what was urged 120
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success:
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels 125
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair,
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The tow'rs of Heav'n are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access 130
Impregnable; oft on the bord'ring deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise 135
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heav'n's purest light, yet our Great Enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel 140
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair. We must exasperate

109. Belial's speech is in admirable conformity with the description given of his character in the first book. It is throughout that of a luxurious and base spirit, and is in fine contrast to that of Moloch.

124. Fact of arms: from the Italian fatto d'arme, a battle.

Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us; that must be our cure, 145
To be no more? Sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night, 150
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? How he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire 155
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war, we are decreed, 160
Reserved, and destined, to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain, pursued and struck 165
With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? This Hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? That sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked should blow them into sev'nfold rage, 171
And plunge us in the flames? Or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament 175
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd 180
Each on his rock, transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk

156. Impotence is to be understood as the opposite of wisdom, or mental weakness.
170. See Isa. xxx. 33.
174. *His* red right hand, namely God's, whose vengeance is personified.

Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved, 185
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from Heav'n's height
All these our motions vain, sees and derides: 190
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n
Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here 195
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,
By my advice: since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust 200
That so ordains. This was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a Foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear 205
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their Conqu'ror. This is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit 210
His anger, and perhaps, thus far removed,
Not mind us not offending, satisfy'd
With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome 215
Their noxious vapour, or inured not feel,
Or changed at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light, 220
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change

190. See Psalm ii. 4.
220. The word *light* is an adjective and not a substantive, as Dr. Bentley supposed. It here means *easy to bear*.

Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe. 225
  Thus Belial, with words cloth'd in reason's garb
Counsel'd ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake:
  Either to disenthrone the King of Heav'n
We war, if war be best, or to regain 230
Our own right lost: him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife.
The former vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter; for what place can be for us 235
Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord [Supreme
We overpow'r? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive 240
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced hallelujahs, while he lordly sits
Our envied Sovereign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flow'rs, 245
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In Heav'n, this our delight. How wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring 255
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosp'rous of adverse,
We can create, and in what place soe'er 260
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst

263. See the splendid original of this passage, Ps. xviii. 11. 12 and Ps. xcvii. 2.

Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured, 265
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar,
Must'ring their rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil 270
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold,
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence: and what can Heav'n shew more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements; these piercing fires 275
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may 280
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.
He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain 285
The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest. Such applause was heard 290
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
Advising peace; for such another field
They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
Wrought still within them; and no less desire 295
To found this nether empire, which might rise
By policy and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heav'n:
Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave 300
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state: deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care;

278. *Sensible* is used as a substantive; a Grecian mode of expression.
282. *There* is sometimes read instead of *where*.

And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood, 305
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake:
Thrones and Imperial Powers, Offspring of Heav'n
Ethereal Virtues; or these titles now 311
Must we renounce, and changing style be call'd
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless, while we dream, 315
And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain 320
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
Under th' inevitable curb, reserved
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
In height or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part 325
By our revolt; but over Hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in Heav'n.
What sit we then projecting? peace and war?
War hath determined us, and foil'd with loss 330
Irreparable: terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafed or sought: for what peace will be giv'n
To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? And what peace can we return, 335
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqu'ror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suff'ring feel? 340
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dang'rous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,

327. The *iron sceptre*, is an allusion to Ps. ii. 9. and the *golden* to Esther v. 2.

Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place, 345
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
Err not) another world, the happy seat
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In pow'r and excellence, but favour'd more 350
Of Him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounced among the Gods, and by an oath,
That shook Heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould 355
Or substance, how endued, and what their pow'r,
And where their weakness; how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heav'n be shut,
And Heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed 360
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it. Here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess 365
All as our own, and drive, as we were driv'n,
The puny habitants; or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their Foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass 370
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original and faded bliss, 375
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires. Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his dev'lish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed: for whence, 380
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell

352. See Hebrews vi. 17
367. It has been supposed that Milton used the word *puny* in its original sense, as derived from the French *puis ne*, born since.

To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves 385
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those infernal States, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes. With full assent
They vote; whereat his speech he thus renews:
Well have ye judged, well ended long debate, 390
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence with neighb'ring arms 395
And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some mild zone
Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's fair light
Secure, and at the bright'ning orient beam
Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air, 400
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires, [send
Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall 'tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss, 405
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? What strength, what art, can then
Suffice, or what excasion bear him safe 411
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send, 415
The weight of all and our last hope relies.
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
To second or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sate mute, 420
Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and each

406. *Palpable obscure*; this is another instance of Milton's using adjectives in the sense of substantives.

409 The earth is here called an island in allusion to its hanging in the air, which surrounds it like a sea. The word *arrive* was formerly frequently used without a preposition following.

In other's count'nance read his own dismay
Astonish'd. None among the choice and prime
Of those Heav'n-warring champions could be found
So hardy as to proffer or accept 425
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved, thus spake
O Progeny of Heav'n, empyreal Thrones, 430
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismay'd: long is the way
And hard that out of Hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round 435
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.
These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being 440
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers, 445
And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd
With splendour, arm'd with pow'r, if aught propos'd
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume 450
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour; due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest 455
High honour'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm 460
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain

439. Unessential; that is, void of substance.

Of this ill mansion; intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction, seek
Deliv'rance for us all. This enterprise 465
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, lest from his resolution raised,
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refused) what erst they fear'd: 470
And so refused might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose; 475
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Tow'rds him they bend
With awful rev'rence prone; and as a God
Extol him equal to the High'st in Heav'n:
Nor fail'd they to express how much they praised, 480
That for the gen'ral safety he despised
His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue: lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition, varnish'd o'er with zeal. 485
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief:
As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heav'n's cheerful face, the low'ring element 490
Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip snow, or show'r;
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings. 495

485. Milton intimates above, that the fallen and degraded state of man or his individual vice is not at all disproved by some of his external actions not appearing totally base. The commentators should have observed, in explaining this passage, that the whole grand mystery on which the poem depends is the first fearful spiritual alienation of Satan from God, the only fountain of truth and all real positive good; and that when thus separated, whether the spirit be that of man or devil, it may perform actions fair in appearance but not essentially good, because springing from no fixed principle of good.

O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife 500
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy;
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enough besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait. 505
The Stygian council thus dissolved; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers:
'Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seem'd
Alone th' antagonist of Heav'n, nor less
Than Hell's dread emperor with pomp supreme, 510
And God-like imitated state; him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim inclosed
With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets regal sound the great result: 515
Tow'rds the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy
By heralds' voice explain'd; the hollow abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclaim. 520
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged Pow'rs
Disband, and wand'ring, each his sev'ral way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find 525
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,

496. It has been well observed, that an allusion is probably made here to the troubled character of the times in which the author lived.

512. A g.obe, or a battalion surrounding him in a circle.—See Virgil, Æn. x. 373.

513. Horrent, rough and sharp. This epithet I imagine to have considerable force, because it implies the dense and compact closeness of the globe of spirits surrounding Satan. The arms were horrent, because standing out like a boar's bristles from this fiery body.

517. Alchemy, a very fine metonymy for the trumpets.

528. The occupations of the fallen spirits are conceived in the highest strain both of poetry and philosophy.

Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields; 530
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when to warn proud cities war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van 535
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
Others, with vast Typhœan rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air 540
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw 545
Into th' Euboic sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle; and complain that Fate 550
Free virtue should inthrall to force or chance.
Their song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet 555
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense)
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute, 560
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,

539. Typhœan—Typhœus was one of the giants who warred against heaven.

542. Alcides—Hercules, so named from his ancestor Alcæus The allusion here made is familiar to every reader.

555. It has been observed, that Milton has here shewn the superiority of discourse and reasoning to song. The angels who reason are on a hill; those who sing are in a valley.—But it should have been observed, at the same time, that it is only when song is what Milton calls *partial*, or *confined* to selfish or ambitious themes, that it is thus inferior to, or different from high philosophy.

Passion and apathy, glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy: 565
Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
Pain for a while, or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part in squadrons and gross bands, 570
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge 575
Into the burning lake their baleful streams;
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon, 580
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her wat'ry labyrinth; whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets, 585
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire. 595
Thither, by harpy-footed furies haled,

577. Milton follows the Greeks in this description of the infernal rivers; but, as usual, improves upon the classical idea, as he represents them as emptying themselves into a vast and fearful lake of fire. Styx, according to its derivation, signifies hate; Acheron, flowing with pain; Cocytus, lamentation; Phlegethon, burning, and Lethe, forgetfulness.

592. Serbonis was a lake two hundred furlongs long, and one thousand round, between Mount Casius and Damiata, a city in Egypt. It was sometimes so covered by the loose sand of the neighbouring hills, as not to be distinguished from the land.—See Herod. l. 3. and Lucan. viii. 539.

595. Frore, frosty.—See Virgil, Georg. i. 93. Eccius. xlii. 20, 21. Ps. cxxi. 6.

At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment, 605
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink;
But Fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt 610
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confused march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands 615
With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, 625
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived,
Gorgons and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.
Meanwhile the adversary' of God and Man,
Satan, with thoughts inflamed of high'st design, 630
Puts on swift wings, and tow'rds the gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight. Sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave tow'ring high. 635

603. See Job xxiv. in the Vulgate translation.—See also Shakspeare *Measure for Measure*, Act iii.
611. Medusa, one of the Gorgon monsters.

As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood 640
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply stemming nightly tow'rd the pole. So seem'd
Far off the flying Fiend: at last appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock, 645
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair, 650
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of Hell-hounds never ceasing, bark'd
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung 655
A hideous peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts 660
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance

636. A noble comparison. But Dr. Bentley asks why would not one ship do as well as a fleet? It has been answered, that many ships are a more noble figure than one. This, however, is only the case when so seen at a distance, that they may appear as one grand, dark, and sublime object. Ternate and Tidore are two of the Molucca Islands.

648. This is one of the most sublime passages in the poem. Addison is generally ingenious in his criticisms, but not elevated, and when he objected to Milton's having introduced an allegory he shews that he was incapable of entering into the magnificent conceptions of his author. Sin and Death are not allegorical beings in Paradise Lost; but real and active existences. They would have been allegorical, speaking or contending among men, but are not so in an abode of spirits, and addressing *the Prince of darkness*, see James i. 15.

661. Calabria, the extreme part of Italy towards the Mediterranean. Trinacria, an ancient name of Sicily.

With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon 665
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night, 670
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart. What seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat,
The monster moving onward, came as fast 675
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admired—
Admired, not fear'd: God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valued he nor shunn'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began: 680
Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That darest, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee: 685
Retire or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n.
To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd,
Art thou that traitor Angel, art thou He,
Who first broke peace in Heav'n and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms 691
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's sons,
Conjûred against the High'st, for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain? 695
And reckon'st thou thyself with Spirits of Heav'n,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn
Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, 700

665. It was formerly believed that the moon might be affected by incantations.
666. See Spenser, *Faery Queen*, Book vii. C. 7. 46.
678. The word *except* is here used with the same latitude as *but* in ver. 333. 336.
693. Conjured, from the Latin *conjurare*, to conspire or league together.

Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.
  So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking, and so threat'ning, grew tenfold 705
More dreadful and deform. On th' other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair 710
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,
With Heav'n's artill'ry fraught, come rattling on 715
Over the Caspian; then stand front to front
Hov'ring a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid-air.
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood:
For never but once more was either like 721
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key, 725
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.
  O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
Against thy only Son? What fury, O Son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy Father's head? and know'st for whom? 730
For Him who sits above and laughs the while 731
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids:
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.
  She spake, and at her words the hellish pest 735
Forbore; then these to her Satan return'd.
  So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends, till first I know of thee, 740

709. Ophiuchus, or Serpentarius, a northern constellation.
716. The Caspian was noticed for being tempestuous.
722. Jesus Christ is here meant.

What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal vale first met thou call'st
Me Father, and that phantasm call'st my Son;
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee. 745
T' whom thus the portress of Hell gate reply'd:
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eyes so foul? once deem'd so fair
In Heav'n, when at th' assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combined 750
In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surprised thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide, 755
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd
Out of thy head I sprung; amazement seized
All th' host of Heav'n; back they recoil'd, afraid
At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign 760
Portentous held me; but familiar grown
I pleased, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st 765
With me in secret, that my womb conceived
A growing burthen. Meanwhile war arose,
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd
(For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe
Clear victory; to our part loss and rout 770
Through all the empyrean. Down they fell,
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heav'n, down
Into this deep, and in the general fall
I also; at which time this powerful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep 775
These gates for ever shut; which none can pass
Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat
Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 780
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest

758. This is imitated from the mythological fable of Minerva springing from the head of Jupiter.

Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy 783
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,
Made to destroy. I fled, and cry'd out DEATH;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded Death.
I fled, but he pursued (though more, it seems, 790
Inflamed with lust than rage), and swifter far,
Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingend'ring with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry 795
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceived
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me; for when they list. into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth 800
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,
And me, his parent, would full soon devour 805
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involved; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be. So Fate pronounced.
But thou, O Father, I forewarn thee, shun 810
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save He who reigns above, none can resist.
She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore 815
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.
Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of; know 821
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain

789. See Virgil, Æn. ii. 52.

Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host
Of Spirits, that in our just pretences arm'd 825
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold 830
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the purlieus of Heav'n, and therein placed
A race of upstart creatures to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed, 835
Lest Heav'n surcharged with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils: Be this or aught
Than this more secret now design'd, I haste
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death 840
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, embalm'd
With odours: there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
He ceased, for both seem'd highly pleased; and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear 846
His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw
Destined to that good hour: no less rejoiced
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:
The key of this infernal pit by due, 850
And by command of Heav'n's all-pow'rful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might. 855
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confined,
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly born, 860
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamours compass'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?

842. Buxom; not as Newton would interpret it, flexible or yielding, but cheerful or inspiring cheerfulness by the odours and music with which it is filled.

Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey 865
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end. 870
Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And tow'rds the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew,
Which but herself, not all the Stygian pow'rs 875
Could once have moved; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and ev'ry bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound 880
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd; but to shut
Excell'd her pow'r: the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host 885
Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth,
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold 895
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce
Strive here for mast'ry, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag 900
Of each his faction, in their sev'ral clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levy'd to side with warring winds, and poise 905

904. Barca and Cyrene were a city and province of Lybia.

Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere.
He rules a moment Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss, 910
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain 915
His dark materials to create more worlds;
Into this wild abyss the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
Pond'ring his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd 920
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bellona storms
With all her batt'ring engines bent, to raze
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and these elements 925
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The stedfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930
Audacious; but that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares
Flutt'ring his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance, 935
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares, 940
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a gryphon through the wilderness

933. *Pennons*, commonly spelt pinions.
941. There is much in this description similar to that in Spenser of the dragon.
943. A *gryphon* is a fabulous creature said to guard gold mines, in its upper part it was like an eagle, in its lower like a lion. The *Arimaspians* were a one-eyed people of Scythia.

With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth 945
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold: so eagerly the Fiend [rare,
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
At length a universal hubbub wild 951
Of stunning sounds and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever Pow'r 955
Or Spirit of the nethermost abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bord'ring on light; when strait behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread 960
Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthroned
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon; Rumour next and Chance, 965
And Tumult and Confusion, all embroil'd,
And Discord, with a thousand various mouths.
T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus: Ye Pow'rs
And Spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy, 970
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm, but by constraint
Wand'ring this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek 975
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with Heav'n; or if some other place
From your dominion won, th' ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound; direct my course; 980
Directed no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce

964. *Orcus* or Pluto, so called by the ancients. *Ades* may be taken for any dark place.
965. A deity among the ancients whose name they supposed capable of producing the most terrible effects.

To her original darkness and your sway
(Which is my present journey), and once more 985
Erect the standard there of ancient Night;
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.
Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With fault'ring speech and visage incomposed,
Answer'd: I know thee, stranger, who thou art; 990
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head against Heav'n's King, though overthrown.
I saw and heard; for such a num'rous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout, 995
Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend, 1000
Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils,
Weak'ning the sceptre of old Night: first Hell
Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain 1005
To that side Heav'n from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go and speed;
Havock, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain.
He ceased, and Satan stay'd not to reply; 1010
But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd,
Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round . 1015
Environ'd, wins his way; harder beset
And more endanger'd than when Argo pass'd
Through Bosphorus, betwixt the justling rocks;
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd

1005. Homer mentions a golden chain by which Jupiter could draw up the earth, &c.—See Iliad, book 8.

1011. A metaphor to express his satisfaction at concluding his journey.

1017. *Argo* was the ship in which Jason and his companions sailed to Colchis, in search of the golden fleece. *Bosphorus* is the name of the Straits of Constantinople, or the channel of the Black Sea.

Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd. 1020
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Moved on, with difficulty and labour he;
But he once past, soon after when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,
Paved after him a broad and beaten way 1025
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length
From Hell continued reaching th' utmost orb
Of this frail world; by which the Spirits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro, 1031
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n 1035
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimm'ring dawn. Here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her outmost works a broken foe
With tumult less, and with less hostile din, 1040
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And like a weather-beaten vessel holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air, 1045
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off th' empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermined square or round,
With opal tow'rs and battlements adorn'd
Of living sapphire, once his native seat; 1050
And fast by hanging in a golden chain
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accursed, and in a cursed hour he hies. 1055

1020. *Charybdis*, a dangerous part of the sea between Messina and Italy.

1023. Dr. Bentley supposes eleven lines to be inserted here by the Editor of Milton; but if the passage be examined, it will be seen they cannot be an interpolation. His strongest objection is, that the bridge is described again in Book X.

1032. By the pendent world is meant the whole new creation of heaven and earth. See verse 1004.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice: Man hath offended the Majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him: they obey, and hymning to their harps in full choir, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place, since called the Limbo of Vanity: what persons and things fly up thither: thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: His passage thence to the orb of the Sun; he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed: alights first on Mount Niphates.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,
Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? since God is Light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee, 5
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,
Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest 10
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,

1. This transition from the fearful gloom and confusion of Hell and Chaos to the worlds of light has a magnificent effect upon the mind. The touch of sweet and holy feeling with which the Author alludes to his own personal sorrow heightens, rather than diminishes, the impression of awe and delight.

3. See 1 John i. 5. and 1 Tim. vi. 16.

6. See Book of Wisdom, vii. 25, 26.

13. *Void*, not empty, but chaos-like

Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight 15
Through utter and through middle darkness borne
With other notes than to th' Orphéan lyre
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend, 20
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp: but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs, 25
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath, 30
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides, 35
And Tiresias and Phineus prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year 40
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark 45
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the Book of knowledge fair
Presented with an universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,

17. Orpheus composed a hymn to night.
20. The brooks here mentioned were Kedron and Siloah.
35. *Thamyris*, a poet mentioned in Homer, Il. ii. 595. *Mæonides*, Homer, so named from his father Mæon. *Tiresias* was a Theban, and *Phineus* a king of Arcadia, both blind poets.
37. The melody of the verse is here particularly observable.
49. *Rased*, from the Latin *radere*, to rub out, in allusion to the manner in which the ancients, who wrote on waxen tablets, obliterated writing.

And Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. 50
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her pow'rs
Irradiate, there plant eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight. 55
Now had th' Almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyrean where he sits
High throned above all highth, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the sanctities of Heav'n 60
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received
Beatitude past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son: on earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two 65
Of mankind, in the happy garden placed,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love,
In blissful solitude. He then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there 70
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night,
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land embosom'd, without firmament, 75
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake:
Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage 80
Transports our Adversary? whom no bounds
Prescribed, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems

52. It is observed, that the same idea occurs in Milton's Prose Works. He probably alluded to Eph. i. 18.
56. Tasso may have been translated here.—Canto 1. st. 7.
62. See Heb. i. 3. also Tasso, Canto 9. st. 55.
80. Addison has judiciously observed, that it is not the imagination of Milton which is so much to be looked for in these speeches as his learning. The one could not be safely trusted in giving a living language to the wisdom of the Almighty. Notwithstanding this, however, almost every passage of the kind is remarkable for great dignity and grandeur.

On desperate revenge, that shall redound 85
Upon his own rebellious head. And now,
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way
Not far off Heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly tow'rds the new-created world,
And man there placed, with purpose to assay 90
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert,
For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall, 95
He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' ethereal Pow'rs 100
And Spirits, both them who stood and them who fail'd;
Freely they stood, who stood,—and fell, who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,
Where only what they needs must do appear'd, 105
Not what they would? what praise could they receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had served necessity, 110
Not me? They therefore as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination over-ruled
Their will, disposed by absolute decree 115
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I. If I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less proved certain unforeknown.
So without least impulse or shadow of fate, 120
Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authors to themselves in all
Both what they judge and what they choose; for so
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
Till they enthrall themselves; I else must change

117. *If* is here used in the sense of *though*.

Their nature, and revoke the high decree 120
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
Self-tempted, self-depraved: Man falls, deceived 130
By th' other first: Man therefore shall find grace,
The other none: in mercy' and justice both,
Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glory' excel,
But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.
Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect 136
Sense of new joy ineffable diffused.
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd; and in his face 140
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace;
Which utt'ring, thus he to his Father spake:
O Father, gracious was that word which closed
Thy sov'reign sentence, that Man should find grace;
For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extol 146
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
For should Man finally be lost, should Man, 150
Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art Judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right. 155
Or shall the Adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine? Shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell 160
Draw after him the whole race of mankind
By him corrupted? Or, wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?

135. A difference is here marked in the effect which Homer and Milton attribute to the speeches of their several Deities, the one making terror, the other delight, the consequence.
140. See Heb. i. 3. 153. See Gen. xviii. 25

So should thy goodness and thy greatness both 165
Be question'd and blasphemed without defence.
To whom the great Creator thus reply'd:
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might, 170
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are; all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed.
Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchsafed. Once more I will renew 175
His lapsed pow'rs, though forfeit and enthrall'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desires:
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail 180
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
Elect above the rest; so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd 185
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
Th' incensed Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190
To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My umpire Conscience; whom if they will hear, 195
Light after light well used they shall attain,
And, to the end persisting, safe arrive.
This my long suff'rance and my day of grace
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more, 200
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall:
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done: Man disobeying,
Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
Against the High Supremacy of Heav'n, 205

166. The reader will find Jesus Christ addressed by these titles in different parts of Scripture.

Affecting Godhead, and so losing all,
To expiate his treason hath nought left,
But to destruction sacred and devote,
He, with his whole posterity, must die;
Die he or justice must; unless for him 210
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say, heav'nly Pow'rs, where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save? 215
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?
He ask'd; but all the heav'nly choir stood mute,
And silence was in Heav'n: on Man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw 220
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudged to Death and Hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine, 225
His dearest meditation thus renew'd:
Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all 230
Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought?
Happy for man, so coming: he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost:
Atonement for himself or off'ring meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring. 235
Behold me then; me for him, life for life
I offer: on me let thine anger fall;
Account me Man: I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die 240
Well pleased: on me let Death wreck all his rage:
Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd: thou hast given me to possess

215. See 1 Peter iii. 18. 217. See Rev. viii. 1.
231. *Unprevented;* prevent is here used according to its sense in the Latin *præveniro*, to come before; not preceded by any thing else. It is used in this manner in one of the prayers of our Liturgy, 'Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings,' &c. that is, Let thy grace anticipate us in our designs, and so make them just and holy.

Life in myself for ever; by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due 245
All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue 250
My Vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and shew 255
The Pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
Pleased, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
While by thee raised I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd 260
Shall enter Heav'n long absent, and return,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
And reconcilement; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire. 265
His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shone
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270
Of his great Father. Admiration seized
All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend,
Wond'ring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd:
O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath! O thou 275
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear
To me are all my works, nor Man the least,
Though last created; that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee a while, the whole race lost. 280

244. See John v. 26.
249. See Ps. xvi. 10. and Acts ii. 20, 21.
252. The punning character of this line has been justly reprobated as unworthy of the subject.
254. Ps. lxviii. 18. and Col. ii. 15. 259. 1 Cor. xv. 26.
266. If the reader compare this picture of the Son of God with that in the sixth book, he will be awed and delighted with the grandeur of Milton's conception of the Messiah's character

Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join;
And be thyself Man among men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room 285
The Head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee,
As from a second root, shall be restored
As many' as are restored; without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit 290
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die, 295
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate 300
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though throned in highest bliss 305
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright, Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being good, 310
Far more than great or high; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory 'bounds,
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne:
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign 315
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed Universal King: all pow'r
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits; under thee as Head Supreme

287. See 1 Cor. xv. 22.
301. The language is here accommodated to the eternity of the speaker, to whom past, present, and future, are one.
317. Matt. xxviii. 18.

Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions I reduce:
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide 321
In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.
When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim 325
Thy dread tribunal, forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the gen'ral doom
Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge 330
Bad men and Angels; they arraign'd shall sink
Beneath thy sentence: Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long 336
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shall need, 340
God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies:
Adore the Son, and honour him as me.
No sooner had th' Almighty ceased, but all
The multitude of Angels, with a shout 345
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, utt'ring joy, Heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions: lowly reverent
Tow'rds either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast 351
Their crowns, inwove with amarant and gold;
Immortal amarant; a flow'r which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon, for man's offence, 355

321. Philip. ii. 10. 334. 2 Pet. iii. 12, 13.
335. I cannot do better than here recommend to the reader, the perusal of Dr. Chalmers' powerfully interesting sermon on the subject of a new Heaven and a new Earth.
341. 1 Cor. xv. 28 and Ps. xcvii. 7. and Heb. i. 6.
343. John v. 23.
351. Rev. iv. 10.
353. *Amarant*, a flower whose beauty never fades. Allusion is made here to 1 Pet. i. 4. and 1 Pet. v. 4.

To Heav'n removed, where first it grew, there grows,
And flow'rs aloft, shading the fount of life,
And where the riv'r of bliss through midst of Heav'n
Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream;
With these, that never fade, the Spirits elect 360
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.
Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tuned, that glitt'ring by their side 365
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join 370
Melodious part,—such concord is in Heav'n.
Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; thee, Author of all being,
Fountain of Light, thyself invisible 375
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st
Throned inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear, 380
Yet dazzle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee, next they sang, of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud 385
Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold: on thee
Impress'd th' effulgence of his glory 'bides,
Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.
He Heav'n of Heav'ns and all the Pow'rs therein 390
By thee created, and by thee threw down
Th' aspiring Dominations: thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,

358. The happiness of Heaven is repeatedly compared in Scripture to a fountain or river.
390. The same idea is in Tasso, Can. 9. st. 57. and in Spenser's Hymn to Heavenly Beauty.
382. See Isaiah vi. 2.
363. Col. i. 13. Rev. iii. 14. 387. John i. 18. xiv. 9.

Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks 395
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarray'd.
Back from pursuit thy Pow'rs with loud acclaim
Thee only' extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
Not so on Man: Him thro' their malice fall'n, 400
Father of mercy' and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity' incline;
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail Man
So strictly, but much more to pity' inclined, 405
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy' and justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
For man's offence. O unexampled love! 410
Love no where to be found less than Divine!
Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin. 415
Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Mean while upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs, inclosed 420
From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starless exposed, and ever-threat'ning storms 425
Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky;
Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n,
Though distant far, some small reflection gains
Of glimm'ring air less vex'd with tempest loud:
Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field. 430
As when a vulture on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,

412. Milton has been hitherto professedly repeating the substance of the angels' song. He here speaks of his own determination.

431. *Imaus*, a celebrated mountain in Asia.

Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids 435
On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light:
So on this windy sea of land, the Fiend 440
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey:
Alone; for other creature in this place,
Living or lifeless, to be found was none;
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like aëreal vapours flew 445
Of all things transit'ry and vain, when sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory', or lasting fame,
Or happiness, in this or th' other life; 450
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds:
All th' unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand, 455
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Dissolved on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here;
Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd;
Those argent fields more likely habitants, 460
Translated Saints or middle Spirits, hold
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind.
Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born
First from the ancient world those giants came, 464
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came single; he who to be deem'd
A God, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames, 470

438. *Sericana;* that part of India called Cathay: it is remarkable for the smoothness of its plains. The description of *limbo*, which follows, has been greatly reprobated by Mr. Addison, and others. But here, as in other places, Milton is best defended by calling to mind the character and design of his poem.

463. See Gen. vi. 4. 467. *Sennaar*, or Shinar.

Empedocles; and he who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus; and many more too long,
Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars
White, black and grey, with all their trumpery. 475
Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heav'n;
And they who, to be sure of Paradise,
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised: 480
They pass the planets sev'n, and pass the fix'd,
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that first moved;
And now Saint Peter at Heav'n's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot 485
Of Heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when lo,
A violent cross wind from either coast
Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry
Into the devious air; then might ye see
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost
And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads, 491
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds: all these upwhirl'd aloft
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd 495
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
All this dark globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste 500
His travell'd steps: far distant he descries
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heav'n a structure high;
At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace gate,

471. *Empedocles* was a Pythagorean philosopher, who threw himself into the crater of Mount Etna.

473. *Cleombrotus* was a young man, who, having been deeply interested with Plato's reflections on the immortality of the soul, leaped into the sea that he might at once enjoy the felicity mentioned.

482. Milton here follows the ancient or Ptolemaic system of astronomy. Tasso mentions the same spheres in describing Michael's descent from heaven, only in an inverse order.

489. The second person is here put indefinitely; then might *he* seem

With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Embellish'd : thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on earth
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw 510
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram in the field of Luz,
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cry'd, This is the gate of Heav'n. 515
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes
Viewless: and underneath a bright sea flow'd
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, sailing arrived, 520
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The Fiend by easy 'scent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss: 525
Direct against which open'd from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,
Wider by far than that of after-times
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large, 530
Over the Promised Land, to God so dear,
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behests his Angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas the fount of Jordan's flood 535
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian shore :
So wide the op'ning seem'd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair 540
That scaled by steps of gold to Heaven gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn 545

510. See Gen. xxviii. 12, 13.
534. *Pass'd frequent*, is to be understood after *regard*.
540. The description and comparison here are very noble.

Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
With glist'ring spires and pinnacles adorn'd, 550
Which now the rising Sun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder seized, though after Heaven seen,
The Spirit malign, but much more envy seized,
At sight of all this world beheld so fair. 554
Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of Night's extended shade) from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond th' horizon; then from pole to pole 560
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone 565
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens famed of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,
Thrice happy isles; but who dwelt happy there 570
He stay'd not to inquire: above them all
The golden Sun, in splendour likest Heav'n,
Allured his eye: thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament (but up or down,
By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell, 575
Or longitude) where the great luminary
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far; they as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute 580
Days, months, and years, tow'rds his all-cheering lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part

554 Constellations directly opposite to each other. The *fleecy* star is Aries, which is said to bear Andromeda, because just under it.

565. *Hesperian gardens;* celebrated among the ancients, and supposed to have been the Cape Verd Islands.

With gentle penetration, though unseen, 590
Shoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep;
So wondrously was set his station bright.
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the Sun's lucent orb
Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw. 595
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compar'd with aught on earth, metal or stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear; 595
If stone, carbuncle most, or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides
Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen,
That stone, or like to that which here below 600
Philosophers in vain so long have sought;
In vain, though by their pow'rful art they bind
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form. 605
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth Elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th' arch-chemic Sun, so far from us remote,
Produces with terrestrial humour mix'd 610
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious and effect so rare?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade, 615
But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from th' equator, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall; and th' air,
No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray 620
To objects distant far, whereby he soon
Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,

603. *Hermes*, or Mercury; *Proteus* was a sea-god, celebrated as is well known for the variety of shapes he had the power of taking; the ancients meant to express, under the name of this fabulous being, the first principle of things. The stone alluded to is that by which philosophers hoped to turn all things into gold.

The same whom John saw also in the Sun.
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid:
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar 620
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round. On some great charge employ'd
He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the Spirit impure, as now in hope 630
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To Paradise, the happy seat of Man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay: 635
And now a stripling Cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smiled celestial, and to ev'ry limb
Suitable grace diffused, so well he feign'd:
Under a coronet his flowing hair 640
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkled with gold;
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard: the Angel bright, 645
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known
Th' Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the seven
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes 650
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts:
  Uriel, for thou of those sev'n Spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright, 655
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend;
And here art likeliest, by Supreme decree,
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye 660
To visit oft this new creation round;

623. See Rev. xix. 17.
627. Instead of *fledged* for softness.
643. *Succinct*, ready or prepared.
644. *Decent*, used in the Latin sense, graceful and beautiful.
656. Zech. iv. 10. Tobit xii. 15. Rev. i. 4. v. 6. viii. 2.

Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favour; him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd, 665
Hath brought me from the choirs of Cherubim
Alone thus wand'ring. Brightest Seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath Man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell; 670
That I may find him, and with secret gaze
Or open admiration him behold,
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet, 675
The Universal Maker we may praise,
Who justly hath driv'n out his rebel foes
To deepest Hell; and to repair that loss
Created this new happy race of Men
To serve him better: wise are all his ways. 680
So spake the false Dissembler unperceived;
For neither Man nor Angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, thro' Heav'n and Earth: 685
And oft though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems: which now for once beguiled
Uriel, though regent of the Sun, and held 690
The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav'n;
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul
In his uprightness answer thus return'd:
Fair Angel, thy desire, which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify 695
The great Work-Master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps 700
Contented with report hear only' in Heav'n:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight:

But what created mind can comprehend 705
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw when at his word the formless mass,
This world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild Uproar 710
Stood ruled, stood vast Infinitude confined;
Till at his second bidding Darkness fled,
Light shone, and Order from Disorder sprung:
Swift to their sev'ral quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, Earth, Flood, Air, Fire; 715
And this ethereal quintessence of Heav'n
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move:
Each had his place appointed, each his course; 720
The rest in circuit walls this universe.
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
That place is Earth, the seat of Man; that light
His day, which else, as th' other hemisphere, 725
Night would invade; but there the neighb'ring moon
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid
Timely' interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heav'n,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform 730
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is Paradise,
Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bow'r.
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires. 735
Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,
As to superior Spirits is wont in Heav'n,
Where honour due and rev'rence none neglects,
Took leave, and tow'rd the coast of earth beneath,
Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hoped success, 740
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,
Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top he lights.

730. *Triform*, so called from her increase and decrease towards east and west, and her fulness.
742. *Niphates*, a mountain on the borders of Armenia, near which Paradise is supposed to have been situated.

BOOK IV

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the Tree of Life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described: Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the Tree of Knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of Death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress; then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel, descending on a sun-beam, warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil Spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the Mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil Spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hindered by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O FOR that warning voice, which he who saw
Th' Apocalypse heard cry in Heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be revenged on men,
Woe to th' inhabitants on earth!' that now, 5
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scaped,
Haply so 'scaped his mortal snare: for now
Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,
The tempter ere th' accuser of mankind, 10
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold

1. There is great propriety in the opening of the present book. The grand subject of the relation which St. John gave of the Apocalypse or Revelation he received, is the overthrow of Satan, whose first attempts upon Man's purity and happiness form the ground-work of this part of the poem.

Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth 15
Now rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast,
And, like a dev'lish engine, back recoils
Upon himself: horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The Hell within him; for within him Hell 20
He brings, and round about him; nor from Hell
One step no more than from himself can fly
By change of place: now Conscience wakes Despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be 25
Worse; of worse deeds worse suff'rings must ensue.
Sometimes tow'rds Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad;
Sometimes tow'rds Heav'n and the full-blazing Sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tow'r: 30
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began:
O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call, 35
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down 40
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless King:
Ah wherefore! he deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard. 45
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,
I sdeign'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me high'st, and in a moment quit 51
The debt immense of endless gratitude,

24. Memory is here used in the sense of reflection or consideration.
32. Milton first thought of writing a tragedy on the Loss of Paradise, and the first ten lines of this speech formed its opening.
50. *Sdeign'd*, for *disdain'd*, from the Italian, *sdegnare*.

So burdensome still paying, still to owe,
Forgetful what from Him I still received,
And understood not that a grateful mind 55
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged: what burden then?
O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior Angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised 60
Ambition. Yet, why not? some other Pow'r,
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd. 65
Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then or what t' accuse,
But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe. 70
Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell; 75
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n
O then at last relent. Is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left? 80
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue 85
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell!
With diadem and sceptre high advanced, 90
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery! such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain

55. *Understood not*, to be connected with the preceding verse.

By act of grace my former state, how soon
Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore! ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void;
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher: therefore, as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace.
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost:
Evil be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with Heav'n's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As Man ere long, and this new world shall know.
Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face;
Thrice changed with pale, ire, envy, and despair;
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the first
That practised falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:
Yet not enough had practised to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursued him down
The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount
Saw him disfigured more than could befall
Spirit of happy sort; his gestures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,

Access deny'd; and over head up grew,
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm;
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend 140
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung;
Which to our gen'ral sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round: 145
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd with gay enamel'd colours mix'd:
On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in fair ev'ning cloud, or humid bow, 151
When God hath show'r'd the earth: so lovely seem'd
That landskip: and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive 155
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,
Fanning their odorif'rous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past 160
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest; with such delay [league
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a
Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles:
So entertain'd those odorous sweets the Fiend 166
Who came their bane, though with them better pleased
Than Asmodëus with the fishy fume
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse

151. The description which Milton has given of Paradise is similar to those of Homer, Spenser, and Tasso, in their accounts of the gardens in which the scene of their poems sometimes lies. To these may be added Ariosto's and Marino's, it being generally allowed, that though Milton's is superior to any other, that the Italian come nearest in beauty and perfection.

158. An imitation is here observed of Shakspeare in the *Twelfth Night*, or of Ariosto, *Orlan. Fur.* 6. 34. st. 51.

162. *Mozambique* is an island on the eastern coast of Africa. As the north-east wind blows contrary to those who have doubled the Cape, they are hence obliged to slack their course.—*Sabean* from Saba, a city and province of Arabia Felix

166. See Tobit viii.

Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent 170
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.
Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none, so thick intwined,
As one continued brake, the undergrowth 175
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
All path of man or beast that pass'd that way:
One gate there only was, and that look'd east
On th' other side; which when th' arch-felon saw,
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt, 180
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cots amid the field secure, 185
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew, 195
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who lived; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only used
For prospect, what well used had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows 201
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
Beneath him, with new wonder, now he views 205
To all delight of human sense exposed
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A Heav'n on Earth: for blissful Paradise

183. A wolf is a frequent subject of comparison in the poets, but for the whole of this, see John x. 1.

192. *Lewd*, impious or wicked.

195. Gen. ii. 9. *In the midst*, signifies the excellency as well as the situation of the tree.

Of God the garden was, by him in ch' east
Of Eden planted; Eden stretch'd her line 210
From Auran eastward to the royal tow'rs
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd; 215
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life, 220
Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but thro' the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown 225
That mountain as his garden mould high raised
Upon the rapid current, which thro' veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden: thence united fell 230
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account; 235
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240
Flow'rs, worthy' of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade 245

209. Gen. ii. 8. *Seleucia*, a city on the river Tigris, built by one of Alexander's successors.—*Telassar* was a country on the borders of Assyria.—See Isa. xxxvii. 12.

233. Gen. ii. 10.

238. So Pyxtolus, Hermus, &c. are said to have rolled over gold and gems.

Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept od'rous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true, 250
If true, here only', and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock; or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store, 255
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant: mean while murm'ring waters fall 260
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune 265
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gath'ring flow'rs,
Herself a fairer flow'r by gloomy Dis 270
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world, nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspired
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle 275
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her florid son
Young Bacchus from his step-dame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard, 280
Mount Amara, though this by some supposed

246. *Imbrown'd*, from the Italian.

256. Bentley objects to this passage as puerile, but in his usual spirit of hypercriticism.

266. *Pan* was a symbol of nature among the ancients. The graces of mythological allusion were never more beautifully employed than in the whole of this passage.

281. *Mount Amara* was where the Abyssinian kings kept their children guarded. It was inclosed with alabaster rocks, which it took a day to ascend.

True Paradise under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, inclosed with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend 285
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange.
Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all, 290
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe but in true filial freedom placed),
Whence true authority in men; though both 295
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd:
For contemplation he and valour form'd;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front and eye sublime, declared 300
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She, as a veil down to the slender waist,
Her unadorned golden tresses wore 305
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils; which imply'd
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received;
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride, 310
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,
Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
Of Nature's works, honour dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind 315
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence!
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill. 320
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met;

299. Dr. Bentley has proposed with propriety, the reading of *and* instead of *in* in this line.

Adam the goodl est man of men since born
His sons: the fairest of her daughters Eve
Under a tuft of shade that on a green 325
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down; and after no more toil
Of their sweet gard'ning labour than sufficed
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite 330
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flow'rs.
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind 335
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems
Fair couple link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them frisking play'd 340
All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase
In wood or wilderness, forest or den:
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambol'd before them: th' unwieldly elephant, 345
To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass 350
Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture, gazing sat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the Sun,
Declined, was hasting now with prone career
To th' ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale
Of Heav'n the stars that usher ev'ning rose: 355
When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad:
O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!
Into our room of bliss thus high advanced
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps, 360
Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace

362. Ps. viii. 5. Heb. ii. 7.

The Hand that form'd them on their shape hath
pour'd. 365
Ah, gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy:
Happy, but for so happy ill secured 370
Long to continue, and this high seat your Heav'n
Ill fenced for Heav'n to keep out such a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purposed foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn
Though I unpitied: League with you I seek, 375
And mutual amity so strait, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth. My dwelling haply may not please,
Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet such
Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me, 380
Which I as freely give: Hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your num'rous offspring; if no better place, 385
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarged, 390
By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
To do what else, though damn'd, I should abhor
So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his dev'lish deeds.
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree 395
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape served best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and unespy'd
To mark what of their state he more might learn 400
By word or action mark'd; about them round
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Straight couches close, then rising changes oft 405
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground

Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
Griped in each paw: when Adam, first of men
To first of women Eve, thus moving speech,
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utt'rance flow: 410
Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Pow'r
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite; 415
That raised us from the dust, and placed us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he hath need; he who requires
From us no other service than to keep 420
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is, 425
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st
God hath pronounced it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of pow'r and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion giv'n 430
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights: 435
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flow'rs;
Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.
To whom thus Eve reply'd: O thou for whom 440
And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly who enjoy 445
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.

421. Gen. ii. 16. also Gen. i. 29.

That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed 450
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved 455
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n. I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite 460
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me. I started back;
It started back: but pleased I soon return'd;
Pleased it return'd as soon with answ'ring looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd 465
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me. What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays 470
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine: to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of Human Race. What could I do 475
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth wat'ry image. Back I turn'd: 480
Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return, fair Eve;
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art;
His flesh, his bone: to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart
Substantial life, to have thee by my side 485
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half: with that thy gentle hand

451. Milton's first edition read thus; the second, *Under a shade of flow'rs*, but they reposed not under, but on flowers.
483. Gen ii. 23.

Seized mine; I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace 490
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.
So spake our gen'ral mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreproved,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast 495
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight,
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles when he impregns the clouds 500
That shed May flow'rs; and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure. Aside the Devil turn'd
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
Eyed them askance, and to himself thus 'plain'd:
Sight hateful! sight tormenting! thus these two,
Imparadised in one another's arms, 505
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least, 510
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing, pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs, it seems;
One fatal tree there stands, of Knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidden? 515
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? And do they only stand
By ignorance? Is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith? 520
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt 525
Equal with Gods: aspiring to be such,
They taste and die. What likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round

499. Jupiter is here figurative of the Heaven, and Juno of the air
505. *Imparadised* this word had been used before, by Sir Philip Sidney in the Arcadia.

This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd:
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet 530
Some wand'ring Spirit of Heav'n by fountain side,
Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw
What further woul I be learn'd. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed. 535
So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Thro' wood, thro' waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.
Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where Heav'n
With earth and ocean meets, the setting Sun 540
Slowly descended, and with right aspéct
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Levell'd his ev'ning rays: it was a rock
Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent 545
Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of th' angelic guards, awaiting night; 550
About him exercised heroic games
Th' unarmed youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through th' even 555
On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired
Impress the air, and shews the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds. He thus began in haste: 560
Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath giv'n
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in.
This day at highth of noon came to my sphere
A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know 565
More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,

549. For mention of Gabriel, see Daniel vii. and ix. also Luke i. his name signifies *the man* or *the power of God.*
555. *Through th' even*, or that part of the heavens now becoming dark with the approaching evening.
561. This is in allusion to the courses of the priests in the temple service: see 1 Chron. xxiv. and Luke i. 8, 9.

God's latest image: I described his way
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aery gait;
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks 570
Alien from Heav'n, with passions far obscured:
Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him. One of the banish'd crew,
I fear, hath ventured from the deep, to raise
New troubles: him thy care must be to find. 575
To whom the winged warrior thus return'd:
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the Sun's bright circle, where thou sitt'st,
See far and wide: in at this gate none pass
The vigilance here placed, but such as come 580
Well known from Heav'n; and since meridian hour
No creature thence: if Spirit of other sort
So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthy bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar. 585
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know,
So promised he; and Uriel to his charge 590
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now raised,
Bore him slope downward to the Sun, now fall'n
Beneath th' Azores; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd
Diurnal, or this less volûble earth,
By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there 595
Arraying with reflected purple' and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend.
Now came still ev'ning on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober liv'ry all things clad;
Silence accompanied: for beast and bird, 600
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,

567. The first image of God was Christ; the second, Angels; the last, Man.—*Described*, that is, observed attentively.
592. *The Azores* are islands in the Atlantic, off the coast of Portugal. The word is to be pronounced as three syllables.
594. *Volûble*, with the *u* pronounced long.
596. This is the first evening in the time of the poem, and it furnishes Milton with an opportunity of putting forth the splendour of his descriptive genius in one of its most magnificent efforts. One of the commentators on this passage absurdly remarks that it was the poet's weak eyes made him love to mention the evening twilight.

Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale:
She all night long her am'rous descant sung:
Silence was pleased. Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led 605
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve: Fair Consort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest, 611
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling, with soft slumb'rous weight inclines
Our eye-lids. Other creatures all day long 616
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways; 620
While other animals inactive range;
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform 625
Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums, 630
That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty' adorn'd:
My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst, 635
Unargued, I obey; so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please alike. 640
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,

627. *Walks* in the first edition.
628. *Manuring*; in the sense of the French *manœuvre*, to manage or cultivate.
640. The seasons of the day, not of the year, are here meant.

With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth 645
After soft show'rs; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful ev'ning mild; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train;
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends 650
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful ev'ning mild; nor silent Night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by Moon, 655
Or glitt'ring star-light, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? For whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?
To whom our general ancestor reply'd:
Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve, 660
These have their course to finish round the earth
By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Minist'ring light prepared, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain 665
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence, foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down 670
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the Sun's more potent ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night, 674
Shine not in vain; nor think, tho' men were none,
That Heav'n would want spectators, God want praise

648. A very ingenious essay has been written, by whom I forget, to shew that the ancients considered the nightingale's song cheerful.

661. *Those* is read in some editions.

671. Milton's affectation of learning has been mentioned and objected to. I venture, however, to observe, though he may seem to have erred when such passages in his poem are subjected to the severe and particularizing eye of a critic, that, taken as a whole, its grandeur and splendid effect upon the mind would have been considerably less, had these appliances of a high knowledge been unemployed in it illustration.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold,
Both day and night. How often from the steep 680
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands 684
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heav'n.
Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bow'r; it was a place 690
Chosen by the Sov'reign Planter, when he framed
All things to Man's delightful use. The roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf: on either side 695
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flow'r,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and
Mosaic: underfoot the violet, [wrought
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay 701
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem. Other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none:
Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower 705
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed, 710
And heav'nly choirs the hymenean sung,
What day the genial Angel to our sire
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
Endow'd with all their gifts: and O too like 715

700. Homer, Il. xiv. 347.

714. *Pandora*, the fable of Pandora's box needs no explanation. — *Authentic fire*, the original, and prototype, or the source of earthly fire.—*L'ewiser* is not a comparative here, but means very wewise

In sad event, when to th' unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnared
Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.
Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both stood, 720
Both turn'd, and under open sky adored
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day, 725
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants 730
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promised from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep. 735
This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
Handed they went; and eased the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear, 740
Straight side by side were laid; nor turn'd I ween
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refused:
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence, 745
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man?
Hail wedded Love, mysterious law, true source 750
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee adult'rous lust was driven from men,
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure, 755

746. In allusion to 1 Tim. iv. 1, 2, 3.
750. This apostrophe is said to be borrowed from one of Tasso's letters. *Mysterious:* See Eph. v. 32.

Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be 't, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets, 760
Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile 765
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
Casual fruition; nor in court-amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenate, which the starved lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770
These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing, slept,
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof
Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Blest pair! and O yet happiest, if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more. 775
Now had Night measured with her shadowy cone
Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the Cherubim
Forth issuing at th' accustom'd hour, stood arm'd
To their night-watches in warlike parade, 780
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake:
Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;
Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part;
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear. 785
From these, two strong and subtle Spirits he call'd
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge:
Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed
Search thro' this garden; leave unsearch'd no nook;
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm. 791
This evening from the Sun's decline arrived

756. *The charities;* the affections called forth by the different relations of life. 761. Heb. xiii. 4.
769. *Serenate:* Milton follows the Italian in his spelling.
Starved; cold, unaccepted.
782. *Uzziel*, the strength of God.
784. See Heb. chap. i.
788. *Ithuriel*, the discovery of God. *Zephon*, a secret, or searcher of secrets.

Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escaped
The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt: 795
Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.
So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; these to the bower direct,
In search of whom they sought: him there they found,
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve, 800
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy', and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams;
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise, 805
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits, ingendering pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear 810
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness. Up he starts,
Discover'd and surprised. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid 815
Fit for the tun some magazine to store
Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain
With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air;
So started up in his own shape the Fiend.
Back stept those two fair Angels, half amazed 820
So sudden to behold the grisly king;
Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon:
Which of those rebel Spirits, adjudged to Hell,
Com'st thou, escaped thy prison? and transform'd,
Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait, 825
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?
Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not me? Ye knew me once no mate
For you; there sitting where ye durst not soar.
Not to know me, argues yourselves unknown, 830
The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin

796. *Hither*, that is, wherever the speaker may afterwards be.
804. Virgil, Æneid, vi. 271.
814. Ariosto employs the same simile.

Your message, like to end as much in vain?
To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.
Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same, 835
Or undiminish'd brightness, to be known
As when thou stood'st in Heav'n upright and pure;
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee'; and thou resemblest now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul. 840
But come; for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.
So spake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace 845
Invincible. Abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue' in her shape how lovely; saw and pined
His loss; but chiefly to find here observed
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd 850
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the sender not the sent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,
Will save us trial what the least can do 855
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.
The Fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb. To strive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd 860
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,
Gabriel from the front, thus call'd aloud: 865
O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendour wan; who, by his gait 870
And fierce demeanour, seems the prince of Hell,

835. Bentley proposes a new reading, 'Or brightness undiminish'd' in the next line: Newton to change *thy* into *by* in the present.

866. It is observed, that Milton has followed Homer in this episode. See Il. x. 533.

Not likely to part hence without contest:
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.
He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How busy'd, in what form and posture couch'd. 876
To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake:
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress 880
By thy example, but have pow'r and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd it seems to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?
To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow: 885
Gabriel, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
Though thither doom'd? Thou would'st thyself, no doubt, 890
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;
To thee no reason, who knowest only good, 895
But evil hast not try'd: and wilt object
His will who bound us? Let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.
The rest is true, they found me where they say; 900
But that implies not violence or harm.
Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel moved
Disdainfully, half smiling, thus reply'd:
O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew, 905
And now returns him from his prison 'scaped,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither,
Unlicensed from his bounds in Hell prescribed;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain 910

878. Bentley thinks *transgressions* should be taken in the sense of *transcursions*, that is, to pass over bounds.
893. Torment *with* ease, a Latin idiom.

However, and to 'scape his punishment.
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sev'nfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain 915
Can equal anger infinite provoked.
But wherefore thou alone? Wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke loose? Is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they
Less hardy to endure? Courageous Chief, 920
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alleged
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.
To which the Fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern:
Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain, 925
Insulting Angel: well thou know'st I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
The blasting volley'd thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
But still thy words at random, as before, 930
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard assays and ill successes past,
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untry'd:
I therefore, I alone first undertook 935
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
This new created world, whereof in Hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted Pow'rs
To settle here on earth, or in mid-air; 940
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
Whose easier bus'ness were to serve their Lord
High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymn his throne,
And practised distances to cringe, not fight. 945
To whom the warrior Angel soon reply'd:
To say and straight unsay, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader, but a liar traced,
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name, 950

927. *Thy fiercest;* the adjective as a substantive, as in instances already alleged.
928. *Thy* is read in the second edition.

O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of Fiends, fit body to fit head.
Was this your discipline and faith engaged,
Your military' obedience, to dissolve 965
Allegiance to th' acknowledged Pow'r Supreme?
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cringed, and servilely adored
Heav'n's awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope 960
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?
But mark what I arreed thee now, Avaunt;
Fly thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd, 965
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of Hell too slightly barr'd.
So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but, waxing more in rage, reply'd:
Then when I am thy captive, talk of chains, 970
Proud limitary Cherub; but ere then
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though Heav'n's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Used to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels 975
In progress through the road of Heav'n star-paved.
While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field 980
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands,
Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On th' other side Satan, alarm'd, 985
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved:

962. *Arreed*, to decree or award.
965. *Drag*; the present for the future. 966. Rev. xx. 3.
971. *Limitary*, setting bounds to. Ps. xviii. 10
974. Ezek. chap. i. x. and xi.
980. *Ported*, borne pointed towards him.
986. Tasso applies the epithet *disteso* to his hero Argantes when preparing to fight with Tancred.

His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp [deeds
What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dreadful
Might have ensued, nor only Paradise 991
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon 995
Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth with balanced air 1000
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battles, and realms: in these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend: 1005
Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine;
Neither our own, but giv'n. What folly then
To boast what arms can do? since thine no more
Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up, 1010
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign, [weak,
Where thou art weigh'd, and shewn how light, how
If thou resist. The Fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night.

989. A powerful personification of horror.

1002. The same allegory is employed by both Homer and Virgil, and in Scripture we find Daniel informing Belshazzar that he was *weighed in the balances:* for illustrations of this passage, see Job xxviii. xxxvii. Isa. xl. 1. Sam. ii. 3. Proverbs xvi. 2. and Dan. v.

1003. Bentley proposes to read *signal* instead of *sequel*, but the latter is preferable, see Hom. Il. viii. 69. also Virgil, Æn. xii. 725.

1012. Milton follows Scripture and not the poets in making the scale ascend in token of victory.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to their day labours: Their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance described, his coming discerned by Adam afar off, sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph; who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked, so custom'd, for his sleep
Was aery light from pure digestion bred,
And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only sound 5
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on ev'ry bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek, 10
As through unquiet rest; he on his side
Leaning, half raised, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice 15
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake,
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field 20

1. This is a lovely description of morning, and the more beautiful because not separated from the consideration of the actors in the poem.—I think it will be generally found that poets of great eminence seldom indulge themselves in pure description, or rather, that their descriptions are almost always mixed up with circumstance and detail.

5. *Which* refers to *sleep*, not to *vapours*.

Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How Nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet. 25
Such whisp'ring waked her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake:
O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night 30
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night. Methought, 35
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk,
With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it said,
Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake 40
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns
Full orb d the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire? 45
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways 50
That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood 54

24. I am inclined to think that this mention of *nature* is the only blemish in the passage: none of Adam's curious questionings which have been reprobated by writers, were unnatural in a being continually contemplating the universe with an undiamed eye; but it is very inconsistent to suppose he would personify the principle of things, and separate its operation from the immediate action of the divine hand.—Nature was a noble and splendid conception in the mind of the heathen poets and philosopners, but it is a puerile contradiction after the thoughts have been long fixed on a personal Deity.

41. *His* and *her* are applied by Milton to the nightingale indifferently.

One shaped and wing'd, like one of those from Heav'n
By us oft seen. His dewy locks distill'd
Ambrosia: on that tree he also gazed;
And O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharged,
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet
Nor God, nor Man? is knowledge so despised? 60
Or envy', or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good: why else set here?
This said, he paused not, but with vent'rous arm
He pluck'd, he tasted! Me damp horror chill'd 65
At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold:
But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt,
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men: 70
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The Author not impair'd, but honour'd more?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou also; happy though thou art, 75
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:
Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
Thyself a Goddess, not to earth confined,
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see 80
What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Ev'n to my mouth, of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd. The pleasant sav'ry smell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought, 85
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
And various; wond'ring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly 90
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep; but O how glad I waked
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
Related; and thus Adam answer'd sad:
Best image of myself and dearer half, 95
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like

This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? In thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know, that in the soul 100
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief: among these Fancy next
Her office holds. Of all external things
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, aery shapes; 105
Which Reason joining or disjoining, frames
All what we' affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell when Nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes 110
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Some such resemblances methinks I find
Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream, 115
But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
Evil into the mind of God or Man
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream 120
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks
That wont to be more cheerful and serene
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;
And let us to our fresh employments rise 125
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store.
So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd;
But silently a gentle tear let fall 130
From either eye, and wiped them with her hair.
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended. 135
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arborous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight

117. *God* in this line means angel; the word is so applied in Scripture sometimes: see also John x. 35. and refer to line 68.

Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up risen,
With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim, 140
Shot parallel to th' earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landskip all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd, adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid 145
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced or sung
Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or num'rous verse,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp 151
To add more sweetness; and they thus began:
These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these Heav'ns 156
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works: yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light, 160
Angels; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing! ye in Heav'n,
On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end. 165
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. 170
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meets the orient Sun, now fly'st, 175
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,

153. This prayer is a close imitation of the 148th Psalm: see also the Canticle in our Liturgy taken from it.
155. Wisd. xiii. 345.
162. *Day without night*, without such night as ours: as the Author afterward explains it, Book vi. 8.
172. Bentley proposes to read 'him Creator,' for 'thy greater.'

And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth 180
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise 185
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs, 190
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant; in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow, 195
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk 200
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or ev'n,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail Universal Lord, be bounteous still 205
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.
So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts

197. *Soul* is here used as in Scripture, frequently to signify any living thing.

202. The commentators have exercised their ingenuity to explain why Milton used the singular *I* in this line when it would seem that both Adam and Eve were expressing themselves in the hymn. Bentley reads *we*, which if right, would do away with the difficulty at once. Others, among which are Newton and Dr. Pearce, think the prayer was intended to be interlocutory, which would also explain it, but I imagine that from Milton's known opinion on the subject of female modesty and subjection, it is easy to suppose he never intended to represent Eve as audibly accompanying the devotions of her husband. This idea may be strengthened by referring to 1 Cor. xiv. 34. and 1 Tim. ii. 11.

Firm peace recover'd soon, and wonted calm. 210
On to their morning's rural work they haste,
Among sweet dews and flow'rs; where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces; or they led the vine 215
To wed her elm; she spoused about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dow'r th' adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity Heav'n's high King, and to him call'd 220
Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deign'd
To travel with Tobias, and secured
His marriage with the sev'ntimes-wedded maid.
Raphael, said he, thou hear'st what stir on Earth
Satan from Hell, 'scaped thro' the darksome gulf, 225
Hath raised in Paradise, and how disturb'd
This night the human pair, how he designs
In them at once to ruin all mankind.
Go, therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converse with Adam, in what bow'r or shade 230
Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retired,
To respite his day-labour with repast,
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on
As may advise him of his happy state,
Happiness in his pow'r left free to will, 235
Left to his own free will, his will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
He swerve not too secure. Tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fall'n himself from Heav'n, is plotting now 240
The fall of others from like state of bliss.
By violence? No, for that shall be withstood;
But by deceit and lies. This let him know,
Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd. 245
So spake th' Eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All justice: nor delay'd the winged Saint

214. *Pamper'd*, from *pampre*, overgrown with leaves.
224. See Tasso, Lib. Can. ix. st. 58, which Milton seems here to have had in view.
245. See also Tasso, Can. ix. 60. The description of the descending angel is splendid in both poets, and they may be profitably compared.

After his charge received; but from among
Thousand celestial Ardors, where he stood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light 250
Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic choirs,
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate
Of Heav'n arrived, the gate self-open'd wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work 255
Divine the Sov'reign Architect had framed.
From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interposed, however small, he sees,
Not unconform to other shining globes,
Earth and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when by night the glass 261
Of Galileo, less assured, observes
Imagined lands and regions in the moon:
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades
Delos or Samos first appearing, kens 265
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air: till within soar 270
Of tow'ring eagles, to all the fowls he seems
A Phœnix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,
When to inshrine his reliques in the Sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise 275
He lights, and to his proper shape returns,
A seraph wing'd; six wings he wore, to shade

249. *Ardors*, Seraphim, which has the same meaning in Hebrew.

254. So Homer makes the gates of Heaven open to the gods, Il. v. 749.

258. The word *being* must be understood after *star*.

262. *Galileo* first used the telescope in astronomical observations. *The Cyclades*, of which Delos and Samos are two, are islands in the Archipelago.

272. The Phœnix has the epithet *sole* applied to it, because it is said that but one exists at a time. It is described as very beautiful, and living several hundred years, at the end of which time it burns itself on a pile prepared of aromatic wood; from its ashes springs its solitary successor, which immediately flies with the remains of its predecessor to Thebes, in Egypt, where it reposits them in the temple of the Sun.

276. *His proper shape*, that in which he *seemed* to have been before.

His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament; the middle pair 290
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood, 295
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands
Of Angels under watch; and to his state,
And to his message high in honour rise;
For on some message high they guess'd him bound.
Their glitt'ring tents he pass'd, and now is come 301
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh
And flow'ring odours, cassia, nard, and balm:
A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will 305
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.
Him through the spicy forest onward come
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted Sun 310
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs:
And Eve within, due at her hour prepared
For dinner sav'ry fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst 315
Of nect'rous draughts between, from milky stream,
Berry or grape. To whom thus Adam call'd:
  Haste hither, Eve, and, worth thy sight, behold
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another morn 320
Risen on mid-noon; some great behest from Heav'n
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And what thy stores contain bring forth, and pour

284. A beautiful comparison—feathers lie over one another like the plaits of a coat of mail.
295. *Maia's son*, Mercury: see Iliad xxiv. 339. Æn. iv. 238.
299. Gen. xviii. 1 where Abraham is described sitting in the door of the tent.
310. Nothing can be conceived more splendid than the idea conveyed in the short description of Raphael's glory. In Marino's Adonis there is a similar one, C. ii. st. 97.

Abundance, fit to honour and receive 315
Our heav'nly stranger: well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows
More fruitful; which instructs us not to spare. 320
To whom thus Eve: Adam, earth's hallow'd mould,
Of God inspired, small store will serve, where store,
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk,
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes: 325
But I will haste, and from each bow and brake,
Each plant and juciest gourd, will pluck such choice
To entertain our Angel guest, as he
Beholding shall confess, that here on Earth
God hath dispensed his bounties as in Heav'n. 330
So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order, so contrived as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring 335
Taste after taste upheld with kindliest change;
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle shore
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where 340
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rined, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand. For drink, the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths 345
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground
With rose and odours from the shrub unfumed.
Mean while our primitive great sire, to meet 350
His god-like guest, walks forth, without more train

333. *Choice to choose:* an alliteration not uncommon to Milton or the classics.
340. *In Pontus*, part of Asia; *the Punic coast*, Africa; the kingdom of *Alcinous*, Phœacia, an island in the Ionian Sea, near Corfu.
345. *Meaths*, sweet drinks.

Accompany'd than with his own complete
Perfections: in himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long 355
Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,
Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.
Nearer his presence Adam, though not awed,
Yet with submiss approach and rev'rence meek,
As to' a superior nature, bowing low, 360
Thus said: Native of Heav'n, for other place
None can than Heav'n such glorious shape contain;
Since by descending from the thrones above,
Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while
To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us 365
Two only, who yet by sov'reign gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bow'r
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the Sun more cool decline. 370
Whom thus th' angelic virtue answer'd mild:
Adam, I therefore came; nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav'n,
To visit thee. Lead on then where thy bow'r 375
O'ershades; for these mid hours, till ev'ning rise,
I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbour smiled
With flow'rets deck'd and fragrant smells; but Eve
Undeck'd save with herself, more lovely fair 380
Than Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd
Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,
Stood to' entertain her guest from Heav'n. No veil
She needed, virtue-proof; no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel, Hail 385
Bestow'd; the holy salutation used
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.
Hail Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more num'rous with thy sons,
Than with these various fruits the trees of God 390

352. *Wish* should be expunged according to Bentley, as it is superfluous.
378. *Pomona*, the goddess of fruit-trees.
382. In allusion to the judgment of Paris between Venus, Juno, and Minerva.
387. Luke i. 2. 8.

Have heap'd this table. Raised of grassy turf
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,
And on her ample square, from side to side,
All autumn piled, tho' spring and autumn here
Danced hand in hand. A while discourse they held;
No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began 395
Our author: Heav'nly stranger, please to taste
These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom
All perfect good, unmeasured out, descends,
To us for food, and for delight hath caused 400
The earth to yield; unsav'ry food perhaps
To spiritual natures: only this I know,
That one celestial Father gives to all.
To whom the Angel: Therefore, what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to Man in part 405
Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found
No' ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require,
As doth your rational; and both contain
Within them ev'ry lower faculty 410
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustain'd and fed: of elements 415
The grosser feeds the purer; earth the sea,
Earth and the sea feed air; the air those fires
Ethereal, and as lowest first the moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurged
Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd. 420
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent to higher orbs.
The Sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompense
In humid exhalations, and at even 425
Sups with the ocean. Though in Heav'n the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar; though from off the boughs each morn
We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain, yet God hath here 430

421. A Latinism.
426. See Ps. cv. 40. Exodus xvi. 14. Matt. xxiv. 29. and Rev. viii. 5.

Vary'd his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss 435
Of Theologians; but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger and concoctive heat
To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires
Through Spirits with ease: nor wonder, if by fire
Of sooty coal th' empyric alchemist 440
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,
As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd. O innocence 445
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the sons of God excuse to' have been
Enamour'd at thy sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injured lover's Hell. 450
Thus, when with meats and drinks they had sufficed,
Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam, not to let th' occasion pass
Giv'n him by this great conference, to know
Of things above his world, and of their being 455
Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms
Divine effulgence, whose high pow'r so far
Exceeded human; and his wary speech
Thus to th' empyreal minister he framed: 460
Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour in this honour done to Man,
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsafed
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so, 465
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem

433. It was the opinion of most theologians that the angels did not eat, their opinion being founded on some metaphysical notions, and on a passage in Tobit iii. 19. But Milton seems to be justified by the canonical Scripture. See Gen. xviii. and xix.

438. This is a fine distinction between the processes of digestion in men and angels.

440. *Empyric*, making many experiments.

445. *To crown the cup*, is a classical expression.

447. Gen. vi. 2.

At Heav'n's high feasts to' have fed: yet what com-
To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd: [pare?
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return, 470
If not depraved from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Endued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that life, of life:
But more refined, more spirituous, and pure, 475
As nearer to him placed, or nearer tending
Each in their sev'ral active spheres assign'd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More aery, last the bright consummate flow'r 481
Spirits odórous breathes: flow'rs and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual: give both life and sense, 485
Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being
Discursive or intuitive: discourse
Is oftest yours; the latter most is ours,
Diff'ring but in degree; of kind the same. 490
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good,
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance: time may come, when Men
With Angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare; 495
And from these corp'ral nutriments, perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improved by tract of time, and wing'd ascend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in heav'nly Paradises dwell; 500
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire,
Whose progeny you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happy state

478. The reader may very profitably consult a volume of sermons lately published by Dr. A. Clarke, in which he will find some excellent observations on Milton's materialism. I am inclined, however, to believe that the poet meant to convey no other idea than that derived from 1 Cor. xv. 44.

503. Acts xvii. 28.

Can comprehend, incapable of more. 505
To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd:
O favourable Spirit, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
From centre to circumference, whereon 510
In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found
Obedient? Can we want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert, 515
Who form'd us from the dust, and placed us here
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desire can seek or apprehend?
To whom the Angel: Son of Heav'n and Earth,
Attend. That thou art happy, owe to God; 520
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself;
That is, to thy obedience: therein stand.
This was that caution giv'n thee; be advised.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee; but to persevere 525
He left it in thy pow'r; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-ruled by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity,
Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated: such with him 530
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose?
Myself and all th' angelic host, that stand 535
In sight of God enthroned, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds:
On other surety none. Freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not: in this we stand or fall: 540
And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,

512. Every part of the vast system of the universe, is not only connected with the rest by a kind of natural necessity, but the connexion is apparent to the contemplative eye of reason, and hence having become acquainted with the lowest circumstance in it, the mind is carried gradually and easily on till it looks down from the highest point on the whole grand creation of the Almighty God.

And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell. O fall,
From what high state of bliss into what woe!
  To whom our great progenitor: Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear, 545
Divine Instructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighb'ring hills
Aëreal music send: nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never shall forget to love 550
Our Maker, and obey him whose command
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assured me', and still assure: tho' what thou tell'st
Hath pass'd in Heav'n, some doubt within me move,
But more desire to hear, if thou consent, 555
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;
And we have yet large day; for scarce the Sun
Hath finish'd half his journey', and scarce begins
His other half in the great zone of Heav'n. 560
  Thus Adam made request: and Raphael,
After short pause, assenting, thus began:
  High matter thou enjoin'st me', O prime of men,
Sad task and hard; for how shall I relate
To human sense th' invisible exploits 565
Of warring Spirits? How without remorse
The ruin of so many, glorious once
And perfect while they stood? How last unfold
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good 570
This is dispensed; and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By lik'ning spiritual to corp'ral forms,
As may express them best: though what if Earth
Be but the shadow' of Heav'n, and things therein 575
Each to' other like, more than on earth is thought?
  As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
Reign'd where these Heav'ns now roll, where Earth now rests
Upon her centre poised; when on a day
(For time, though in eternity, apply'd 580
To motion, measures all things durable

551. In allusion to the command not to eat of the tree of knowledge.

By present, past, and future) on such day
As Heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal host
Of angels by imperial summons call'd,
Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne 585
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd
Under their Hierarchs in order bright:
Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve 590
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
Or in their glitt'ring tissues bear emblazed
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
Of circuit inexpressible they stood, 595
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,
Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake:
Hear, all ye Angels, progeny of light, 600
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs,
Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand:
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son; and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold 605
At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;
And by myself have sworn, to him shall bow
All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord:
Under his great vicegerent reign abide
United as one individual soul, 610
For ever happy. Him who disobeys,
Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day
Cast out from God, and blessed vision, falls
Into' utter darkness, deep ingulph'd, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end. 615
So spake th' Omnipotent: and with his words
All seem'd well pleased; all seem'd, but were not all.
That day, as other solemn days, they spent

583. Milton is believed to have had Plato's idea in this expression, the latter making the *great year* to be the revolution of all the spheres. See also Job i. 6. 1 Kings xxii. 19.
589. A *gonfalon*, a streamer or banner.
598. Exodus xix.
600. This, as the former speech, is mostly derived from Scripture. See Ps. ii. 6, 7. Gen. xxii. 16. Phil. ii. 10, 11.

In song and dance about the sacred hill;
Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere 620
Of planets and of fix'd, in all her wheels
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem;
And in their motions harmony divine 625
So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Listens delighted. Ev'ning now approach'd
(For we have also' our ev'ning and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need)
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn 630
Desirous; all in circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a sudden piled
With angels' food, and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heav'n. 635
On flow'rs reposed, and with fresh flow'rets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds
Excess, before th' All-bounteous King, who show'r'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy. 641
Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhaled
From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had chang'd
To grateful twilight (for night comes not there 645
In darker veil) and roseate dews disposed
All but th' unsleeping eyes of God to rest:
Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globous earth in plain outspread
(Such are the courts of God) th' angelic throng, 650
Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend
By living streams among the trees of life,
Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,
Celestial tabernacles, where they slept
Fann'd with cool winds; save those who in their course
Melodious hymns about the sov'reign throne 656

625. It was the opinion of the Pythagorean philosophers, that a most exquisite music was produced by the motion of the spheres; some allusion to it is made in Job xxxviii. 37.

633. *Rubied nectar;* borrowed from Homer.

637. *And with refection sweet,* in the first edition.

642. *Ambrosial,* an Homeric epithet. 647. Ps. cxxi. 4.

Alternate all night long: but not so waked
Satan; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the first,
If not the first Arch-Angel, great in pow'r, 660
In favour, and pre-eminence, yet fraught
With envy 'gainst the Son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Messiah King anointed, could not bear
Through pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd. 665
Deep malice thence conceiving, and disdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolved
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipp'd, unobey'd the throne supreme 670
Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake:
Sleep'st thou, companion dear? What sleep can close
Thy eye-lids? and remember'st what decree
Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips 675
Of Heav'n's Almighty! Thou to me thy thoughts
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to' impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest imposed;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
In us who serve, new counsels to debate 681
What doubtful may ensue: more in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim night 685
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we possess
The quarters of the north; there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King 690
The great Messiah, and his new commands;
Who speedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.
So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infused

657. *Alternate* is a verb.
671. Beelzebub is here meant, who is always represented next in rank to Satan.
689. Suanezarius, de partu Virginis, iii. 40. Isaiah xiv. 12, 13. Jer. i. 14. vi. 1.

Bad influence into th' unwary breast 695
Of his associate: he together calls,
Or sev'ral one by one, the regent pow'rs,
Under him regent: tells, as he was taught,
That the Most High commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had disencumber'd Heav'n, 700
The great hierarchal standard was to move;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integrity: but all obey'd
The wonted signal and superior voice 705
Of their great potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n;
His count'nance, as the morning star that guides
The starry flock, allured them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's host. 710
Mean while th' Eternal Eye, whose sight discerns
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, saw without their light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread 715
Among the sons of morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high decree;
And smiling to his only Son, thus said:
Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, Heir of all my might, 720
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of Deity or empire; such a foe
Is rising, who intends to' erect his throne 725
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
In battle what our pow'r is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ 730
In our defence, lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.
To whom the Son, with calm aspect and clear,

710. Rev. xii. 3, 4.
711. *Th' Eternal Eye;* this expression must be taken as a metonomy for God, to give the proper sense to line 718.
712. Rev. iv. 5. 718. See Ps. ii. 1, &c.
719. Heb. i. 2 3.

Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer: Mighty Father, thou thy foes 725
Justly hast in derision, and secure
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all regal pow'r
Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event 730
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n.
So spake the Son; but Satan with his pow'rs
Far was advanced on winged speed, an host
Innumerable as the stars of night, 735
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the Sun
Impearls on ev'ry leaf and ev'ry flow'r.
Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies
Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones,
In their triple degrees; regions to which 740
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea, from one entire globose
Stretch'd into longitude; which having pass'd,
At length into the limits of the north 745
They came, and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Raised on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold;
The palace of great Lucifer (so call 750
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, he
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declared in sight of Heav'n, 755
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
For thither he assembled all his train.
Pretending so commanded to consult
About the great reception of their King,
Thither to come, and with calumnious art 760
Of counterfeited truth, thus held their ears:
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
Pow'rs,

724. *Lightning* is taken for a substantive by Newton, but it is evidently an adjective, or we should have 'ineffable lightning,' an expression Milton would never have made use of.

If these magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular, since by decree
Another now hath to himself ingross'd 775
All pow'r, and us eclipsed under the name
Of King Anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This only to consult, how we may best,
With what may be devised of honours new, 780
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endured,
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counsels might erect 785
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right; or if ye know yourselves
Natives and sons of Heav'n possess'd before 790
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason then or right assume
Monarchy over such as live by right 795
His equals, if in pow'r and splendour less,
In freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration to th' abuse 800
Of those imperial titles which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.
  Thus far his bold discourse without control
Had audience, when among the Seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal adored 805
The Deity', and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe,
The current of his fury thus opposed:
  O argument, blasphemous, false, and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n 810
Expected, least of all from thee, Ingrate,
In place thyself so high above thy peers.

799. There is a difficulty in the construction of this passage; but it is explained by taking 'for this to be our Lord,' in connexion with 'can introduce law and edict.'

Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,
That to his only Son, by right endued 815
With regal sceptre, ev'ry soul in Heav'n
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
Confess him rightful King? Unjust, thou say'st,
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign, 820
One over all with unsucceeded pow'r.
Shalt thou give law to God? Shalt thou dispute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the pow'rs of Heav'n
Such as he pleased, and circumscribed their being?
Yet, by experience taught, we know how good, 825
And of our good and of our dignity
How provident he is, how far from thought
To make us less, bent rather to exalt
Our happy state under one head more near 830
United. But to grant it thee unjust,
That equal over equals monarch reign:
Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou count,
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him begotten Son? by whom 835
As by his Word the mighty Father made
All things, ev'n thee; and all the Spirits of Heav'n
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crown'd them with glory', and to their glory named
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs,
Essential Pow'rs; nor by his reign obscured, 841
But more illustrious made; since he the Head
One of our number thus reduced becomes;
His laws our laws; all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
And tempt not these; but hasten to appease 846
Th' incensed Father and th' incensed Son,
While pardon may be found, in time besought.
So spake the fervent Angel; but his zeal
None seconded, as out of season judged, 850
Or singular and rash, whereat rejoiced
Th' Apostate, and more haughty thus replied:
That we were form'd then, say'st thou? and the work

835. Col. i. 16, 17.

Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd 854
From Father to his Son? Strange point, and new!
Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd: who
When this creation was? Remember'st thou [saw
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being;
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, self-begot, self-raised 860
By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal course
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native Heav'n, ethereal sons.
Our puissance is our own; our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try 865
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begirt th' almighty throne
Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings, carry to th' Anointed King; 870
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.
He said, and as the sound of waters deep
Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause
Through the infinite host; nor less for that
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone 875
Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold:
O alienate from God, O Spirit accursed,
Forsaken of all good! I see thy fall
Determined, and thy hapless crew involved
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread 880
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's Messiah: those indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchsafed; other decrees
Against thee are gone forth without recall; 885
That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,
Is now an iron rod, to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath 890
Impendent, raging into sudden flame,
Distinguish not; for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire;
Then who created thee lamenting learn,

872. Rev. xix. 6.
887. Ps. ii. 9.

Mistletoe of the Warrior Angels

When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know. 895
So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal; 900
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught; 905
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his Angels. The first fight described: Satan and his Powers retire under night: He calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; but they at length pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan: Yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory: He, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

All night the dreadless Angel, unpursued,
Through Heav'n's wide champain held his way, till [morn,
Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne, 5
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through [Heav'n
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;
Light issues forth, and at the other door

896. The character of Abdiel thus introduced has a very beautiful effect.

2. Copied from Homer, Il. v. 749.

6. A passage of Hesiod is pointed out by Warburton as the original of this.—*Theog.* 748.

Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour 10
To veil the Heav'n, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the morn
Such as in highest Heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyreal; from before her vanish'd night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain,
Cover'd with thick embattled squadrons bright, 15
Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.
War he perceived, war in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought 20
To have reported. Gladly then he mix'd
Among those friendly Pow'rs, who him received
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fall'n, yet one
Return'd not lost. On to the sacred hill 25
They led him, high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice
From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard:
Servant of God, well done! well hast thou fought
The better fight, who singly hast maintain'd 30
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony' of truth hast borne
Universal reproach (far worse to bear
Than violence); for this was all thy care 35
To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
Judged thee perverse: the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue 40
By force, who reason for their law refuse,
Right reason for their law, and for their king
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go Michael, of celestial armies prince,
And thou in military prowess next 45
Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints,
By thousands and by millions ranged for fight,

18. See Maccabees vi. 39.
19. *War in procinct*, in allusion to the soldiers girding themselves up before the battle.
32. *Abdiel* in Hebrew means servant of God.
Rev. xii. 7, 8.

Equal in number to that Godless crew
Rebellious; them with fire and hostile arms 50
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n
Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss
Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery Chaos to receive their fall. 55
So spake the sov'reign voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign
Of wrath awaked; nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow: 60
At which command the powers militant
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd
Of union irresistible, moved on
In silence their bright legions, to the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd 65
Heroic ardour to advent'rous deeds
Under their God-like leaders, in the cause
Of God and his Messiah. On they move
Indissolubly firm: nor obvious hill,
Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides 70
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their nimble tread. As when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came summon'd over Eden, to receive 75
Their names of thee; so over many a tract
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide
Tenfold the length of this terrene. At last,
Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd 80
In battailous aspect, and nearer view
Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
Various, with boastful argument portray'd,
The banded Pow'rs of Satan hasting on 85
With furious expedition; for they ween'd
That self-same day by fight, or by surprise,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne

73. So Homer describes the motion of his gods.
84. *Boastful argument*, in allusion to the designs painted on the shields of knights.

To set the envior of his state, the proud
Aspirer, but their thoughts proved fond and vain 90
In the mid-way: though strange to us it seem'd
At first, that Angel should with Angel war,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great sire 95
Hymning th' Eternal Father; but the shout
Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst exalted as a God,
Th' Apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat, 100
Idol of majesty divine, inclosed
With flaming Cherubim and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left
(A dreadful interval), and front to front 105
Presented, stood in terrible array,
Of hideous length. Before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold: 110
Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores;
O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the High'st
Should yet remain, where faith and reälty 115
Remain not! wherefore should not strength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?
His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whose reason I have try'd 120
Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just
That he who in debate of truth hath won
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; though brutish that contêst and foul,
When reason hath to deal with force, yet so 125
Most reason is that reason overcome.
So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth stepping opposite, half-way he met

93. *Hosting*, a word not first used by Milton, as supposed.
115. *Reality*, not sureness but loyalty, derived from the Italian word *reale*, loyal.

His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incensed; and thus securely him defy'd: 130
Proud, art thou met? Thy hope was to have reach'd
The height of thy aspiring unopposed,
The throne of God unguarded, and his side
Abandon'd at the terror of thy pow'r
Or potent tongue: fool! not to think how vain 135
Against th Omnipotent to rise in arms!
Who out of smallest things could without end
Have raised incessant armies to defeat
Thy folly! or with solitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow, 140
Unaided, could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkness! but thou seest
All are not of thy train: there be who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone 145
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all; my sect thou seest; now learn, too late,
How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.
Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,
Thus answer'd: Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour 150
Of my revenge, first sought for thou return'st
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provoked, since first that tongue,
Inspired with contradiction, durst oppose 155
A third part of the Gods, in synod met
Their deities to assert, who while they feel
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160
From me some plume, that thy success may shew
Destruction to the rest. This pause between
(Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know;
At first I thought that Liberty and Heav'n
To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now 165
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Minist'ring Spirits, train'd up in feast and song:

147. *Sect*, not in allusion, as is supposed, to any religious or political party, but according to its primitive sense, a division, from *seco*

161. *Success*, fortune, good or bad, is signified by this word.

167. Heb. i. 14.

Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heav'n,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compared this day shall prove.
To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd: 171
Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote.
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
Of Servitude to serve whom God ordains, 175
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, 180
Thyself not free, but to thyself enthrall'd;
Yet lewdly dar'st our minist'ring upbraid.
Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom; let me serve
In Heav'n God ever blest, and his divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd; 185
Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect: meanwhile
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.
So say'ng, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell 190
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
Such ruin intercept. Ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstay'd, as if on earth 195
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way
Sidelong, had push'd a mountain from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized
The rebel Thrones, but greater rage, to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd and shout,
Presage of victory and fierce desire 201
Of battle; whereat Michael bid sound
Th' Arch-Angel trumpet: through the vast of Heav'n
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hosannah to the Highest: nor stood at gaze 205
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now

183. Said in anticipation.

Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels 210
Of brazen chariots raged; dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd 215
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage. All Heav'n
Resounded; and had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encount'ring Angels fought 220
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of pow'r
Army 'gainst army numberless, to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb, 225
Though not destroy, their happy-native seat;
Had not th' Eternal King omnipotent
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-ruled
And limited their might; though number'd such
As each divided legion might have seem'd 230
A num'rous host, in strength each armed hand
A legion, led in fight yet leader seem'd
Each warrior single as in chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when, and when to close 235
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear: each on himself rely'd,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory: deeds of eternal fame 240
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
That war, and various; sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing,
Tormented all the air: all air seem'd then
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale 245
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious pow'r had shone, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confused, at length 250

236. Fields ploughed in ridges form the subject of this fine metaphor. 244. *Tormented*, as the Latins use *vexare*.

Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once: with huge two-handed sway
Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting: such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield: 255
A vast circumference. At his approach
The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil
Surceased, and glad, as hoping here to end
Intestine war in heav'n, th' arch-foe subdued,
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown 260
And visage all inflamed, first thus began:
Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnamed in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself 265
And thy adherents, how hast thou disturb'd
Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought
Misery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion? How hast thou instill'd
Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270
And faithful, now proved false? But think not here
To trouble holy rest; Heav'n casts thee out
From all her confines. Heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Brooks not the works of violence and war,
Hence then, and evil go with thee along, 275
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented pain. 280
So spake the Prince of Angels: to whom thus
The Adversary: Nor think thou with wind
Of aery threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise 285
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
To chase me hence? Err not that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
The strife of glory; which we mean to win, 290
Or turn this Heav'n itself into the Hell

289. *Adversary*, the meaning of the Hebrew, Satan.

Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,
If not to reign. Mean while thy utmost force,
And join him named Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh. 295
They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such height 300
Of Godlike pow'r? for likest Gods they seem'd,
Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heav'n.
Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles: two broad suns their shields
Blazed opposite, while expectation stood 305
In horror: from each hand with speed retired,
Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion: such as, to set forth 310
Great things by small, if Nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung.
Two planets rushing from aspéct malign
Of fiercest opposition in mid-sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
Together both with next to' almighty arm 315
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of pow'r at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or swift prevention. But the sword 320
Of Michael from the armoury of God,
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge. It met
The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd, 325
But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent'ring shared
All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,
And writhed him to and fro convolved; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound

294. *Can relate* or *liken:* the substantive *fight* before mentioned must be understood after these verbs.
312. Bentley proposes to read *warfare* instead of *war here*.
321. So Virgil mentions the sword of Æneas; Homer and Tasso also are imitated in this passage.
325. Homer, Il. iii. 363. Virgil, Æn. xii. 731.
329. *Discontinuous*, separating the parts.

Pass'd through him: but th' ethereal substance closed,
Not long divisible; and from the gash 331
A stream of nect'rous humour issuing, flow'd
Sanguine, such as celestial Spirits may bleed,
And all his armour stain'd ere while so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run 335
By angels many' and strong, who interposed
Defence, while others bore him on their shields
Back to his chariot, where it stood retired
From off the files of war: there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame, 340
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in pow'r.
Yet soon he heal'd; for Spirits that live throughout
Vital in ev'ry part, not as frail man 345
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air.
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear, 350
All intellect, all sense: and as they please,
They limb themselves: and colour, shape, or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.
Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserved
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought, 355
And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king; who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd; nor from the Holy One of Heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon 360
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphaël his vaunting foe,

332. Homer calls the blood flowing from the gods *ichor*, that is, a pure fluid corresponding to the more refined substance of their bodies. Bentley reads *ichorous* instead of nect'rous, but this would be a tautology as *sanguine* follows.—See Hom. Il. v. 339.

335. *Was run*, a Latinism, *ventum est*.

355. *The might of Gabriel fought*, a Greek expression frequent in Homer.

360. So Mars is represented flying from battle in the Iliad.

363. Raphael speaks here in the third person of himself, his name being unknown to Adam.—Some critics propose to add *each* after Raphael.

Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquish'd Adramelech and Asmadai, 365
Two potent Thrones, that to be less than Gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and [mail.
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow 370
Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted overthrew.
I might relate of thousands, and their names
Eternize here on earth; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven, 375
Seek not the praise of men. The other sort
In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancell'd from Heaven and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380
For strength from truth divided and from just,
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
And ignominy; yet to glory' aspires
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
Therefore eternal silence be their doom. 385

And now their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerved,
With many an inroad gored; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
With shiver'd armour strewn, and on a heap
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd, 390
And fiery foaming steeds: what stood, recoil'd
O'erwearied, through the faint Satanic host
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surprised,
Then first with fear surprised and sense of pain,
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought 395
By sin of disobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints
In cubic phalanx firm advanced entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd: 400
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,

365. *Adramelech*, afterwards one of the idols of Sepharvaim, 2 Kings xvii. 31. *Asmadai*, the same as Asmodeus, Tobit iii. 8.
371. *Ariel*, a name in Hebrew, meaning a strong lion: *Arioch* has a similar sense. *Ramiel*, one exalting himself against God.
391. *What stood* is the nominative to the verbs *recoil'd* and *fled*.

Not to have disobey'd: in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd 400
By wound, tho' from their place by violence moved.
Now Night her course began, and over Heaven
Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,
And silence on the odious din of war.
Under her cloudy covert both retired,
Victor and vanquish'd, on the foughten field: 410
Michaël and his angels prevalent
Encamping, placed in guard their watches round,
Cherubic waving fires. On th' other part
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
Far in the dark dislodged; and void of rest, 415
His potentates to council call'd by night;
And in the midst thus undismay'd began:
O now in danger try'd, now known in arms,
Not to be overpow'r'd, Companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone, 420
Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,
Honour, dominion, glory, and renown;
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
(And if one day, why not eternal days?)
What Heaven's Lord had pow'rfullest to send 425
Against us from about his throne, and judged
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd, 430
Some disadvantage we endured and pain,
Till now not known; but known, as soon contemn'd;
Since now we find this our empyreal form
Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperishable, and though pierced with wound, 435
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil then so small, as easy think
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes; 440
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none. If other hidden cause
Left them superior, while we can preserve
Unhurt our minds and understanding sound,

407. *Inducing*, bringing on.

Due search and consultation will disclose. 445
He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood
Nisroch, of principalities the prime.
As one he stood escaped from cruel fight,
Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,
And cloudy in aspect, thus answ'ring spake: 450
Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as Gods: yet hard
For Gods, and too unequal work we find,
Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil 455
Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, 460
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and excessive, overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend 465
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
No less than for deliverance what we owe.
Whereto, with look composed, Satan reply'd:
Not uninvented that, which thou aright 470
Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.
Which of us who beholds the bright surface
Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,
This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flow'r ambrosial, gems, and gold;
Whose eye so superficially surveys 475
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of spirituous and fiery spume, till touch'd
With Heaven's ray, and temper'd, they shoot forth
So bounteous, op'ning to the ambient light? 480
These in their dark nativity the deep

447. *Nisroch*, god of the Assyrians, in whose temple Sennacherib was slain. 2 Kings xix. 37. and Isa. xxvii. 37.
482. *The deep*, not hell, as is usually meant by it in verse, but the under parts of the ground.

Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame;
Which into hollow engines, long and round,
Thick ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire 485
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
From far, with thund'ring noise among our foes,
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd 490
The Thund'rer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long shall be our labour; yet ere dawn,
Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;
Abandon fear; to strength and council join'd
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd. 495
He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope revived.
Th' invention all admired, and each, how he
To be th' inventor miss'd; so easy' it seem'd
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought 500
Impossible; yet haply of thy race
In future days, if malice should abound,
Some one intent on mischief, or inspired
With dev'lish machination, might devise
Like instrument to plague the sons of men 505
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
Forthwith from council to the work they flew;
None arguing stood; innumerable hands
Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath 510
Th' originals of nature in their crude
Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with subtle art,
Concocted and adjusted they reduced
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd. 515
Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
Whereof to found their engines and their balls
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520
So all ere day-spring, under conscious night,
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,

520. *Pernicious;* to be understood, it is probable, as the Lath. *pernicis*, quick, speedy.

With silent circumspection unespy'd.
  Now when fair morn orient in Heav'n appear'd,
Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms 525
The matin-trumpet sung. In arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
Soon banded: others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe, 530
Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt. Him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion. Back with speediest sail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing, 535
Came flying, and in mid-air aloud thus cry'd:
  Arm, Warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day. Fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see 540
Sad resolution and secure. Let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbed shield,
Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling show'r, 545
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.
  So warn'd he them, aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Instant without disturb they took alarm,
And onward moved embattled; when behold, 550
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube
Training his devilish engin'ry, impaled
On ev'ry side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood 555
A while; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud:
  Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold,
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast 560

527. *Panoply*, complete armour.
535. *Zophiel*, the spy of God.
541. *Sad*, sullen, or as in old authors *grave* and serious.
548. *Impediment*, like the Latin *impedimenta*, the baggage of an army.
553. *Training*, drawing in train.

Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse;
But that I doubt. However witness Heaven,
Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part; ye who appointed stand, 565
Do as ye have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.
So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended; when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retired: 570
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd) 575
Brass, iron, stony mold, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gaped on us wide,
Portending hollow truce. At each, behind,
A Seraph stood, and in his hand, a reed
Stood waving, tipt with fire: while we suspense 580
Collected stood within our thoughts amused,
Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame, 584
But soon obscured with smoke, all Heav'n appear'd,
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
Imbowel'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their dev'lish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes; which on the victor host 590
Levell'd with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel roll'd;
The sooner for their arms; unarm'd they might 595
Have easily as Spirits evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul dissipation follow'd and forced rout;
Nor served it to relax their serried files.

576. *Mold*, substance. There are stone cannon, it is said, at Delft in Holland, and Milton is supposed to have taken this idea from having seen them.
580. *Held*, instead of *stood*, is proposed as a new reading.
599. *Serried*, from the Italian *serrato*; close, compact.

What should they do? If on they rush'd, repulse 600
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more despised,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire 605
Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd:
O Friends, why come not on these victors proud?
Ere while they fierce were coming; and when we
To entertain them fair with open front 611
And breast (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of composition, straight they changed their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps 616
For joy of offer'd peace. But I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.
To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood: 620
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urged home,
Such as we might perceive amused them all,
And stumbled many; who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand; 625
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They shew us when our foes walk not upright.
So they among themselves in pleasant vein,
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory; Eternal Might 630
To match with their inventions they presumed
So easy', and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble: but they stood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to' oppose 636
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the pow'r,
Which God hath in his mighty Angels placed!)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For earth hath this variety from Heav'n 640

600. Belial was most fitted by his character to make the answer here 635. See Virgil, Æn. i. 130.

Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew;
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and, by the shaggy tops 645
Uplifting, bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be sure, and terror seized the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on those cursed engines triple-row 650
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air 654
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd.
Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruis'd
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such pris'n, though Spirits of purest light; 660
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest in imitation to like arms
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore:
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire, 665
That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise! War seem'd a civil game
To this uproar: horrid confusion heap'd
Upon confusion rose: and now all Heav'n
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread, 670
Had not th' Almighty Father, where he sits
Shrined in his sanctuary of Heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advised:
That his great purpose he might so fulfil, 675
To honour his anointed Son avenged

661. It is hardly necessary to call the reader's attention to the admirable moral lesson given by the idea in this line.

669. It should be observed how the horrors thicken as this war of angels proceeds: no poet ever equalled the terrible sublimity of these descriptions. Homer we cannot doubt would have done so, had he had Milton's subject and the prophets' light which revelation gave him, but as it was, he could soar no higher than the highest point of earth, which though he made it the very throne of sublimity was still but earth.

Upon his enemies, and to declare
All pow'r on him transferr'd: whence to his Son
Th' Accessor of his throne, he thus began:
  Effulgence of my glory, Son beloved, 680
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly what by Deity I am,
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are past,
Two days, as we compute the days of Heav'n, 685
Since Michael and his Pow'rs went forth to tame
These disobedient. Sore hath been their fight,
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;
For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st
Equal in their creation they were form'd, 690
Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom; [wrought
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found.
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do, 695
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which makes
Wild work in Heav'n, and dang'rous to the main.
Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far 700
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but Thou
Can end it. Into Thee such virtue' and grace
Immense I have transfused, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy pow'r above compare; 705
And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things; to be Heir and to be King
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.
Go then, thou Mightiest in thy Father's might, 710
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake Heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder; my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh:
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out 715
From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter deep;
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise

681. *Invisible*, for, that which is invisible.
710. See the original of this splendid passage, Ps. xiv. 3, 4.

God and Messiah his anointed King.
  He said, and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full; he all his Father full express'd 720
Ineffably into his face received;
And thus the filial Godhead answ'ring, spake:
  O Father, O Supreme of Heav'nly Thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st
To glorify thy Son; I always thee, 725
As is most just; this I my glory' account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleased, declar'st thy will
Fulfill'd; which to fulfil is all my bliss.
Sceptre and pow'r, thy giving, I assume, 730
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st:
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on,
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on, 735
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of these rebell'd,
To their prepared ill mansion driv'n down,
To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt, 740
Whom to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy Saints unmix'd, and from th' impure
Far separate, circling thy holy mount,
Unfeigned Hallelujahs to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise: and I among them Chief. 745
  So said, he o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of glory where he sat;
And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through Heav'n. Forth rush'd with whirl-
The chariot of paternal Deity, [wind sound
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with Spirit, but convoy'd
By four Cherubic shapes: four faces each
Had wondrous; as with stars their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between; 756

732. 1 Cor. xv. 24. and John xvii.
742. Milton is supposed, by making the contest last three days, to allude to the time occupied by the death and resurrection of Christ.
749. See Ezekiel i. 4, also Isa. lxvi. 15.

Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the show'ry arch.
He in celestial panoply all arm'd 760
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended. At his right hand victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stored;
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd 765
Of smoke and bick'ring flame and sparkles dire:
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
He onward came; far off his coming shone;
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen. 770
He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
On the crystálline sky, in sapphire throned,
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
First seen; them unexpected joy surprised,
When the great ensign of Messiah blazed 775
Aloft, by Angels borne, his sign in Heav'n;
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced
His army, circumfused on either wing,
Under their Head embody'd all in one.
Before him pow'r divine his way prepared: 780
At his command th' uprooted hills retired
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
Obsequious; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smiled.
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdured, 785
And to rebellious fight rallied their Pow'rs
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In Heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent? 790
They, harden'd more by what might most reclaim,
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy; and aspiring to his highth,
Stood re-embattled fierce, by force or fraud

760. The Urim and Thummim formed part of Aaron's breast plate. The former in Hebrew means *light*, the latter *perfections*.
765. Ps. xviii. 8. 1. 3. for the next line see Jude 14. Ps. lxviii. 17. Rev. vii. 4. 771. Ps. xviii. 10.
776. It is doubtful whether Milton alluded to any particular sign here but assuredly, I think, not to the cross, as has been supposed.

Weening to prosper, and at length prevail 795
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last; and now
To final battle drew, disdaining flight
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake: 800
Stand still in bright array, ye Saints; here stand
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battle rest:
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause;
And as ye have received, so have ye done 805
Invincibly: but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs:
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints;
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude; stand only and behold 810
God's indignation on these Godless pour'd
By me; not you, but me, they have despised,
Yet envy'd. Against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, t' whom in Heav'n supreme
Kingdom, and pow'r, and glory appertains, 815
Hath honour'd me according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;
That they may have their wish, to try with me
In battle which the stronger proves; they all,
Or I alone against them, since by strength 820
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.
So spake the Son, and into terror changed
His count'nance, too severe to be beheld, 825
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a num'rous host. 830
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night: under his burning wheels
The steadfast empyréan shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arrived; in his right hand 835

832. *Gloomy as night*, from Homer, who so mentions Apollo and Hector.

Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues. They astonish'd, all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;
O'er shields and helms and helmed heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostráte, 847
That wish'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged Four, 845
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One Spirit in them ruled, and ev'ry eye
Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accursed, that wither'd all their strength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd, 851
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n. 855
The overthrown he raised, and, as a herd
Of goats or tim'rous flock together throng'd,
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And crystal wall of Heav'n; which opening wide,
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclosed 861
Into the wasteful deep. The monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
Urged them behind: headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of Heav'n; eternal wrath 865
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
  Hell heard th' unsufferable noise; Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. 870
Nine days they fell: confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin. Hell at last
Yawning, received them whole, and on them closed:
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire 876

842. Rev. vi. 16. 859. Job vi. 4.
862. *Ruining*, from the Latin *ruo*, to rush or fall headlong.

Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburden'd Heav'n rejoiced, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes, 880
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet him, all his saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanced; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright, 885
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign. He celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his Mighty Father throned 890
On high; who into glory him received;
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.
Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth,
At thy request, and that thou may'st beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd 895
What might have else to human race been hid;
The discord which befel, and war in Heav'n
Among th' Angelic Pow'rs, and the deep fall,
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd
With Satan; he who envies now thy state, 900
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that with him
Bereaved of happiness thou may'st partake
His punishment, eternal misery:
Which would be all his solace and revenge, 905
As a despite done against the Most High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But listen not to his temptations, warn
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to' have heard,
By terrible example, the reward 910
Of disobedience. Firm they might have stood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

888. Rev. iv. 11.
900. *Him* is understood after envies—or, *it is* after *he*.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created: that God after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of creation in six days; the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his ressensaion into Heaven.

DESCEND from Heav'n, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegaséan wing.
The meaning, not the name I call; for thou 5
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st, but heav'nly born:
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play 10
In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleased
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy temp'ring. With like safety guided down, 15
Return me to my native element;
Lest from this flying steed, unrein'd (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime),

1. Milton has, throughout his poem, shewn the most admirable skill in adapting to his purpose, such parts of the classical mythology as he wished to employ. He has been much blamed for his frequent, and, as it is thought, affected display of learning in this particular; but there is a circumstance which has not, I believe, struck the minds of his commentators, which goes far to justify him in this respect. Milton's imagination, filled with the rich antiquity of his theme, was necessarily frequently occupied by the splendid pomps with which supersitition crowds her temple, but he could not contemplate a single part of his subject, without putting the truth of nature and revelation in juxta position with the corruptions of both. Hence many of his most beautiful ideas are mixed up with these allusions, and it can hardly fail the notice of a reflecting reader, that the mind never once losing sight of the various forms under which the enemies of God have appeared, comprehends the compass of the poem more closely than it could otherwise have done.

8 Proverbs viii. 24.

18. *Bellerophon*; he attempted, it is said, to mount to heaven on the winged horse Pegasus, and fell in the Aleian field or in Cilicia.

Dismounted, on th' Aleian field I fall
Erroneous, there to wander and forlorn. 20
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere;
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days, 25
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or whed morn
Purples the east: still govern thou my song, 30
Urania, and fit audience find, though few;
But drive far off the barb'rous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears 35
To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores;
For thou art heav'nly, she an empty dream.
Say, Goddess, what ensued when Raphaël, 40
The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd
Adam, by dire example, to beware
Apostasy, by what befel in Heav'n
To those apostates, lest the like befal
In Paradise to Adam or his race, 45
Charged not to touch the interdicted tree,
If they transgress. and slight that sole command,
So easily obey'd amid the choice
Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
Though wand'ring. He with his consorted Eve 50
The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration and deep muse, to hear
Of things so high and strange, things to their thought
So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,
And war so near the peace of God in bliss 55

21. Half of the Episode, or Raphael's account.
25. An allusion to the condition of himself in the profligate and irreligious times of Charles the Second, during which blind and neglected, he lived in an obscure retreat, but probably in danger of persecution for his principles.
35. *Orpheus*, the Thracian bard was torn to pieces by the votaries of Bacchus, in Rhodope, a mountain of Thrace.

With such confusion: but the evil soon
Driv'n back, redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now 60
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
What nearer might concern him; how this world
Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous, first began;
When, and whereof created; for what cause
What within Eden or without was done 65
Before his memory, as one whose drouth
Yet scarce allay'd, still eyes the current stream,
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
Proceeded thus to ask his heav'nly guest:
Great things, and full of wonder in our ears, 70
Far diff'ring from this world, thou hast reveal'd,
Divine interpreter, by favour sent
Down from the empyréan, to forewarn
Us timely' of what might else have been our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach:
For which to th' infinitely Good we owe 75
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
Receive with solemn purpose, to observe
Immutably his sov'reign will, the end
Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsafed 80
Gently for our instruction to impart
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd
Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,
Deign to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less perhaps avail us known: 85
How first began this Heav'n which we behold
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd
Innumerable, and this which yields or fills
All space, the ambient air wide interfused
Embracing round this florid Earth; what cause 90
Moved the Creator in his holy rest
Through all eternity so late to build
In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon
Absolved, if unforbid thou may'st unfold
What we, not to explore the secrets, ask 95

92. A question often since asked, but well answered by the consideration, that whenever the world had been created there would have been an eternity before its existence.

Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works, the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race, though steep; suspense in Heav'n,
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears, 100
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth
Of nature from the unapparent deep;
Or if the star of ev'ning and the moon
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring 105
Silence, and sleep list'ning to thee will watch;
Or we can bid his absence, till thy song
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.
Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought;
And thus the God-like Angel answer'd mild: 110
This also thy request with caution ask'd
Obtain; though to recount almighty works,
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
To glorify the Maker, and infer 115
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
Thy hearing; such commission from above
I have received, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain 120
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,
Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night;
To none communicable in Earth or Heav'n:
Enough is left besides to search and know: 125
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temp'rance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly', as nourishment to wind. 130
Know then, that after Lucifer from Heav'n
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of Angels than that star the stars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd 135
Victorious with his saints, th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld

103. Gen. i. 2. 122. *Invisible*, so in Scripture.

Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake:
  At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himself rebellious: by whose aid 145
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of Deity supreme, us dispossess'd,
He trusted to have seized, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more;
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see, 145
Their station; Heav'n yet populous retains
Number sufficient to possess her realms
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With ministeries due and solemn rites:
But lest his heart exalt him in the harm 150
Already done, to have dispeopled Heav'n,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-lost, and in a moment will create
Another world; out of one man a race 155
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till by degrees of merit raised,
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience try'd,
And Earth be changed to Heav'n, and Heav'n to Earth,
One kingdom, joy and union without end. 161
Mean while inhabit lax, ye Pow'rs of Heav'n;
And thou, my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform; speak thou and be it done.
My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee. 165
I send along; ride forth, and bid the deep
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
Boundless the deep, because I am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.
Though I uncircumscribed myself retire 170
And put not forth my goodness which is free
To act or not, necessity and chance
Approach not me; and what I will is fate.

139. *At last*, instead of *at least*, is proposed.
144. Job vii. 10.
160. In allusion probably to the new heaven and new earth before mentioned, and not, as is supposed, to any mere improvement in man.
162. *Lax*, free to follow their former angelic pleasures and occupations. It has no relation, as Newton supposes, to space or room.
165. Luke i. 35.

So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake,
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect. 175
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
Than time or motion; but to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told;
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heav'n, 180
When such was heard declared th' Almighty's will.
Glory they sung to the Most High, good-will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
Glory to him, whose just avenging ire
Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight 185
And th' habitations of the just: to him
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, instead
Of Spirits malign, a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse 190
His good to worlds and ages infinite.
So sang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine; sapience and love 195
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God, where stand of old 200
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodged
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage: and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit lived,
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide 205
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound!
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss 211
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault

182. *God* instead of *the* is proposed by Bentley.
192. Zech. vi. 1.

Heavn's height, and with the centre mix the pole.
  Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,
Said then th' omnific Word; your discord end.
Nor stay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn; 220
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepared 225
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things.
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds, 230
This be thy just circumference, O world!
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void. Darkness profound
Cover'd th' abyss; but on the wat'ry calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread, 235
And vital virtue' infused and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purged
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglobed
Like things to like, the rest to sev'ral place 240
Disparted, and between spun out the air;
And Earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.
  Let there be light, said God; and forthwith light
Ethereal first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east 245
To journey through the aery gloom began,
Sphered in a radiant cloud; for yet the sun

225. Prov. viii. 27.

232. It is well observed, that this book is a magnificent paraphrase of the Mosaic account of the creation.

243. Gen. i. 3. I cannot but observe here that one of the most sublime, and at the same time learned of modern reasoners, in speaking to me on this passage of Scripture, remarked, that the usual way in which it is understood is not only incorrect, but greatly diminishes its sublimity. It is highly wrong, according to him, to suppose that light was first called into being on the creation of this world, for Heaven had been for ever filled with it, and God himself is compared to it; the expression, consequently, 'Let there be light,' is to be interpreted, 'Let the light flow forth, let there be light shining from its great original fountain on the commencing system.'

Was not: she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere 250
Divided: light the Day, and darkness Night
He named. Thus was the first day ev'n and morn:
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial choirs, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld 255
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they fill'd,
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning praised
God and his works; Creator him they sung,
Both when first ev'ning was, and when first morn.
Again, God said, Let there be firmament 261
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters. And God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffused 265
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round: partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as earth, so he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide 270
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far removed, lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he named the Firmament. So ev'n
And morning chorus sung the second day. 275
The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involved,
Appear'd not. Over all the face of th' earth
Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm
Prolific humour soft'ning all her globe, 280
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moisture, when God said,
Be gather'd now, ye waters under Heav'n,
Into one place, and let dry land appear.
Immediately the mountains huge appear 285
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave

266. Job xxxviii. 4. 7. I might multiply references without end in this part of the poem, but it must be left to the industry or curiosity of the reader to discover the scriptural allusions where they are so numerous as in the present instance.

Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky:
So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters: thither they 290
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry;
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
For haste: such flight the great command impress'd
On the swift floods. As armies at the call 295
Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
Troop to their standard, so the wat'ry throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found;
If steep, with torrent rapture; if through plain,
Soft-ebbing: nor withstood them rock or hill, 300
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With serpent error wand'ring, found their way,
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those banks, where rivers now 305
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, Earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters he call'd Seas:
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed, 310
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad,
Her universal face with pleasant green; 316
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'r'd
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown
Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring vine, forth crept
The smelling gourd, upstood the corny reed 321
Embattled in her field, and th' humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit. Last
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their branches, hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd

321. *Swelling* has been suggested, and most probably correctly.
323. *Hair*, coma is the same in Latin, small leaves, twigs, &c. *implicit*, entangled.
325. *Gemm'd*, from *gemmare*, to put forth blossoms.

Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd 320
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side,
With borders long the rivers: that earth now
Seem'd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt 330
Her sacred shades. Though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the earth a dewy mist
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which, ere it was in th' earth 335
God made, and ev'ry herb, before it grew
On the green stem; God saw that it was good:
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.
Again the Almighty spake, Let there be Lights
High in th' expanse of Heaven, to divide 340
The day from night: and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years;
And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of Heav'n,
To give light on the earth: and it was so. 345
And God made two great lights, great for their use
To Man; the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night altern: and made the stars
And set them in the firmament of Heav'n
T' illuminate the earth, and rule the day 350
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For, of celestial bodies, first the sun,
A mighty sphere, he framed, unlightsome first, 355
Though of ethereal mould: then form'd the moon
Globose, and ev'ry magnitude of stars,
And sow'd with stars the Heav'n thick as a field:
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed 360
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light, 365
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;

By tincture or reflection they augment
Their small peculiar, though for human sight
So far remote, with diminution seen.
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen, 370
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through Heav'n's high road. The grey
Dawn and the Pleiades before him danced,
Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the moon,
But opposite in levell'd west was set 375
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him, for other light she needed none
In that aspéct; and still that distance keeps
Till night, then in the east her turn she shines, 380
Revolved on Heav'n's great axle; and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere. Then first adorn'd
With her bright luminaries that set and rose, 385
Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.
And God said, Let the waters generate
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Display'd on th' open firmament of Heav'n. 390
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds,
And ev'ry bird of wing after his kind;
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas, 395
And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill;
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals 400
Of fish that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
Bank the mid-sea: part single or with mate
Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and through groves
Of coral stray or sporting with quick glance, 405
Shew to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold,
Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend

370. *For longitude* Bentley reads *his long career.*
402. *Sculls*, a Saxon word, signifying an assembly.

Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch. On smooth the seal,
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk 410
Wallowing unwieldy', enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean: there leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills 415
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores
Their brood as num'rous hatch, from th' egg that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclosed
Their callow young, but feather'd soon and fledge 420
They summ'd their pens, and soaring th' air sublime,
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud
In prospect: there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise 425
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their aëry caravan high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing,
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane 430
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes.
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till ev'n, nor then the solemn nightingale 435
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays:
Others on silver lakes and rivers bathed
Their downy breast. The swan with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit 440
The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tow'r
The mid aëreal sky: others on ground
Walk'd firm; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
The silent hours, and th' other whose gay train
Adorns him, coloured with the florid hue 445

410. *Bended*, because so appearing when sporting in the sea.
421. *Pens*, from the Latin *penna*, a feather. *Summ'd*, a term in falconry, meaning full grown.
423. Job xxxix. 27, 28.
435. Milton's fondness for the nightingale is remarkably shewn in his repeated allusions to that bird.

Of rainbows and starry' eyes. The waters thus
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl
Ev'ning and morn solemnized the fifth day.
The sixth, and of creation last, arose
With ev'ning harps and matin, when God said, 450
Let th' earth bring forth soul-living in her kind,
Cattle and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,
Each in their kind. The earth obey'd; and straight
Opening her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
Innum'rous living creatures, perfect forms, 455
Limb'd and full grown. Out of the ground up rose
As from his lair the wild beast, where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd:
The cattle in the fields and meadows green: 460
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks,
Past'ring at once, and in broad herds upsprung.
The grassy clods now calved; now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free 464
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane: the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocs: the swift stag from under ground 469
Bore up his branching head; scarce from his mould
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved
His vastness; fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,
As plants: ambiguous between sea and land
The river-horse and scaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground, 475
Insect or worm: those waved their limber fans
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,
With spots of gold and purple', azure and green:
These as a line their long dimension drew, 480
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Minims of nature; some of serpent kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involved
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept

467. The *libbard*, the leopard, the word is used by Spenser and others.
471. The *Behemoth* is supposed by Bochart to be the river-horse. 482. *Minims*, from the Latin *Minima*.

The parsimonious emmet, provident 485
Of future, in small room large heart inclosed,
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
Of commonalty: swarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone 490
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stored. The rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them [names
Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field, 495
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.*

Now Heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand 500
First wheel'd their course; earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smiled; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd
Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the master-work, the end 505
Of all yet done; a creature who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence 510
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends; thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God supreme, who made him chief 515
Of all his works. Therefore th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake:

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule 520
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
And ev'ry creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed 525

497. Virgil describes the serpent as having a mane.

The breath of life: in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express; and thou becam'st a living soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Female for race; then bless'd mankind, and said,
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth, 531
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,
And ev'ry living thing that moves on th' earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place 535
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food 540
Gave thee; all sorts are here that all th' earth yields,
Variety without end; but of the tree,
Which, tasted, works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou dy'st;
Death is the penalty imposed; beware, 545
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.
Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So even and morn accomplish'd the sixth day: 550
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unweary'd, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, his high abode,
Thence to behold this new-created world,
Th' addition of his empire, how it shew'd 555
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answ'ring his great idea. Up he rode,
Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned
Angelic harmonies. The earth, the air 560
Resounded (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st);
The Heav'ns, and all the constellations rung;
The planets in their station list'ning stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.

562. The word *station* is a scientific term, and signifies the place of a planet when it appears at rest in its orbit.

Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung; 565
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors: let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days' work, a world;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men 570
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace. So sung
The glorious train ascending. He through Heav'n,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led 575
To God's eternal house direct the way:
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest 580
Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh
Ev'ning arose in Eden, for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of Heav'n's high-seated top, th' imperial throne 585
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Pow'r arrived, and sat him down
With his great Father (for he also went
Invisible) yet stay'd (such privilege
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd 590
Author and End of all things, and from work
Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the sev'nth day,
As resting on that day from all his work,
But not in silence holy kept: the harp
Had work and rested not, the solemn pipe, 595
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,
Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or unison: of incense clouds
Fuming from golden censers hid the mount. 600
Creation and the six days' acts they sung:
Great are thy works, Jehovah! infinite

565. Ps. xxiv. 7. which was sung when the ark was carried into the sanctuary of the temple on Mount Sion.

581. There is a similar expression in Chaucer.

597. The divisions on the finger board of a violin are called frets.

599. Rev. viii. 3, 4.

Thy pow'r! What thought can measure thee, or tongue
Relate thee! Greater now in thy return
Than from the giant Angels! thee that day 605
Thy thunders magnify'd! but to create,
Is greater than created to destroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy empire! Easily the proud attempt
Of Spirits apostate and their counsels vain 610
Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more thy might: his evil 615
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
Witness this new-made world, another Heav'n
From Heav'n-gate not far, founded in view
On the clear Hyaline, the glassy sea:
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars 620
Num'rous, and ev'ry star perhaps a world
Of destined habitation; but thou know'st
Their seasons: among these the seat of Men,
Earth with her nether ocean circumfused, 624
Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy Men,
And sons of Men, whom God hath thus advanced,
Created in his image, there to dwell
And worship him, and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers 630
Holy and just! thrice happy if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright!
So sung they, and the empyréan rung
With Halleluiahs. Thus was Sabbath kept.
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd 635
How first this world and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning, that posterity
Inform'd by thee might know; if else thou seek'st
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say. 640

605. *Giant*, not in allusion to their stature it is supposed, but to their pride and fierceness.
624. *Nether*, to distinguish it from the waters above the firmament.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions; is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents: and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the Angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear;
Then, as new waked, thus gratefully reply'd:
What thanks sufficient, or what recompense 5
Equal have I to render thee, divine
Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsafed
This friendly condescension to relate
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard 10
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the High
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy solution can resolve.
When I behold this goodly frame, this world, 15
Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute
Their magnitudes; this earth, a spot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compared
And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll
Spaces incomprehensible (for such 20
Their distance argues, and their swift return
Diurnal) merely to officiate light
Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,
One day and night, in all their vast survey

15. Allusion is made in the following part of the discourse between Raphael and Adam, to the two most celebrated systems of astronomy, those of Ptolemy and Copernicus: the difference between which was, that the former made the earth, the latter the sun, the centre of the universe. Adam speaks in allusion to the Ptolemaic system, and the Angel answers by detailing the usual explanations formerly given of the difficulties alleged.

19. *Number'd*, Ps. cxlvii. 4.

Useless besides; reasoning I oft admire 25
How Nature, wise and frugal, could commit
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater, so manifold to this one use,
For aught appears, and on their orbs impose 30
Such restless revolution, day by day
Repeated, while the sedentary earth,
That better might with far less compass move,
Served by more noble than herself, attains
Her end without least motion, and receives 35
As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.
So spake our sire, and by his count'nance seem'd
Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve
Perceiving where she sat retired in sight, 41
With lowliness majestic from her seat,
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flow'rs,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom, 45
Her nursery: they at her coming sprung,
And, touch'd by her fair tendence, gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserved, 50
Adam relating, she sole auditress;
Her husband, the relator, she preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather. He, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute 55
With conjugal caresses; from his lip
Not words alone pleased her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd!
With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went,
Not unattended, for on her, as queen, 60
A pomp of winning graces waited still,
And from about her shot darts of desire
Into all eyes to wish her still in sight.
And Raphael, now to Adam's doubt proposed,
Benevolent and facile, thus reply'd: 65
To ask or search I blame thee not; for Heav'n
Is as the book of God before thee set,

Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years.
This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth, 70
Imports not, if thou reckon right: the rest
From Man or Angel the Great Architect
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
His secrets, to be scann'd by them who ought
Rather admire: or if they list to try 75
Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heav'ns
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n
And calculate the stars, how they will wield 80
The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
To save appearances, how gird the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.
Already by thy reasoning this I guess, 85
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest
That bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journeys run,
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
The benefit. Consider first, that great 90
Or bright infers not excellence: the earth,
Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,
Nor glist'ring, may of solid good contain
More plenty than the sun that barren shines,
Whose virtue on itself works no effect, 95
But in the fruitful earth; there first received
His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.
Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
Officious, but to thee earth's habitant.
And for the Heav'n's wide circuit, let it speak 100
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far,
That man may know he dwells not in his own:
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodged in a small partition, and the rest 105

80. *Calculate*, to observe scientifically.
83. *Centric*, or concentric, are spheres whose centre is the same with that of the earth.—*Eccentric* are the contrary.—*Cycle* is a circle, and *Epicycle* a circle upon a circle. They are terms invented by the Ptolemaics, and used in explaining their system.
102. Job xxviii. 5.

Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
The swiftness of those circles attribute,
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances could add 100
Speed almost spiritual. Me thou think'st not slow,
Who since the morning-hour set out from Heav'n,
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arrived
In Eden, distance inexpressible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the Heav'ns, to shew 115
Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.
God, to remove his ways from human sense,
Placed Heav'n from Earth so far, that earthly sight,
If it presume, might err in things too high, 121
And no advantage gain. What if the sun
Be centre to the world, and other stars,
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds? 125
Their wand'ring course now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these
The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,
Insensibly three diff'rent motions move? 130
Which else to sev'ral spheres thou must ascribe,
Moved contrary with thwart obliquities,
Or save the sun his labour, and that swift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb, supposed,
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel 135
Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,
If earth industrious of herself fetch day
Travelling east, and with her part averse
From the sun's beam meet night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light, 140
Sent from her through the wide transpicuous air,
To the terrestrial moon, be as a star
Enlight'ning her by day, as she by night
This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants. Her spots thou seest 145

122. The Copernican system is now mentioned.
124. *Diurnal rhomb*, explained in the next line, as, the wheel of day and night

As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat
Allotted there; and other suns perhaps
With their attendant moons thou wilt descry,
Communicating male and female light, 150
Which two great sexes animate the world,
Stored in each orb perhaps with some that live.
For such vast room in nature unpossess'd
By living soul, desert and desolate,
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribûte 155
Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
But whether thus these things, or whether not;
Whether the sun predominant in Heav'n 160
Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun,
He from the east his flaming road begin,
Or she from west her silent course advance
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle, while she paces even, 165
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along,
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid;
Leave them to God above; him serve and fear!
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,
Wherever placed, let him dispose: joy thou 170
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
And thy fair Eve. Heav'n is for thee too high
To know what passes there. Be lowly wise:
Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there 175
Live, in what state, condition, or degree,
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd
Not of Earth only, but of highest Heav'n.
To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd:
How fully hast thou satisfy'd me, pure 180
Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,
And freed from intricacies, taught to live,
The easiest way; nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which

150. The conceit in this line is very old, the sun being said to communicate male, the moon female light.
158. *Nought*, or *like*, is proposed instead of *light* in this verse, but the reasons alleged are hardly sufficient to authorize the change.

God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares, 185
And not molest us, unless we ourselves
Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions [vain
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn, 190
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom; what is more is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence, 195
And renders us in things that most concern
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful, whence haply mention may arise 200
Of something not unseasonable to ask
By suff'rance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was done
Ere my remembrance: now hear me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard; 205
And day is yet not spent; till then thou seest
How subtly to detain thee I devise,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:
For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n; 210
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
Of sweet repast: they satiate and soon fill,
Though pleasant, but thy words, with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety. 216
To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek:
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd 220
Inward and outward both, his image fair:
Speaking or mute, all comeliness and grace

204. There are few passages in the poem which will be read with more pleasing sensations, than the relation Adam gives of his first sensations on his becoming conscious of existence. The same idea of describing a human being wakening into life in the full maturity of his powers, has been made the subject of a beautiful little piece in Buffon.

Attends thee, and each word, e[illegible]n, ch motion forms:
Nor less think we in Heav'n c[illegible] se thee on Earth.
Than of our fellow-servant, a[illegible]ns t inquire 220
Gladly into the ways of God [illegible] th Man:
For God, we see, hath honou[illegible]em'd thee, and set
On Man his equal love: say, [illegible] wherefore on;
For I that day was absent, [illegible] befel,
Bound on a voyage uncouth [illegible]ure and obscure, 230
Far on excursion tow'rd th[illegible] de gates of Hell;
Squared in full legion (su[illegible] to command we had)
To see that none thence is[illegible]ht ied forth a spy,
Or enemy, while God wa[illegible] whin his work,
Lest he, incensed at such [illegible]vi ruption bold, 235
Destruction with creatio[illegible] th might have mix'd.
Not that they durst with[illegible]mit his leave attempt,
But us he sends upon hi[illegible]irth high behests
For state, as Sov'reign [illegible]ame ng, and to inure
Our prompt obedience. [illegible]ile fast we found, fast shut
The dismal gates, and [illegible]tha ricado'd strong; 241
But long ere our appro[illegible]e sh ing, heard within
Noise, other than the [illegible]ath und of dance or song;
Torment, and loud lam[illegible]ts nt, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up [illegible]bov the coasts of light 245
Ere Sabbath ev'ning [illegible]s ho we had in charge.
But thy relation no[illegible]ut h for I attend,
Pleased with thy w[illegible] this, no less than thou with mine.
So spake the God[illegible]He e Pow'r, and thus our sire: 250
For Man to tell ho[illegible]es human life began
Is hard; for who [illegible]pnc self beginning knew?
Desire with thee s[illegible]r w longer to converse
Induced me. As [illegible]e, [illegible] waked from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flower[illegible]us erb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, [illegible] bich with his beams the sun 255
Soon dry'd, and [illegible]Ad the reeking moisture fed.
Straight toward [illegible]hou v'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gazed a wh[illegible]ea the ample sky, till raised
By quick instin[illegible]int e motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward, [illegible]n ea v'ring, and upright 260
Stood on my fe[illegible]sv About me round I saw
Hill, dale, and [illegible]dy woods, and sunny plains,

[illegible] in t[illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible]kegel addresses John, Rev. xxii. 9.

[illegible] 233. So [illegible]hilel Raphael was invented to give Adam a fi[illegible]

[illegible] 239. The shem[illegible] 240. Virgil, Æn. vi. 557.
reason for his nar[illegible]

And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams: by these,
Creatures that lived, and moved, and walk'd, or flew:
Birds on the branches warbling: all things smiled;
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause, 270
Knew not. To speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay;
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell, 275
Tell if ye saw, how came I thus? how here?
Not of myself: by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in pow'r pre-eminent!
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore, 280
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light, when answer none return'd, 285
On a green shady bank profuse of flow'rs,
Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seized
My droused sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state 290
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently moved
My fancy to believe I yet had being, 294
And lived. One came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, Thy mansion wants thee Adam; rise,
First man, of men innumerable ordain'd
First Father; call'd by thee, I come thy guide

268. *With fragrance*, with a joy like that of nature in spring time.

272. There is no contradiction between this line and line 352, &c. as Warburton asserts: Adam was able to name things generally, that is, according to their several kinds of being, as soon as he beheld them, but it was by a more immediate inspiration, Milton intimates, that he was taught to give names to the several species of animals, &c.

To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.
So saying, by the hand he took me raised, 300
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain, whose high top was plain;
A circuit wide, inclosed, with goodliest trees 304
Planted, with walks and bow'rs, that what I saw
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to th' eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I waked, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream 310
Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell 315
Submiss: he rear'd me', and Whom thou sought'st
Said mildly; Author of all this thou seest [I am,
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradise I give thee: count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat. 320
Of every tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth;
But of the tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith, 325
Amid the garden, by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee: Shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence; for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die; 330
From that day mortal, and this happy state
Shalt lose; expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounced
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice 335

300. Gen. iii. 15. It is supposed by a great number of commentators that Adam was not formed in Paradise, but in some other part of the earth, without the inclosure of the sacred garden, into which he was carried by God after his creation.

320. *To till*; to cultivate in any way which the nature of a country, or its productions, may require.

320. Gen. i. 17.

Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect
Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd:
  Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
To thee and to thy race I give: as lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live, 340
Or live in sea, or air; beast, fish, and fowl.
In sign whereof each bird and beast behold
After their kinds: I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
With low subjection. Understand the same 345
Of fish within their wat'ry residence,
Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
Their element to draw the thinner air.
As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
Approaching two and two; these cow'ring low 350
With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.
I named them as they pass'd, and understood
Their nature; with such knowledge God indued
My sudden apprehension: but in these
I found not what methought I wanted still, 355
And to the heav'nly Vision thus presumed:
  O by what name, for thou above all these,
Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,
Surpassest far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this universe, 360
And all this good to man? for whose well being
So amply, and with hands so liberal
Thou hast provided all things! but with me
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness? Who can enjoy alone, 365
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I presumptuous; and the Vision bright,
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd:
  What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air 370
Replenish'd? and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not
Their language and their ways? They also know,
And reason not contemptibly. With these
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.
So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd 375
So ordering. I with leave of speech implored,

342. Gen. ii. 19, 20.

And humble deprecation, thus reply'd:
  Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power;
My Maker, be propitious while I speak! 380
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferior far beneath me set?
Among unequals what society
Can sort? what harmony or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due 385
Giv'n and received; but in disparity,
The one intense, the other still remiss
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike: Of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek, fit to participate 390
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort: they rejoice
Each with their kind; lion with lioness;
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined;
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl 395
So well converse; nor with the ox the ape:
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.
  Whereto th' Almighty answer'd not displeased:
A nice and subtle happiness I see
Thou to thyself proposest in the choice 400
Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?
Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
Of happiness, or not, who am alone 405
From all eternity? for none I know
Second to me, or like, equal much less.
How have I then with whom to hold converse
Save with the creatures which I made? and those
To me inferior! infinite descents 410
Beneath what other creatures are to thee.
  He ceased; I lowly answer'd: To attain
The height and depth of thy eternal ways,
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things!
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee 415
Is no deficience found. Not so is Man,
But in degree; the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defects. No need that thou

413. Rom. xi. 33.

Should'st propagate, already infinite, 420
And through all numbers absolute, though one;
But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiply'd
In unity defective, which requires 425
Collat'ral love, and dearest amity.
Thou in thy secrecy, although alone,
Best with thyself accompany'd, seek'st not
Social communication; yet so pleased,
Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt 430
Of union or communion, deify'd:
I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.
Thus I emboldened spake, and freedom used
Permissive, and acceptance found; which gain'd 435
This answer from the gracious voice divine:
Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased;
And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself;
Expressing well the spirit within thee free, 440
My image not imparted to the brute,
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee,
Good reason was thou freely should'st dislike:
And be so minded still. I, ere thou spak'st,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone; 445
And no such company as then thou saw'st
Intended thee; for trial only brought,
To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet.
What next I bring shall please thee, be assured;
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self, 450
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.
He ended, or I heard no more, for now
My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,
Which it had long stood under, strain'd to th' highth
In that celestial colloquy sublime, 455
As with an object that excels the sense
Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
By nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes.
Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell 460

421. *And through, &c.* perfect, complete in all its parts.
433. A beautiful idea to express the cause of Adam's deep sleep.

Of fancy, my internal sight; by which
Abstract, as in a trance, methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
Who, stooping, open'd my left side, and took 465
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound;
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up, and heal'd,
The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands:
Under his forming hands a creature grew, 470
Manlike, but different sex; so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks; which from that time infused
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before; 475
And into all things from her air inspired
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
She disappear'd, and left me dark. I waked
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure: 480
When, out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable! On she came,
Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen 485
And guided by his voice; nor uninform'd
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites.
Grace was in all her steps! Heav'n in her eye!
In ev'ry gesture dignity and love!
I overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud: 490
This turn hath made amends! Thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest! I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself 495
Before me! Woman is her name; of Man
Extracted. For this cause he shall forego
Father and mother, and to' his wife adhere:
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.
She heard me thus; and tho' divinely brought; 500

462. *Abstract;* that is, the spirit was so separated from the body that it did not see things as before with its material organs of vision.

465. Gen. ii. 22. 498. Gen. xxiii. 24.

Yet innocence and virgin modesty
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,
The more desirable; or to say all, 505
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd.
I follow'd her: she what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approved
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower 510
I led her, blushing like the morn. All Heav'n,
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence! The earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill!
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs 515
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the ev'ning star
On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp. 520
Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy; and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As used or not, works in the mind no change, 525
Nor vehement desire; these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,
Walks, and the melody of birds; but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch. Here passion first I felt, 530
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
Superior and unmoved; here only weak
Against the charm of beauty's pow'rful glance.
Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain; 535
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough: at least on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament; in outward show
Elaborate; of inward, less exact.

502. *The conscience;* the knowledge of.
513. Taken from Homer, Il. xiv. 347.
520. It was the custom of the ancients to light their bridal lamps when the evening star appeared.

For well I understand, in the prime end 540
Of nature, her th' inferior in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel
In outward; also her resembling less
His image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that dominion giv'n 545
O'er other creatures; yet, when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself, complete; so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best! 550
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded! Wisdom in discourse with her
Loses, discount'nanced, and like folly shews.
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made 555
Occasionally; and to consummate all,
Greatness of Mind and Nobleness their seat
Build in her, loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed!
To whom the Angel, with contracted brow: 560
Accuse not Nature; she hath done her part:
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of wisdom; she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,
By attribúting overmuch to things 565
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.
For what admir'st thou? what transports thee so?
An outside? Fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love;
Not thy subjection. Weigh with her thyself, 570
Then value. Oft-times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
Well managed. Of that skill the more thou know'st,
The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her shows; 575
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou may'st love
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.

547. *Absolute;* complete, as used in the former instance, line 421.
568. Eph. v. 28, 29.
576. *Adorn*, for adorn'd, to avoid the inharmonious sound of the latter with the word *made*.—It is thus used, as *fledge* for *fledged*, and comes from the Italian adjective *adorno*.

But if the sense of touch, whereby mankind
Is propagated, seem such dear delight 580
Beyond all other, think the same vouchsafed
To cattle and each beast; which would not be
To them made common and divulged, if aught
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
The soul of man, or passion in him move. 585
What higher in her society thou find'st
Attractive, human, rational, love still.
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not. Love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his seat 590
In reason, and is judicious; is the scale
By which to heav'nly love thou may'st ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure: for which cause
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.
To whom thus, half abash'd, Adam reply'd: 595
Neither her outside, form'd so fair, nor aught
In procreation, common to all kinds,
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me as those graceful acts, 600
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mix'd with love
And sweet compliance; which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul:
Harmony to behold in wedded pair, 605
More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear.
Yet these subject not: I to thee disclose
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
Who meet with various objects, from the sense
Variously representing; yet, still free, 610
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blam'st me not; for love thou say'st
Leads up to Heav'n; is both the way and guide.
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask:
Love not the heav'nly Spirits? and how their love
Express they? by looks only'? or do they mix 615
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?
To whom the Angel, with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red (love's proper hue),

589. It is supposed that Milton s iudes in this passage to Plato's theory of divine love.

Answer'd: Let it suffice thee that thou know'st 620
Us happy'; and without love no happiness.
Whatever pure thou in the body' enjoy'st
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars. 625
Easier than air with air, if Spirits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Desiring; not restrain'd conveyance need,
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
But I can now no more; the parting sun 630
Beyond the earth's green cape and verdant isles
Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.
Be strong, live happy', and love, but first of all,
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command: take heed lest passion sway 635
Thy judgment to do aught which else free will
Would not admit; thine and of all thy sons
The weal or woe in thee is placed; beware.
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
And all the Blest. Stand fast; to stand or fall 640
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel.
So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction: Since to part, 645
Go heav'nly Guest, ethereal Messenger,
Sent from whose sov'reign goodness I adore.
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever
With grateful memory; thou to mankind 650
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.
So parted they; the Angel up to Heav'n
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

634. 1 John v. 3.
645. *Benediction*; not signifying *blessing*, but *farewell*.
652. *His bower*, that is, his lamest bower or place of rest.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, having compassed the earth with meditated guile, returns as a mist by night into Paradise, enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alleging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her, found alone: Eve, loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength: Adam at last yields: The Serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve wondering to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech and such understanding not till now: the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason; till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge, forbidden: The Serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments, induces her at length to eat; she, pleased with the taste, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves, through vehemence of love, to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit: The effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

No more of talk where God or Angel guest
With Man, as with his friend, familiar used
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse, unblamed: I now must change 5
Those notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,
And disobedience: on the part of Heav'n
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given, 10
That brought into this world a world of woe,
Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery,

1. Milton has arranged the divisions of his poem with great skill. The reader is by turns filled with awe and delight, astonishment and wonder: after having been terror-stricken at the sublime account of the fall of the angels, he is charmed and soothed by the description of Paradise, and the sweet discourse of philosophy, carried on between Raphael and Adam. A new order of feelings are now to be awakened, and pity, mingled with fear, possesses us through the whole book.

11. Nothing can be in worse taste than this and other such puns; but not a great poet is perhaps to be found, with a taste so pure, that it could resist altogether the corruptions of the popular one.

Death's harbinger. Sad task! yet argument
Not less but more heroic than the wrath
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued 15
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespoused,
Or Neptune's ire or Juno's, that so long
Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's son:
If answerable style I can obtain 20
Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
Her nightly visitation unimplored,
And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse.
Since first this subject for heroic song 25
Pleased me long choosing, and beginning late;
Not sedulous by nature to indite
Wars, hitherto the only argument
Heroic deem'd, chief mast'ry to dissect
With long and tedious havoc fabled knights 30
In battles feign'd; the better fortitude
Of patience and heroic martyrdom
Unsung; or to describe races and games,
Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,
Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds; 35
Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
At joust and tournament; then marshal'd feast
Served up in hall with sewers and seneschals;
The skill of artifice or office mean,
Not that which justly gives heroic name 40
To person or to poem. Me of these
Nor skill'd nor studious, higher argument

21. The picture of Milton, which here rises to the mind, is among the most beautiful of the visions to which the poem gives birth. Blind, deserted, but inspired, how like a character in the work does he seem to the imagination, while thus speaking of his communion with the heavenly muse.

26. He had, long before commencing Paradise Lost, or designing it even, determined to write an Epic on the subject of King Arthur's history.

28. Allusion is made in this passage to the principal Epics, the subjects of which are almost all drawn from the wars of one country or the other. The most ardent lover of the classic poeme cannot but feel Milton's objection to be correct; the only caution to be observed, is, not to mistake his dislike of their subjects for any depreciation of the sublime genuses which composed them.

35. *Impresses quaint;* witty devices on the shields—*Bases,* or housings.—*Sewers,* servants who placed the dishes on the table. —*Seneschal,* a principal servant, or steward.

Remains, sufficient of itself to raise
That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing 45
Depress'd, and much they may, if all be mine,
Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.
The sun was sunk, and after him the star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter 50
'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
Night's hemisphere had veil'd th' horizon round,
When Satan, who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved
In meditated fraud and malice, bent 55
On Man's destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From compassing the earth, cautious of day, 60
Since Uriel, regent of the sun, descry'd
His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim
That kept their watch: thence full of anguish driven,
The space of sev'n continued nights he rode
With darkness; thrice the equinoctial line
He circled; four times cross'd the car of night 65
From pole to pole, travêrsing each colûre;
On th' eighth return'd, and on the coast averse
From entrance or Cherubic watch, by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
Now not, tho' sin, not time, first wrought the change,
Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise 71
Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a fountain by the tree of life:
In with the river sunk, and with it rose
Satan involved in rising mist, then sought 75
Where to lie hid. Sea he had search'd and land
From Eden over Pontus, and the pool
Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob;
Downward as far antarctic; and in length
West from Orontes to the ocean barr'd 80
At Darien, thence to the land where flows

77. *Pontus*, the Euxine or Black Sea.—*The pool Mæotis* Palus Mæotis, a lake on the coast of Crim Tartary.—*Ob*, a river of Muscovy.—*Orontes*, a river of Syria.—*Darien*, the isthmus which joins North and South America.—*Ocean barr'd*, see Job xxxviii. 10.

Ganges and Indus: thus the orb he roam'd
With narrow search, and with inspection deep
Consider'd every creature; which of all
Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found 85
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
Him, after long debate, irresolute
Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose
Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
To enter and his dark suggestions hide 90
From sharpest sight: for in the wily snake,
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native subtlety
Proceeding, which in other beasts observed
Doubt might beget of diabolic power 95
Active within beyond the sense of brute.
Thus he resolved; but first from inward grief
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:
O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd
More justly! seat worthier of Gods! as built 100
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God after better worse would build!
Terrestrial Heav'n, danced round by other Heav'ns
That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as seems, 105
In thee concentring all their precious beams
Of sacred influence! As God in Heav'n
Is centre, yet extends to all, so thou
Centring receiv'st from all those orbs; in thee,
Not in themselves, all their known virtue' appears
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth 111
Of creatures animate with gradual life
Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in Man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,

86. The subtlety of the serpent has been always noticed. It is supposed, that Satan might choose this animal in preference to any other, for his purpose, since its subtlety being known it would excite less surprise in the minds of his victims, to find it speaking and reasoning, than would have been the case in respect to any other of the beasts of the field.

113. It were to be wished that Milton had not so nearly approached in expression the ideas of the materialists. He has been accused of formally supporting their doctrines, but the contents of the poem and the elevation of his sentiments on the mysteries of universal being tend greatly to prove he was by no means an advocate of opinions which are as insupportable by reason as they are by Christianity.

If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange 115
Of hill and valley, rivers, woods and plains;
Now land, now sea, and shores with forests crown'd
Rocks, dens, and caves! but I in none of these
Find place or refuge; and the more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel 120
Torment within me', as from the hateful siege
Of contraries: all good to me becomes
Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.
But neither here seek I, no, nor in Heav'n
To dwell, unless by mast'ring Heav'n's Supreme;
Nor hope to be myself less miserable 125
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:
For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd, 130
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe;
In woe then, that destruction wide may range.
To me shall be the glory sole among 135
Th' infernal Pow'rs, in one day to have marr'd
What he, Almighty styled, six nights and days
Continued making, and who knows how long
Before had been contriving, though perhaps
Not longer than since I in one night freed 140
From servitude inglorious well nigh half
Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers; he to be avenged,
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd 145
More Angels to create, if they at least
Are his created, or to spite us more,
Determined to advance into our room
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow, 150
Exalted from so base original,
With heav'nly spoils, our spoils. What he decreed
He' effected; Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,
Him lord pronounced, and, O indignity!
Subjected to his service Angel wings, 155
And flaming ministers, to watch and tend

146. Ps. civ. 4.

Their earthly charge. Of these the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
Of midnight vapour, glide obscure, and pry
In ev'ry bush and brake, where hap may find 160
The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul descent! that I, who erst contended
With Gods to sit the high'st, am now constrain'd
Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime, 165
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the height of deity aspired!
But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? Who aspires must down as low
As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last 170
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.
Let it: I reck not, so it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new fav'rite 175
Of Heav'n, this man of clay, son of despite,
Whom us the more to spite his Maker raised
From dust. Spite then with spite is best repaid.
So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on 180
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found,
In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,
His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles:
Nor yet in horrid shade or dismal den, 185
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb
Fearless, unfear'd, he slept. In at his mouth
The devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing soon inspired
With act intelligential; but his sleep 190
Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of morn.
Now when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breathed

173. The character of Satan is finely managed in this passage; the darkness of despair is made more dark by the loftiness of thought and the gleam of arch-angel grandeur still remaining.

185. *Not nocent yet*, in the first edition.

192. This is the morning of the ninth day. On the first Satan came to the earth; for seven he was voyaging round it, and is here represented as entering Paradise on the ninth.

193. *Breath*, like the Latin *spiro*.

Their morning incense, when all things that breathe,
From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill 195
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worship to the choir
Of creatures wanting voice: that done partake
The season, prime for sweetest sents and airs; 200
Then commune how that day they best may ply
Their growing work: for much their work outgrew
The hands dispatch of two gard'ning so wide:
And Eve first to her husband thus began:
Adam, well may we labour still to dress 205
This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flow'r,
Our pleasant task enjoin'd; but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind, 210
One night or two with wanton growth derides
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,
Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present:
Let us divide our labours; thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbour, or direct 216
The clasping ivy where to climb; while I
In yonder spring of roses, intermix'd
With myrtle, find what to redress till noon:
For while so near each other thus all day 220
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
Our day's work brought to little, though begun
Early, and th' hour of supper comes unearn'd. 225
To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd:
Sole Eve, associate sole; to me beyond
Compare above all living creatures dear,
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd
How we might best fulfil the work which here 230
God hath assign'd us; nor of me shalt pass

200. Milton spells *scent* without the *c*, according to the Italian *Sentiendo*.
213. *Bear* instead of *hear*, in some editions.
228. *Compare* for comparison; a verb converted into a noun as adjectives sometimes are.

Unpraised: for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed 235
Labour, as to debar us when we need
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
(Food of the mind) or this sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles (for smiles from reason flow)
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food; 240
Love not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksome toil, but to delight
He made us, and delight to reason join'd.
These paths and bow'rs doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide 245
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Assist us: but if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield;
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return. 250
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befall thee, severed from me; for thou know'st
What hath been warn'd us; what malicious foe,
Envying our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame 255
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other speedy aid might lend at need. 260
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealty from God, or to disturb
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side 265
That gave thee being, still shades thee, and protects.
The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays;
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.
To whom the virgin majesty of Eve, 270
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus reply'd:
Offspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earth's
That such an enemy we have, who seeks [Lord,

Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn, 275
And from the parting Angel overheard,
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then return'd at shut of ev'ning flow'rs.
But that thou should'st my firmness therefore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe 280
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'st not, being such
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear; which plain infers 285
Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced? [breast,
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy
Adam, mis-thought of her to thee so dear?
To whom with healing words Adam reply'd: 290
Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve,
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:
Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
Th attempt itself, intended by our foe. 295
For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
The tempted with dishonour foul, supposed
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Against temptation. Thou thyself with scorn
And anger would'st resent the offer'd wrong, 300
Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,
If such affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light. 305
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;
Subtle he needs must be who could seduce
Angels; nor think superfluous other's aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receive
Access in ev'ry virtue; in thy sight 310
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome or over-reach'd
Would utmost vigour raise, and raised unite.
Why should'st not thou like sense within thee feel

278. Nothing can be more beautifully natural than the hour of return being fixed by the closing of the flowers.

When I am present, and thy trial choose 310
With me, best witness of thy virtue try'd?
So spake domestic Adam, in his care
And matrimonial love: but Eve, who thought
Less attribûted to her faith sincere, 315
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd:
If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit straighten'd by a foe,
Subtle or violent, we not endued
Single with like defence, wherever met, 320
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin: only our foe
Tempting, affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity: his foul esteem
Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns 325
Foul on himself: then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd
By us? who rather double honour gain
From his surmise proved false, find peace within,
Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.
And what is faith, love, virtue unassay'd 330
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?
Let us not then suspect our happy state
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single or combined.
Frail is our happiness, if this be so, 335
And Eden were no Eden thus exposed.
To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd:
O Woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them; his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left 340
Of all that he created, much less Man,
Or aught that might his happy state secure,
Secure from outward force. Within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his pow'r:
Against his will he can receive no harm. 345
But God left free the will; for what obeys
Reason is free, and reason he made right;
But bid her well be ware, and still erect,
Lest by some fair appearing good surprised,
She dictate false, and misinform the will 350
To do what God expressly hath forbid.

343. *Be ware*, two words ware being an adjective as well as erect.

Not then mistrust but tender love enjoins,
That I should mind thee oft; and mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since reason not impossibly may meet 360
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then; which to avoid
Were better, and most likely if from me 365
Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.
Would'st thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience; th' other who can know,
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
But if thou think, trial unsought may find 370
Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
Go: for thy stay, not free, absents thee more.
Go, in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue, summon all, 374
For God tow'rds thee hath done his part; do thine.
So spake the patriarch of mankind: but Eve
Persisted, yet submiss, though last, reply'd:
With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd
Chiefly by what thy own last reas'ning words
Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought, 380
May find us both perhaps far less prepared,
The willinger I go; nor much expect
A foe so proud will first the weaker seek:
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse. 384
Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
Soft she withdrew, and, like a Wood-Nymph light,
Oread, or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves; but Delia's self
In gait surpass'd, and Goddess-like deport,
Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd, 390
But with such gard'ning tools as art yet rude,
Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or Angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Likest she seem'd; Pomona when she fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime, 395
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye pursued,
Delighted; but desiring more her stay.

394. *Virgin of Proserpina*, a Grecism.—Theocritus, Idyl ii. 126

Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; she to him as oft engaged 400
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presumed return! event perverse! 405
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast or sound repose!
Such ambush hid among sweet flow'rs and shades
Waited with hellish rancour imminent
To intercept thy way, or send thee back 410
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.
For now, and since first break of dawn, the Fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them 415
The whole included race; his purposed prey.
In bow'r and field he sought, where any tuft
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,
Their tendence or plantation for delight:
By fountain, or by shady rivulet 420
He sought them both; but wish'd his hap might find
Eve separate; he wish'd, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanced, when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood, 425
Half spy'd, so thick the roses blushing round
About her glow'd, oft stooping to support
Each flow'r of slender stalk, whose head, though gay
Carnation, purple', azure, or speck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unsustain'd: them she upstays 430
Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
Herself, though fairest unsupported flow'r,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
Nearer he drew; and many a walk traversed
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm, 435
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
Among thick-woven arborets and flow'rs
Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd

438. *Imborder'd*, from the old word to *imborder*, since made *imbroider*.

Or of revived Adonis, or renown'd 440
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,
Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
Much he the place admired; the person more.
As one who long in populous city pent, 445
Where houses thick, and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine, 450
Or dairy', each rural sight, each rural sound:
If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,
She most, and in her look sums all delight.
Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold 455
This flow'ry plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus early, thus alone. Her heav'nly form
Angelic, but more soft and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her ev'ry air
Of gesture or least action, overawed 460
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.
That space the Evil One abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good; of enmity disarm'd, 465
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;
But the hot Hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid Heaven, soon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure not for him ordain'd. Then soon 470
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites:
Thoughts, whither have ye led me! With what sweet
Compulsion thus transported to forget
What hither brought us! hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste 475

440. It was supposed that Adonis was restored to life at the request of Venus. The gardens of Alcinous were celebrated universally among the ancients; those *not mystic* were the gardens Solomon made for Pharaoh's daughter.

457. The interview between Aladin and Sophronia in the 2 Can. of Tasso is described in similar terms.

468. That is, it would be so were he in heaven. Or there is an allusion perhaps to Job i. 6. ii. 1.

Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying: other joy
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles. Behold alone 480
The woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould, 485
Foe not informidable, exempt from wound,
I not. So much hath Hell debased, and pain
Enfeebled me to what I was in Heav'n.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods;
Not terrible, though terror be in love 490
And beauty; not approach'd by stronger hate,
Hate stronger, under show of love well feign'd,
The way which to her ruin now I tend.
So spake th' enemy' of mankind, inclosed
In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve 495
Address'd his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,
Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd
Fold above fold a surging maze, his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes; 500
With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
Floated redundant. Pleasing was his shape,
And lovely: never since of serpent kind
Lovelier: not those that in Illyria changed 505
Hermione and Cadmus, or the God
In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen;
He with Olympias, this with her who bore
Scipio the highth of Rome. With tract oblique 510
At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd
To interrupt, sidelong he works his way.
As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought,
Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind

505. Cadmus and his wife being obliged to leave Thebes on going into Illyria were changed into serpents by the way; if the word *those* be considered as referring to serpents generally, or the nature of serpents, the construction will be easy.—*The god in Epidaurus*, Æsculapius, who was worshipped in that place.
506. *Ammonian*, Lybian; *Capitoline*, Roman.

Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail, 515
So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
To lure her eye: she busy'd, heard the sound
Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used
To such disport before her through the field 520
From ev'ry beast; more duteous at her call
Than at Circean call the herd disguised.
He bolder now, uncall'd, before her stood,
But as in gaze admiring, oft he bow'd
His turret crest and sleek enamel'd neck, 525
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
The eye of Eve to mark his play. He, glad
Of her attention gain'd, with serpent-tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal air, 530
His fraudulent temptation thus began:
Wonder not, sov'reign Mistress, if perhaps
Thou canst, who art sole wonder; much less arm
Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,
Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze 535
Insatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair!
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celestial beauty' adore 540
With ravishment beheld! there best beheld
Where universally admired: but here
In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except, 545
Who sees thee'? (and what is one?) who should'st be
A Goddess among Gods, adored and served [seen
By Angels numberless, thy daily train.
So glozed the Tempter, and his proem tuned;
Into the heart of Eve his words made way, 550
Though at the voice much marvelling. At length,
Not unamazed, she thus in answer spake: [nounced
What may this mean? Language of man pro-
By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd!
The first at least of these I thought deny'd 555
To beasts, whom God on their creation-day
Created mute to all articulate sound:

The latter I demur; for in their looks
Much reason, and in their actions oft appears.
Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field, 560
I knew, but not with human voice endued.
Redouble then this miracle, and say,
How cam'st thou speakable of mute; and how
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight! 565
Say! for such wonder claims attention due.
To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd:
Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve,
Easy to me it is to tell thee all [obey'd
What thou command'st; and right thou should'st be
I was at first as other beasts that graze 571
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food: nor aught but food discern'd,
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high;
Till on a day roving the field, I chanced 575
A goodly tree far distant to behold,
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,
Ruddy and gold. I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense 580
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at ev'n,
Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved 585
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once
(Pow'rful persuaders) quicken'd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon,
For high from ground the branches would require 590
Thy utmost reach or Adam's: Round the tree
All other beasts that saw, with like desire
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill 595
I spared not; for such pleasure till that hour
At feed or fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reason in my inward pow'rs, and speech 600

Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.
Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts, and, with capacious mind,
Consider'd all things visible in Heav'n,
Or Earth, or Middle; all things fair and good: 605
But all that fair and good in thy divine
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray
United I beheld. No fair to thine
Equivalent or second; which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come 610
And gaze, and worship thee, of right declared
Sov'reign of creatures, universal Dame.
So talk'd the spirited sly Snake; and Eve,
Yet more amazed, unwary, thus reply'd:
Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt 615
The virtue of that fruit, in thee first proved.
But say, where grows the tree? from hence how far?
For many are the trees of God that grow
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
To us, in such abundance lies our choice, 620
As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden Nature of her birth.
To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad: 625
Empress, the way is ready, and not long;
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blowing myrrh and balm. If thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon. 630
Lead then, said Eve. He leading swiftly roll'd
In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest; as when a wand'ring fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night 635
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends,

612. *Dame*, formerly a term of great respect.
613. Warburton says, Milton has shewn more skill in the theology of this part of the poem than in any other. His answer to the objections against the Mosaic history are of his own invention.
624. The description of the serpent in this passage is remarkable for its fidelity and force.

Hov'ring and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads th' amazed night-wand'rer from his way
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool, 640
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.
So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe! 645
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake:
  Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither,
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to' excess,
The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects. 650
But of this tree we may not taste nor touch;
God so commanded, and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice: the rest, we live
Law to ourselves; our reason is our law.
  To whom the Tempter guilefully reply'd: 655
Indeed! Hath God then said, that of the fruit
Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,
Yet Lords declared of all in earth or air?
  To whom thus Eve, yet sinless: Of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat: 660
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst
The garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.
  She scarce had said, though brief, when now more [bold
The Tempter, but with show of zeal and love
To Man, and indignation at his wrong, 665
New part puts on, and as to passion moved,
Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely, and in act
Raised, as of some great matter to begin.
As when of old some orator renown'd 670
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd
Stood in himself collected, while each part,

643. *Fraud*, hurt or damage.

644. *The tree of prohibition*, an Hebraism for the *prohibited tree*.

653. Another Hebraism; the expression signifies among the Jews, 'a voice from heaven,' or any mysterious revelation by signs or dreams.

673. There is a similar Italian expression, *in se raccolto*. A new reading is proposed by Bentley, thus,

Stood in himself collected whole, while each
Motion, each air:

But the best commentators prefer the present text.

Motion, each act won audience, ere the tongue,
Sometimes in highth began, as no delay 675
Of preface brooking through his zeal of right:
So standing, moving, or to highth up grown,
The Tempter, all impassion'd, thus began:
O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving Plant,
Mother of science, now I feel thy pow'r 680
Within me clear, not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.
Queen of this universe, do not believe
Those rigid threats of death: ye shall not die. 685
How should ye? by the fruit? It gives you life
To knowledge; by the threat'ner? Look on me,
Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd than fate
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot. 690
Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire
For such a petty trespass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounced, whatever thing death be, 695
Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil!
Of good, how just! of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?
God therefore cannot hurt ye and be just: 700
Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
Your fear itself of death removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshippers. He knows that in the day 705
Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as Gods,
Knowing both good and evil as they know.
That ye shall be as Gods, since I as Man, 710
Internal Man, is but proportion meet;
I of brute human, ye of human Gods.
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods; death to be wish'd,

705. Gen. iii. 5.
714. *To put on Gods;* to become divine instead of human.

Tho' threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring
And what are Gods, that Man may not become 715
As they, participating Godlike food?
The Gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds.
I question it; for this fair earth I see, 720
Warm'd by the sun, producing ev'ry kind;
Them nothing. If they all things, who inclosed
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies 725
Th' offence, that Man should thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Impart against his will, if all be his?
Or is it envy? And can envy dwell
In heav'nly breasts? These, these and many more 730
Causes, import your need of this fair fruit.
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.
He ended, and his words, replete with guile,
Into her heart too easy entrance won.
Fix'd on the fruit she gazed, which to behold 735
Might tempt alone; and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth:
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked
An eager appetite, raised by the smell 740
So savoury of that fruit, which with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Solicited her longing eye: yet first,
Pausing a while, thus to herself she mused:
Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits, 745
Though kept from man, and worthy to be admired,
Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise.
Thy praise he also, who forbids thy use, 750

738. This is one of the few instances of bad taste really affecting the beauty of the narrative, to be found in the poem. The whole of Satan's speech had tended to inspire spiritual pride and a bold desire of knowledge; all the following reflections of Eve are in correspondence with the address of the tempter. The idea, therefore, here introduced of her sharpened appetite, and of the savoriness of the fruit, is in bad keeping with the general tone of the passage; and I am not a little surprised that any of Milton's commentators could have attempted to find a beauty in its introduction.

Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree
Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil:
Forbids us then to taste; but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want: 755
For good unknown, sure is not had; or had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know;
Forbids us good! forbids us to be wise!
Such prohibitions bind not. But if death 760
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
How dies the Serpent? he hath eaten and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns:
Irrational till then. For us alone 765
Was death invented? or to us deny'd
This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?
For beasts it seems; yet that one beast which first
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy 770
The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I then? Rather, what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good and evil,
Of God or death, of law or penalty? 775
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise. What hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body' and mind?
So saying, her rash hand, in evil hour, 780
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat!
Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat
Sighing, through all her works gave signs of woe,
That all was lost! Back to the thicket slunk
The guilty Serpent, and well might, for Eve, 785
Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else
Regarded; such delight till then, as seem'd,
In fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fancy'd so, through expectation high
Of knowledge; nor was Godhead from her thought.
Greedily she ingorged without restraint 791
And knew not eating death. Satiate at length,
And heighten'd as with wine, jocund, and boon,

Thus to herself she pleasingly began:
  O sov'reign, virtuous, precious of all trees 795
In Paradise, of operation blest
To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without song, each morning, and due praise 800
Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease
Of thy full branches, offer'd free to all;
Till, dieted by thee, I grow mature
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;
Though others envy what they cannot give; 805
For had the gift been theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Best guide; not following thee I had remain'd
In ignorance: thou open'st Wisdom's way,
And giv'st access, though secret she retire. 810
And I perhaps am secret: Heav'n is high,
High and remote, to see from thence distinct
Each thing on earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies 815
About him. But to Adam, in what sort
Shall I appear? Shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happiness with me, or rather not,
But keep the odds of knowledge in my pow'r 820
Without copartner? so to add what wants
In female sex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undesirable, sometime
Superior; for inferior, who is free? 825
This may be well; but what if God have seen,
And death ensue? Then I shall be no more;
And Adam, wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying; I extinct.
A death to think! Confirm'd then, I resolve 830
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure; without him live no life.
  So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd:

818. *To give to partake;* an elegant mode of expression in classic authors.

But first low rev'rence done, as to the Pow'r 835
That dwelt within, whose presence had infused
Into the plant sciential sap, derived
From nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while
Waiting, desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flow'rs a garland, to adorn 840
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harvest-queen.
Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill, 845
Misgave him: he the falt'ring measure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That morn when first they parted. By the tree
Of knowledge he must pass: there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning: in her hand 850
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffused.
To him she hasted. In her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt,
Which with bland words at will she thus address'd:
Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay? 856
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, deprived
Thy presence; agony of love till now
Not felt! nor shall be twice; for never more
Mean I to try, what rash untry'd I sought, 860
The pain of absence from thy sight! But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear.
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree
Of danger tasted, nor to' evil unknown
Opening the way, but of divine effect 865
To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste!
And hath been tasted such. The serpent wise,
Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,

835. This first sign of idolatry in man is well introduced as an immediate consequence of the fall. The remaining portion of this book may be considered, I think, as in some respects superior to any other part of the poem. The mention of Adam, unconscious of the coming woe, weaving flowers for Eve is exquisitely pathetic; the misgivings of his heart on meeting her, the description of her agitated appearance, and the discourse, deep and passionate, which follows, are all conceived in the finest vein of tragic genius. In no other part of his poem had Milton an opportunity of displaying his power in the delineation of human passion, but he has here proved, that had his subject admitted it, it would have possessed not less pathos than sublimity.

Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth 870
Endued with human voice and human sense,
Reasoning to admiration; and with me
Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I
Have also tasted, and have also found
Th' effects to correspond; opener mine eyes, 875
Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I sought; without thee can despise:
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss;
Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious soon. 880
Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love!
Lest thou not tasting, different degree
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee, when Fate will not permit. 885
Thus Eve, with count'nance blithe, her story told;
But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.
On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,
Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill 890
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
From his slack hand the garland, wreath'd for Eve,
Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed.
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length,
First to himself, he inward silence broke: 895
O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works, Creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost! how on a sudden lost! 900
Defaced, deflow'r'd, and now to death devote!
Rather, How hast thou yielded, to transgress
The strict forbiddance? how to violate
The sacred fruit forbidden? Some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown, 905
And me with thee hath ruin'd! for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die.
How can I live without thee! how forego
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn! 910
Should God create another Eve, and I

Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart. No, no, I feel
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art; and from thy state 915
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.
So having said, as one from sad dismay
Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb'd
Submitting to what seem'd remediless,
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd: 920
Bold deed thou hast presumed, advent'rous Eve,
And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared,
Had it been only coveting to eye
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,
Much more to taste it, under ban to touch. 925
But past who can recall, or done undo?
Not God omnipotent, nor Fate: yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not die; perhaps the fact
Is not so hainous now, foretasted fruit,
Profaned first by the serpent, by him first 930
Made common and unhallow'd ere our taste;
Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives;
Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live as Man
Higher degree of life: inducement strong
To us, as likely tasting, to attain 935
Proportional ascent, which cannot be
But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-Gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
Though threat'ning, will in earnest so destroy
Us his prime creatures, dignify'd so high, 940
Set over all his works, which in our fall,
For us created, needs with us must fail,
Dependent made: so God shall uncreate,
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose,
Not well conceived of God, who tho' his pow'r 945
Creation could repeat, yet would be loth
Us to abolish, lest the Adversary
Triumph and say, Fickle their state whom God
Most favours: who can please him long? Me first
He ruin'd, now Mankind. Whom will he next? 950
Matter of scorn, not to be giv'n the Foe.
However, I with thee have fix'd my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom. If death

928. *Hainous*, so spelt by Milton, from the French *hainous*.

Consort with thee, death is to me as life:
So forcible within my heart I feel 955
The bond of nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee! for what thou art is mine;
Our state cannot be severed; we are one,
One flesh. To lose thee were to lose myself.
So Adam; and thus Eve to him reply'd: 960
O glorious trial of exceeding love!
Illustrious evidence! example high!
Engaging me to emulate, but short
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
Adam! from whose dear side I boast me sprung, 965
And gladly of our union hear thee speak,
One heart, one soul in both; whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee resolved,
Rather than death or aught than death more dread
Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear, 970
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
If any be, of tasting this fair fruit,
Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,
Direct, or by occasion) hath presented
This happy trial of thy love, which else 975
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought death menaced would ensue
This my attempt, I would sustain alone
The worst, and not persuade thee: rather die
Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact 980
Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assured
Remarkably so late of thy so true,
So faithful love, unequal'd; but I feel
Far otherwise th' event; not death, but life
Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys, 985
Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.
On my experience, Adam, freely taste;
And fear of death deliver to the winds.
So saying, she embraced him, and for joy 990

990. There is great beauty and the truest passion in this picture of Eve. It well prepares the mind for the fall of Adam, who is represented as sinning more through the intoxication of love and fondness than any ignorance of his danger. What a magnificent scene has the poet for the first act of the fearful tragedy! The great theatre of the universe filled with darkness and horror, and the earth and elements suffering with a mysterious consciousness of ruin.

Tenderly wept; much won that he his love
Had so ennobled, as of choice t' incur
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
In recompense (for such compliance bad
Such recompense best merits) from the bough 995
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
With liberal hand: he scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge; not deceived,
But fondly overcome, with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again 1000
In pangs; and Nature gave a second groan;
Sky lour'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin
Original; while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill; nor Eve to iterate 1005
Her former trespass fear'd, the more to sooth
Him with her loved society, that now,
As with new wine intoxicated both,
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings 1010
Wherewith to scorn the earth: but that false fruit
Far other operation first display'd;
Carnal desire inflaming: he on Eve
Began to cast lascivious eyes; she him
As wantonly repaid. In lust they burn: 1015
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move:
Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
And elegant, of sapience no small part,
Since to each meaning savour we apply,
And palate call judicious. I the praise 1020
Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.
Much pleasure we have lost while we abstain'd
From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
True relish, tasting. If such pleasure be
In things to us forbidd'n, it might be wish'd, 1025
For this one tree had been forbidden ten.

1000. A commentator has expressed his wonder that Adam shewed no astonishment at these convulsions.—Had he been ignorant of his guilt he would have done so, but he was aware of the crime he was committing, and the same fascination which made him break the known command of his Creator, prevented his regarding these signs of his wrath. It may also be conjectured that, awful as they were, the confusion of thought and passion with which he was agitated might hinder his giving them their proper and terrible interpretation.

But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,
As meet is, after such delicious fare;
For never did thy beauty since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd 1020
With all perfections, so inflame my sense
With ardour to enjoy thee; fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.
So said he; and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent: well understood 1025
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbower'd,
He led her, nothing loth. Flow'rs were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel, 1040
And hyacinth, earth's freshest softest lap.
There they their fill of love and love's disport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.
Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit, 1045
That with exhilarating vapour bland
About their spirits had play'd, and inmost pow'rs
Made err, was now exhaled, and grosser sleep
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams 1050
Incumber'd, now had left them, up they rose
As from unrest, and each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds
How darken'd. Innocence, that as a veil
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone;
Just confidence, and native righteousness, 1055
And honour from about them, naked left
To guilty shame; he cover'd, but his robe
Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong
Herculean Samson from the harlot-lap 1060
Of Philistêan Dalilah, and waked
Shorn of his strength. They destitute and bare
Of all their virtue: silent, and in face
Confounded long they sat, as strucken mute,

1029. The passage following is principally copied from Homer, and would be exceptionable did it not form part of the moral of the poem: what a contrast, it has been well observed, is the love scene here described to that in the eighth book.

1058. *He*, refers to shame, which is personified.

1059. *Samson* was of the tribe of Dan.

Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd, 1065
At length gave utt'rance to these words, constrain'd:
O Eve! in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit Man's voice, true in our fall,
False in our promised rising! Since our eyes 1070
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and evil; good lost, and evil got!
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity, 1075
Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,
And in our faces evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
E'en shame, the last of evils: of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face 1080
Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy
And rapture so' oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze,
Insufferably bright! O might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade 1085
Obscured, where highest woods impenetrable
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad,
And brown as ev'ning! Cover me, ye Pines;
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more. 1090
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may for the present serve to hide
The parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen;
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sew'd,
And girded on our loins, may cover round 1095
Those middle parts, that this new comer, Shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.
So counsel'd he; and both together went
Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose 1100
The fig-tree; not that kind for fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day, to Indians known
In Malabar or Deccan, spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow 1105
About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade

1103. *Malabar*, a part of the East Indies, in which is the kingdom of Deccan.

High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between:
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade. Those leaves
They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe, 1111
And with what skill they had together sew'd,
To gird their waist. Vain covering, if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded shame! O how unlike
To that first naked glory! Such of late 1115
Columbus found th' American, so girt
With feather'd cincture, naked else and wild
Among the trees on isles and woody shores.
Thus fenced, and as they thought, their shame in part
Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind, 1120
They sat them down to weep; nor only tears
Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within
Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore
Their inward state of mind: calm region once 1125
And full of peace, now tost and turbulent;
For understanding ruled not, and the will
Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
To sensual appetite, who from beneath
Usurping over sov'reign reason, claim'd 1130
Superior sway. From thus distemper'd breast,
Adam, estranged in look and alter'd style,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd: [stay'd
Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange 1135
Desire of wand'ring this unhappy morn,
I know not whence, possess'd thee; we had then
Remain'd still happy, not, as now, despoil'd
Of all our good, shamed, naked, miserable.
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to' approve
The faith they owe: when earnestly they seek 1141
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail. [Eve:
To whom, soon moved with touch of blame, thus
What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam, severe!
Imput'st thou that to my default, or will 1145
Of wand'ring, as thou call'st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been there,

1112. *Together sew'd;* this, which is taken from our translation of the passage in Genesis, means in the original, *wove or plaited.*

Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd
Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake; 1150
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.
Was I to have ne'er parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still, a lifeless rib!
Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head, 1155
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger as thou saidst?
Too facile then thou didst not much gainsay,
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent, 1160
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.
  To whom then, first incensed, Adam reply'd:
Is this the love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, express'd
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I, 1165
Who might have lived and joy'd immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?
And am I now upbraided as the cause
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint. What could I more? 1170
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait. Beyond this had been force;
And force upon free-will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, secure 1175
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
I also err'd in overmuch admiring
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue 1180
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him who, to worth in women overtrusting,
Lets her will rule. Restraint she will not brook;
And left to' herself, if evil thence ensue, 1185
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.
  Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning:
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

1170. *My* restraint is found in some editions.
1183. Bentley reads, *women*; but the transition from the singular to the plural, as in this passage, is not a sufficient reason for the change.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Man's transgression known, the guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors, who descends and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and re-ascends. Sin and Death, sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in Hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of Man. To make the way easier from Hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then, preparing for Earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against Man: instead of applause, is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed with himself also suddenly into serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then deluded with a show of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death: God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolement of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not; but, conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her Seed should be revenged on the Serpent; and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

MEANWHILE the hainous and despiteful act
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
He in the serpent had perverted Eve,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in Heav'n: for what can 'scape the eye
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart 5
Omniscient! who in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
Of Man, with strength entire, and free-will arm'd,
Complete to have discover'd and repulsed 10
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.
For still they knew, and ought to' have still remember'd
The high injunction not to taste that fruit
Whoever tempted: which they not obeying,

1. There is more of action, as Addison has well observed, in this book than in any other, and all the characters of the poem are made to pass in quick succession before the reader.

Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty, 15
And manifold in sin, deserved to fall.
Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste
Th' Angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
For Man; for of his state by this they knew,
Much wond'ring how the subtle fiend had stolen 20
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From Earth arrived at Heaven-gate, displeased
All were who heard: dim sadness did not spare
That time celestial visages; yet, mix'd
With pity, violated not their bliss. 25
About the new-arrived, in multitudes
Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know
How all befell: they tow'rds the throne supreme,
Accountable, made haste to make appear
With righteous plea their utmost vigilance, 30
And easily approved; when the Most High
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud,
Amidst in thunder, utter'd thus his voice:
Assembled Angels, and ye Pow'rs return'd
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd 35
Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from Hell.
I told ye then he should prevail and speed 40
On his bad errand; Man should be seduced
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker; no decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse 45
His free-will, to her own inclining left
In even scale. But fall'n he is; and now
What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
On his transgression, death denounced that day;
Which he presumes already vain and void, 50
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find
Forbearance no acquittance, ere day end.
Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.

24. *Mix'd with pity* must be read as in a parenthesis, according to Warburton; the idea of angelic sadness thus softened being very just and beautiful.

But whom send I to judge them? Whom but thee, 55
Vicegerent Son? To thee I have transferr'd
All judgment, whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell.
Easy it may be seen that I intend
Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee
Man's Friend, his Mediator, his design'd 60
Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntary,
And destined Man himself to judge Man fall'n.
So spake the Father, and unfolding bright
Tow'rd the right hand his glory, on the Son
Blazed forth unclouded Deity: he full 65
Resplendent all his Father manifest
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild:
Father Eternal, thine is to decree;
Mine, both in Heav'n and Earth, to do thy will
Supreme, that thou in me, thy Son beloved, 70
May'st ever rest well pleased. I go to judge
On earth these thy transgressors; but thou know'st,
Whoever judged, the worst on me must light,
When time shall be, for so I undertook
Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain 75
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
On me derived; yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy', as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease.
Attendance none shall need, nor train where none 80
Are to behold the judgment, but the judged,
Those two. The third, best absent, is condemn'd,
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law
Conviction to the serpent none belongs.
Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose 85
Of high collat'ral glory': him Thrones and Pow'rs,
Princedoms and Dominations ministrant,
Accompanied to Heaven-gate; from whence
Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.
Down he descended straight: the speed of Gods 90
Time counts not, tho' with swiftest minutes wing'd.
Now was the sun in western cadence low
From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour

56. John v. 22—27. 59. Ps. lxxxv. 10.
74. According to Book iii. line 236.
78. *Illustrate most*, shew or prove most clearly.
92. Gen. iii. 8, and following verses.

To fan the earth, now waked, and usher in
The ev'ning cool, when he from wrath more cool, 95
Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both,
To sentence Man. The voice of God they heard
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declined: they heard,
And from his presence hid themselves among 100
The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud:
Where art thou, Adam? wont with joy to meet
My coming, seen far off! I miss thee here,
Not pleased, thus entertain'd with solitude, 105
Where obvious duty' erewhile appear'd unsought:
Or come I less conspicuous? or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.
He came, and with him Eve, more loth, tho' first
T' offend, discount'nanced both, and discomposed: 110
Love was not in their looks, either to God
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy', and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam, falt'ring long, thus answer'd brief:
I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice 115
Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom
The gracious Judge, without revile, reply'd:
My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
But still rejoiced: how is it now become 120
So dreadful to thee? That thou'rt naked, who
Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?
To whom thus Adam, sore beset, reply'd:
O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand 125
Before my Judge, either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame 130
By my complaint; but strict necessity
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolved; tho', should I hold my peace, yet thou 135
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.

This Woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill; 140
And what she did, whatever in itself,
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.
To whom the Sov'reign Presence thus reply'd:
Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey 145
Before his voice? or was she made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God set thee 'bove her, made of thee,
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd 150
Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts
Were such as under government well seem'd,
Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part 155
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.
So having said, he thus to Eve in few:
Say, Woman, what is this which thou hast done?
To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge 160
Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd, reply'd:
The Serpent me beguiled, and I did eat.
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To judgment he proceeded on th' accused
Serpent, though brute, unable to transfer 165
The guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation; justly then accursed,
As vitiated in nature: more to know
Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew) 170
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last
To Satan, first in sin, his doom applied,
Though in mysterious terms, judged as then best;
And on the serpent thus his curse let fall:

156. *Person*, here used in the sens of the Latin *persona*, character.

160. Warburton conjectures from this passage that Milton had not the intention when he wrote it, of making Michael give Adam the information on redemption which is found in the xiith book. If it be not so, the passage as he observes is out of place.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accursed 175
Above all cattle, each beast of the field;
Upon thy belly grov'ling thou shalt go,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the Woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her seed: 180
Her Seed shall bruise thy head; thou bruise his heel.
So spake this Oracle, then verify'd
When Jesus, Son of Mary, second Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heav'n,
Prince of the air; then, rising from his grave, 185
Spoil'd principalities and pow'rs, triumph'd
In open show, and, with ascension bright,
Captivity led captive through the air,
The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd;
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet; 190
E'en he who now foretold his fatal bruise,
And to the Woman thus his sentence turn'd:
Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception: Children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will 195
Thine shall submit: he over thee shall rule.
On Adam last thus judgment he pronounced:
Because thou'st hearken'd to th' voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree, concerning which 199
I charged thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof;
Cursed is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life:
Thorns also' and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid; and thou shalt eat th' herb of the field;
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' 205
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken (know thy birth);
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.
So judged he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
And th' instant stroke of death denounced, that day
Removed far off; then pitying how they stood 211
Before him naked to the air, that now
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,

184. There are several allusions to Scripture in this and the following lines, Luke x. 18. Eph. ii. 2. Col. ii. 15. Ps. lxviii. 18. and Rom. xxi. 20. 214. Philip. ii. 7.

As when he wash'd his servants' feet, so now, 215
As Father of his family, he clad
Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid;
And thought not much to clothe his enemies:
Nor he their outward only with the skins 220
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness,
Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.
To him with swift ascent he up return'd,
Into his blissful bosom re-assumed 225
In glory, as of old; to him appeased
All, tho' all-knowing, what had pass'd with Man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.
Meanwhile ere thus was sinn'd and judged on Earth,
Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death, 230
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into Chaos, since the Fiend pass'd through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began:
O Son, why sit we here each other viewing 235
Idly, while Satan our great author thrives
In other worlds, and happier seat provides
For us, his offspring dear? It cannot be
But that success attends him; if mishap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven 240
By his avengers, since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and dominion given me large
Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on, 245
Or sympathy, or some connat'ral force,
Pow'rful at greatest distance, to unite
With secret amity things of like kind
By secretest conveyance. Thou my shade
Inseparable, must with me along; 250
For Death from Sin no power can separate.

216. It was formerly believed that some animals shed their skins like snakes; but the most common supposition is, that the skins mentioned in this part of Scripture history were those of animals offered in sacrifice, which it is generally supposed were ordained in the earliest period of man's existence.

222. Isaiah lxi. 10.

229 *Sinn'd* and *judged*, impersonal verbs.

But lest the difficulty of passing back
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
Impassable, impervious, let us try
Advent'rous work, yet to thy pow'r and mine 255
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this main from Hell to that New World
Where Satan now prevails, a monument
Of merit high to all th' infernal host,
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse 260
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new-felt attraction and instinct.
Whom thus the meagre Shadow answer'd soon:
Go whither Fate and inclination strong 265
Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading, such a scent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The savour of Death from all things there that live:
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest 270
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.
So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Against the day of battle, to a field 275
Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lured
With scent of living carcases design'd
For death the following day, in bloody fight;
So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
His nostril wide into the murky air, 280
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
Then both from out Hell-gates into the waste
Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,
Flew diverse, and with pow'r (their pow'r was great)
Hov'ring upon the waters, what they met, 285
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
Tost up and down, together crowded drove
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell:
As when two polar winds, blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive 290
Mountains of ice, that stop th' imagined way

266. *Nor err*, nor mistake.
290. *Cronian sea*, the northern frozen ocean.—*Petsora*, a province on the north eastern extremity of Muscovy.—*Cathaian coast*, the north of China.

Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm 295
As Delos floating once; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move;
And with Asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of Hell the gather'd beach
They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on 300
Over the foaming deep high arch'd, a bridge
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immoveable of this now fenceless world
Forfeit to Death: from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easy, inoffensive down to Hell. 305
So, if great things to small may be compared,
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa his Memnonian palace high
Came to the sea, and over Hellespont
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd, 310
And scourged with many a stroke th' indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock,
Over the vex'd abyss, following the track
Of Satan to the self-same place where he 315
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare
Of this round world. With pins of adamant
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
And durable; and now in little space 320
The confines met of Empyréan Heav'n
An' of this World, and on the left hand Hell
With long reach interposed: three sev'ral ways
In sight, to each of these three places led.
And now their way to Earth they had descry'd, 325
To Paradise first tending, when, behold,
Satan, in likeness of an Angel bright,

296. After it became the birth-place of Apollo, Delos ceased, it is said, to float as formerly.
304. Matt. vii. 13.
306. *Xerxes*, the king of Persia, built a bridge over the Hellespont to invade Greece.—*Susa* was the capital of Susiana, a province of Persia.
312. The art of raising bridges was among the most wonderful in antiquity; and the high-priest of the Romans derived his name Pontifex, from *pons*, a bridge, and *facere*, to make.
322. Hell is placed on the left hand according to our Saviour's account. Matt. xxv. 41.

Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose.
Disguised he came; but those his children dear 330
Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
He, after Eve seduced, unminded slunk
Into the wood fast by, and changing shape
T' observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded 335
Upon her husband, saw their shame that sought
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd
He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
The present, fearing guilty what his wrath 340
Might suddenly inflict; that pass'd, return'd
By night, and list'ning where the hapless pair
Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood
Not instant, but of future time, with joy 345
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,
And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhoped
Met who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight 350
Of that stupendous bridge his joy increased.
Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke:
  O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own!
Thou art their author and prime architect: 356
For I no sooner in my heart divined,
My heart, which by a secret harmony
Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet,
That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks
Now also evidence, but straight I felt, 361
Tho' distant from thee worlds between, yet felt
That I must after thee with this thy son;
Such fatal consequence unites us three:
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds, 365
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
Detain from following thy illustrious track.
Thou hast achieved our liberty, confined
Within Hell-gates till now; thou us impower'd

328. To avoid the observation of Uriel, the constellations through which Satan passed being the most distant from Aries.

To fortify thus far, and overlay 370
With this portentous bridge the dark abyss.
Thine now is all this world; thy virtue' hath won
What thy hands builded not; thy wisdom gain'd
With odds what war hath lost, and fully 'venged 374
Our foil in Heav'n: here thou shalt monarch reign;
There didst not; there let him still victor sway,
As battle hath adjudged, from this new world
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
Of all things parted by th' empyreal bounds, 380
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world,
Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne.
Whom thus the Prince of darkness answer'd glad;
Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,
High proof ye now have given to be the race 385
Of Satan (for I glory in the name,
Antagonist of Heav'n s Almighty King);
Amply have merited of me, of all
Th' infernal empire, that so near Heav'n's door
Triumphal with triumphal act have met, 390
Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm
Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
Of easy thoroughfare. Therefore, while I
Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,
To my associate Pow'rs, them to acquaint 395
With these successes, and with them rejoice,
You two this way, among these numerous orbs
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
There dwell and reign in bliss, thence on the earth
Dominion exercise, and in the air, 400
Chiefly on Man, sole lord of all declared;
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
My substitutes I send ye, and create
Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might
Issuing from me. On your joint vigour now 405
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit.
If your joint pow'r prevail, th' affairs of Hell
No detriment need fear. Go, and be strong.
So saying, he dismiss'd them; they with speed 410
Their course through thickest constellations held,

387. *Antagonist*, the meaning of the Hebrew word Satan

Spreading their bane; the blasted stars look'd wan,
And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse
Then suffer'd. Th' other way Satan went down
The causey to Hell-gate; on either side 415
Disparted Chaos over-built exclaim'd,
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd
That scorn'd his indignation. Through the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,
And all about found desolate; for those 420
Appointed to sit there had left their charge,
Flown to the upper world; the rest were all
Far to th' inland retired, about the walls
Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat
Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd, 425
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd.
There kept their watch the legions, while the Grand
In council sat, solicitous what chance
Might intercept their emperor sent; so he
Departing, gave command; and they observed. 430
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe
By Astracan over the snowy plains
Retires, or Bactrian Sophi from the horns
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat 435
To Tauris or Casbeen, so these the late
Heav'n-banish'd host, left desert utmost Hell
Many a dark league, reduced in careful watch
Round their metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great advent'rer from the search 440
Of foreign worlds; he through the midst, unmark'd,
In show plebeian Angel militant
Of lowest order, pass'd; and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible,
Ascended his high throne, which under state 445
Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end
Was placed in regal lustre. Down a while
He sat, and round about him saw, unseen.

412. See Ovid, Met. ii. 791.
426. *Paragon'd*, from the French *paragonner*.
432. *Astracan*, a large city in one of the islands of the Volga.—*Sophi*, the king of Persia, who is styled Bactrian, from one of the richest of the Persian provinces.
435. *Aladule*, the greater Armenia.—*Tauris*, a city in Persia, now called Ecbatana.—*Casbeen*, another great city in the same country.

At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad 450
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter. All amazed
At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng
Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
Their mighty chief return'd. Loud was th' acclaim: 455
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,
Raised from their dark Divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention won:
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs,
For in possession such, not only' of right, 461
I call ye, and declare ye now, return'd
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accursed, the house of woe, 465
And dungeon of our tyrant. Now possess,
As Lords, a spacious world, to' our native Heav'n
Little inferior, by my adventure hard
With peril great achieved. Long were to tell
What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain 470
Voyaged th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep
Of horrible confusion, over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forced to ride 475
Th' untractable abyss, plunged in the womb
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,
That jealous of their secrets fiercely opposed
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
Protesting Fate supreme; thence how I found 480
The new-created world, which fame in Heav'n
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful,
Of absolute perfection, therein Man
Placed in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happy. Him by fraud I have seduced 485
From his Creator, and the more to' increase
Your wonder, with an apple! He thereat
Offended (worth your laughter) hath given up
Both his beloved Man and all his world,
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us, 490
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm;

To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
To rule, as over all he should have ruled.
True is, me also he hath judged, or rather
Me not, but the brute Serpent, in whose shape 495
Man I deceived. That which to me belongs
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and mankind: I am to bruise his heel;
His seed (when is not set) shall bruise my head.
A world who would not purchase with a bruise, 500
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,
But up and enter now into full bliss?
So having said, a while he stood, expecting
Their universal shout and high applause 505
To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn. He wonder'd, but not long
Had leisure, wond'ring at himself now more: 510
His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
His arms clung to his ribs, his legs intwining
Each other, till supplanted down he fell
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain; a greater Pow'r 515
Now ruled him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,
According to his doom. He would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue
To forked tongue; for now were all transform'd
Alike; to serpents all as accessories 520
To his bold riot. Dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters, head and tail,
Scorpion, and Asp, and Amphisbæna dire,
Cerastes horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear, 525
And Dipsas (not so thick swarm'd once the soil

504. The transformation of the fallen angels mentioned in this passage is a fine invention, and one of those bold marvels which so well fit the nature of epic poetry.

513. *Supplanted*, here used in its original sense, from the Latin *supplantare*, to trip up by the heels.

524. *Amphisbæna*, a serpent with a head at both ends of its body; *Cerastes*, as here called, a horned snake; *Hydrus*, a water snake; *Elops*, a serpent which gives no notice of its approach; and *Dipsas*, one which occasions a feverish thirst by its bite.

Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle
Ophiusa); but still greatest he the midst,
Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the sun
Engender'd in the Pythian vale on slime, 530
Huge Python, and his pow'r no less he seem'd
Above the rest still to retain. They all
Him follow'd, issuing forth to th' open field,
Where all yet left of that revolted rout
Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array, 535
Sublime with expectation when to see
In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief:
They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
Of ugly serpents. Horror on them fell,
And horrid sympathy; for what they saw, 540
They felt themselves now changing. Down their arms,
Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
Catch'd by contagion, like in punishment,
As in their crime. Thus was th' applause they meant
Turn'd to exploding hiss; triumph to shame, 545
Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood
A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that 550
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
Used by the Tempter. On that prospect strange
Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden tree a multitude
Now risen, to work them further woe or shame; 555
Yet parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,
But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees
Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks
That curl'd Megæra. Greedily they pluck'd 560
The fruitage, fair to sight, like that which grew

527. Lucan, Phars. ix. 696. in which the account is given of Perseus slaying the Gorgon.—*Ophiusa* is an island in the Mediterranean, which was deserted by its inhabitants, on account of the enormous multitude of serpents there.

530. The *Python* was a serpent said to have sprung from the slime that was left after the Deucalian deluge.

560. *Megæra*, one of the furies.

Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed;
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
Deceived: they fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit 565
Chew'd bitter ashes; which th' offended taste
With spatt'ring noise rejected. Oft they' assay'd,
Hunger and thirst constraining, drugg'd as oft
With hatefullest disrelish, writhed their jaws
With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell 570
Into the same illusion, not as Man
Whom they triumph'd once lapsed. Thus were they plagued
And worn with famin, long and ceaseless hiss,
Till their lost shape, permitted, they resumed;
Yearly enjoin'd, some say, to undergo 575
This annual humbling certain number'd days,
To dash their pride, and joy for Man seduced.
However, some tradition they dispersed
Among the Heathen of their purchase got,
And fabled how the Serpent, whom they call'd 580
Ophion with Eurynome, the wide
Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driv'n
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.
Mean while, in Paradise the hellish pair 585
Too soon arrived, Sin there in Pow'r before,
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her Death
Close following, pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse: to whom Sin thus began: 590

562. It is said by Josephus that trees were to be seen about this devoted spot, which bore fruit delicious to the eye, but falling into ashes the moment it was touched.

573. Bentley reads *with thirst and famin dire.*

574. This idea is supposed to have been taken from the old romances, or from Ariosto, Can. 43. st. 96

581. So true it is that the most ancient mythological fables bear evident traces of having originated in traditions derived from the scripture history.—*Ophion*, or *the serpent*, was undoubtedly Satan; and *Eurynome*, or *the wide-ruling*, must have referred to Eve, who was so called from the ambitious desires with which she eat the forbidden fruit.—Jortin says, Milton took the idea from Apollonius, 1.

586. *Sin in pow'r*, that is, there was a possibility of its betraying man. *Actual once*, namely, when Adam really sinned; and *in body*, when it became always present and active.

590. Rev. vi. 8.

Second of Satan sprung, all-conqu'ring Death,
What think'st thou of our empire now, tho' earn'd
With travel difficult? Not better far
Than still at Hell's dark threshold to' have sat watch,
Unnamed, undreaded, and thyself half starved? 595
Whom thus the Sin-born monster answer'd soon:
To me, who with eternal famine pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven;
There best, where most with ravin I may meet;
Which here, tho' plenteous, all too little seems 600
To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corpse.
To whom the incestuous mother thus reply'd:
Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs,
Feed first, on each beast next, and fish, and fowl,
No homely morsels; and whatever thing 605
The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspared;
Till I in Man, residing through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.
This said, they both betook them sev'ral ways, 610
Both to destroy or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature
Sooner or later; which th' Almighty seeing,
From his transcendent seat the Saints among,
To those bright Orders utter'd thus his voice: 615
See with what heat these dogs of Hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I
So fair and good created, and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly' of Man
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute 620
Folly to me! So doth the prince of Hell
And his adherents, that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem
To gratify my scornful enemies, 625
That laugh as if, transported with some fit
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule,
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither,
My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth 630
Which Man's polluting sin with taint hath shed

601. *Unhide-bound*, not filled out, with a skin hanging loose and flabby.

On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorged, nigh
With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling [burst
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave at last 635
Thro' Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
Then Heav'n and Earth renew'd, shall be made pure
To sanctity, that shall receive no stain:
Till then, the curse pronounced on both precedes. 640
He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud
Sung Halleluiah, as the sound of seas,
Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;
Who can extenuate thee! Next, to the Son, 645
Destined Restorer of mankind, by whom
New Heav'n and Earth shall to the ages rise,
Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was their song,
While the Creator, calling forth by name
His mighty Angels, gave them several charge, 650
As sorted best with present things. The sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable; and from the north to call
Decrepit winter; from the south to bring 655
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blank moon
Her office they prescribed; to th' other five
Their planetary motions and aspects
In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join 660
In synod unbenign; and taught the fix'd
Their influence malignant when to show'r,
Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous; to the winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound 665
Sea, air, and shore, the thunder when to roll
With terror through the dark aereal hall.
Some say, he bid his Angels turn askance
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
From the sun's axle; they with labour push'd 670
Oblique the centric globe. Some say, the sun
Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road

643. Rev. xv. 3. xvi. 7. 647. Rev. xxi. 2.
664. *Blank* moon, like the French word *blanc*, white.

Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven
Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins
Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain 675
By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring
Perpetual smiled on earth with verdant flow'rs,
Equal in days and nights, except to those 680
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun,
To recompense his distance, in their sight
Had rounded still th' horizon, and not known
Or east or west, which had forbid the snow 685
From cold Estotiland, and south as far
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit
The sun, as from Thyéstean banquet, turn'd
His course intended; else how had the world
Inhabited, though sinless, more than now, 690
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
These changes in the Heav'ns, tho' slow, produced
Like change on sea and land; sideral blast,
Vapour and mist, and exhalation hot,
Corrupt and pestilent: now from the north 695
Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,
Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,
And snow, and hail, and stormy gust, and flaw,
Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,
And Thrascias, rend the woods, and seas upturn; 700
With adverse blast upturns them from the south
Notus and Afer black, with thund'rous clouds
From Serraliona. Thwart of these as fierce
Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,
Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise, 705
Sirocco and Libecchio. Thus began
Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord, first,

686. *Estotiland*, a country in North America, near Hudson's Bay.—*Magellan*, a part of South America.
688. *Thyestean banquet*; Thyestes is said to have been banqueted by his brother on the bodies of his murdered children.
696. *Norumbega*, a province of North America.—*Samoieda*, a province of Muscovy.
699. The names of the north, north-west, north-east, the south, and south-west winds.—*Serraliona*, a range of mountains to the south-west of Africa.—*Sirocco* and *Libecchio*, the south-east and south-west winds.

Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,
Death introduced, through fierce antipathy.
Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving, 711
Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
Of man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
Glared on him passing. These were from without
The growing miseries, which Adam saw 715
Already' in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
To sorrow' abandon'd, but worse felt within;
And in a troubled sea of passion tost,
Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint:
O miserable of happy'! Is this the end 720
Of this new glorious world, and me so late
The glory of that glory, who now, become
Accursed of blessed, hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happiness? Yet well, if here would end 725
The misery. I deserved it, and would bear
My own deservings; but this will not serve;
All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse! O voice once heard
Delightfully, 'Increase and multiply,' 730
Now death to hear! For what can I increase
Or multiply, but curses on my head!
Who, of all ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head! Ill fare our ancestor impure! 735
For this we may thank Adam! but his thanks
Shall be the execration! So besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound;
On me, as on their natural centre, light 740
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place 745
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust;

744. Bentley proposes to cut out the following ten lines as unworthy of Milton's genius and a detriment to the poem.

Desirous to resign and render back
All I received, unable to perform 730
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes! Inexplicable
Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too late 735
I thus contest: then should have been refused
Those terms whatever, when they were proposed.
Thou didst accept them. Wilt thou' enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? And though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son 740
Prove disobedient, and reproved, retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not.
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But natural necessity begot. 745
God made thee' of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him: thy reward was of his grace;
Thy punishment then, justly', is at his will.
Be' it so, for I submit: his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return. 750
O welcome hour whenever! Why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive,
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet 755
Mortality, my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! How glad would lay me down,
As in my mother's lap! There I should rest,
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears! No fear of worse 760
To me and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation! Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die;
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of Man
Which God inspired, cannot together perish 765
With this corporeal clod! then in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living death! O thought
Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath
Of life that sinn'd. What dies but what had life 770
And sin? the body, properly, hath neither.
All of me then shall die. Let this appease

The doubt, since human reach no further knows;
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath also? Be it, Man is not so, 795
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on Man whom death must end?
Can he make deathless death? That were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himself
Impossible is held; as argument 800
Of weakness, not of pow'r. Will he draw out,
For anger's sake, finite to infinite
In punish'd Man, to satisfy his rigour,
Satisfy'd never? That were to extend
His sentence beyond dust and Nature's law, 805
By which all causes else, according still
To the reception of their matter, act;
Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say
That death be not one stroke, as I supposed,
Bereaving sense, but endless misery 810
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me and without me, and so last
To perpetuity! Ah me! that fear
Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceless head! Both Death and I 815
Am found eternal, and incorporate both!
Nor I on my part single: in me all
Posterity stands cursed! Fair Patrimony
That I must leave ye, Sons! O were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none! 820
So disinherited, how would ye bless
Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind
For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed
But all corrupt, both mind and will depraved;
Not to do only, but to will the same 825
With me! How can they then acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him, after all disputes
Forced, I absolve. All my evasions vain,
And reasonings, tho' through mazes, lead me still 830
But to my own conviction. First and last
On me, me only, as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due:

805. *Just* is proposed instead of *dust*, in this line.
806. An incessant affectation of school learning may be remarked in every part of this passage.
816. Rom. vii. 20. 823. Rom. xiv. 4.

So might the wrath. Fond wish! couldst thou support
That burden, heavier than the earth to bear, 835
Than all the world much heavier, though divided
With that bad Woman! Thus, what thou desirest
And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example and future: 840
To Satan only like, both crime and doom.
O Conscience! into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driven me! out of which
I find no way! from deep to deeper plunged!
Thus Adam to himself lamented loud 845
Through the still night, not now, as ere Man fell,
Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air
Accompany'd, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror. On the ground 850
Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Cursed his creation; Death as oft accused
Of tardy execution, since denounced
The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,
Said he, with one thrice-acceptable stroke, 855
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word!
Justice divine not hasten to be just!
But Death comes not at call; Justice divine
Mends not her slowest pace for pray'rs or cries!
O woods, O fountains, hillocs, dales, and bow'rs, 860
With other echo, late I taught your shades
To answer, and resound far other song!
Whom thus afflicted, when sad Eve beheld,
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd: 865
But her with stern regard he thus repell'd:
Out of my sight, thou Serpent! that name best
Befits thee with him leagued, thyself as false
And hateful! nothing wants, but that thy shape
Like his, and colour serpentine, may shew 870
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth, lest that too heav'nly form, pretended
To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for thee
I had persisted happy', had not thy pride
And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe, 875

872. *Pretended*; in the Latin sense, *held before*.

Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen
Though by the Devil himself, him overweening
To o'er-reach, but with the Serpent meeting
Fool'd and beguiled, by him thou, I by thee, 880
To trust thee from my side, imagined wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
And understood not all was but a show
Rather than solid virtue'; all but a rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears, 885
More to the part sinister, from me drawn,
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
To my just number found. O why did God
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heav'n
With Spirits masculine, create at last 890
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With Men, as Angels, without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n, 895
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on earth, through female snares,
And straight conjunction with this sex: for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake; 900
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse; or if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound 905
To a fell adversary', his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household-peace confound.
He added not, and from her turn'd. But Eve,
Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet 911
Fell humble, and embracing them, besought
His peace; and thus proceeded in her plaint:
Forsake me not thus, Adam! Witness, Heav'n,
What love sincere, and rev'rence in my heart 91
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceived! Thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees. Bereave me not,

Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress, 920
My only strength and stay. Forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me? where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace; both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity 925
Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
That cruel Serpent. On me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befall'n,
On me already lost, me than thyself
More miserable. Both have sinn'd; but thou 930
Against God only'; I against God and thee,
And to the place of judgment will return
There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all
The sentence, from thy head removed, may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe! 935
Me, me only, just object of his ire.
She ended weeping; and her lowly plight,
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought
Commiseration. Soon his heart relented 940
Tow'rds her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress,
Creature so fair his reconcilement seeking,
His counsel, whom she had displeased, his aid;
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost, 945
And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon:
Unwary' and too desirous, as before,
So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
The punishment all on thyself; alas,
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain 950
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If pray'rs
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited; 955
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
To me committed, and by me exposed.
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame

940. It is said that Milton had a personal feeling in writing this passage, and described his meeting and reconciliation with his wife who had been for some time separated from him.

Each other, blamed enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of love, how we may lighten 960
Each other's burden, in our share of woe;
Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil,
A long day's dying to augment our pain,
And to our seed (O hapless seed!) derived. 965
To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, reply'd:
Adam, by sad experiment, I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found so erroneous, thence by just event
Found so unfortunate! nevertheless, 970
Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen, 975
Tending to some relief of our extremes,
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd 980
By Death at last; and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
Into this cursed world a woeful race!
That after wretched life, must be at last 985
Food for so foul a monster! In thy pow'r
It lies, yet ere conception, to prevent
The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, childless remain; so Death
Shall be deceived his glut, and with us two 990
Be forced to satisfy his rav'nous maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,
And with desire to languish without hope, 995
Before the present object languishing
With like desire, which would be misery
And torment less than none of what we dread,
Then both ourselves and seed at once to free
From what we fear for both let us make short; 1000
Let us seek Death, or he not found, supply

With our own hands his office on ourselves.
Why stand we longer shivering under fears,
That shew no end but death, and have the pow'r
Of many ways to die, the shortest choosing, 1005
Destruction with destruction to destroy?
  She ended here, or vehement despair
Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts
Had entertain'd, as dyed her cheeks with pale.
But Adam with such counsel nothing sway'd: 1010
To better hopes his more attentive mind
Labouring had raised, and thus to Eve replied:
  Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
To argue in thee something more sublime
And excellent than what thy mind contemns; 1015
But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
For loss of life and pleasure overloved.
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end 1020
Of misery, so thinking to evade
The penalty pronounced, doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire than so
To be forestall'd: much more I fear lest death
So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain 1025
We are by doom to pay: rather such acts
Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
To make death in us live. Then let us seek
Some safer resolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed 1030
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise
The Serpent's head. Piteous amends! unless
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe
Satan, who in the serpent hath contrived
Against us this deceit. To crush his head 1035
Would be revenge indeed: which will be lost
By death brought on ourselves, or childless days
Resolved, as thou proposest; so our foe
Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd, and we
Instead, shall double ours upon our heads. 1040
No more be mention'd then of violence
Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness,
That cuts us off from hope, and savours only
Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God and his just yoke 1045

Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judged,
Without wrath or reviling! We expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by death that day; when lo! to thee 1050
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth; soon recompensed with joy,
Fruit of thy womb. On me the curse aslope
Glanced on the ground. With labour I must earn
My bread. What harm? Idleness had been worse:
My labour will sustain me. And lest cold 1055
Or heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath unbesought provided, and his hands
Cloth'd us, unworthy, pitying while he judged;
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear 1060
Be open, and his heart to pity' incline,
And teach us farther by what means to shun
Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow!
Which now the sky with various face begins
To shew us in this mountain, while the winds 1065
Blow moist and keen, shatt'ring the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading trees; which bids us seek
Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star
Leave cold the night, how'we his gather'd beams 1070
Reflected, may with matter sere foment,
Or, by collision of two bodies, grind
The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds
Justling, or push'd with winds, rude in their shock,
Tine the slant lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine, [down
And sends a comfortable heat from far,
Which might supply the sun. Such fire to use,
And what may else be remedy or cure
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought, 1080
He will instruct us praying, and of grace
Beseeching him, so as we need not fear
To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
By him with many comforts, till we end
In dust: our final rest and native home. 1085
What better can we do, than to the place
Repairing where he judged us, prostrate fall

1069. *Diurnal star*, the sun. 1075. *Tine*, to light or kindle.

Before him, reverent, and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air 1090
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow' unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?
Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn
From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
When angry most he seem'd, and most severe, 1095
What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone?
So spake our father penitent: nor Eve
Felt less remorse. They forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judged them, prostrate fell
Before him, reverent, and both confess'd 1100
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow' unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents, now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach; goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: The Angel leads him up to a high hill; sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

THUS they in lowliest plight, repentant, stood
Praying; for from the mercy-seat above
Prevenient grace descending, had removed
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breathed 5
Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
Inspired, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory: yet their port
Not of mean suitors, nor important less
Seem'd their petition, than when th' ancient pair 10
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,

1092. *Humiliation*, the act of humbling, not humility.
4. A verbal critic might I think find fault with this and the following line, in which there are three words used to express one idea, *new*, *regenerate*, and *instead*.

Paradise

Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To Heav'n their pray'rs
Flew up; nor miss'd the way, by envious winds 15
Blown vagabond or frustrate. In they pass'd
Dimensionless, through heav'nly doors; then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fumed,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne: then the glad Son 20
Presenting, thus to intercede began:
  See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung
From thy implanted grace in Man! these sighs
And pray'rs, which in this golden censer, mix'd
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring: 25
Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which his own hand manuring, all the trees
Of Paradise could have produced, ere fallen
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear 30
To supplication; hear his sighs though mute.
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him, me his Advocate
And propitiation. All his works on me,
Good or not good, ingraft; my merit those 35
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me, and in me from these receive
The smell of peace tow'rd mankind. Let him live
Before thee reconciled, at least his days
Number'd, tho' sad, till death, his doom (which I 40
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)
To better life shall yield him; where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss;
Made one with me as I with thee am one.
  To whom the Father, without cloud, serene: 45
All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
Obtain: all thy request was my decree.
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,

12. *Deucalion* and his wife, it is said by the poets, were the only remains of the human race left after the flood, which happened in their time. This fable had evidently its origin in a traditionary account of the great deluge.—*Themis* was the goddess of justice. See Ovid, Met. i. 318.
16. *Vagabond*, from the Latin *vago*, to wander.
22. 1 John ii. 1, 2. 38. Levit. iii. 5.
44. John xvii. 21, 22.

The law I gave to nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal elements that know 50
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him, tainted now, and purge him off
As a distemper, gross to air as gross;
And mortal food, as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first 55
Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd; with happiness
And immortality: that fondly lost,
This other served but to eternize woe; 60
Till I provided death; so death becomes
His final remedy, and after life,
Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined
By faith and faithful works to second life,
Waked in the renovation of the just 65
Resigns him up with Heav'n and Earth renew'd.
But let us call to synod all the Blest
Through Heav'n's wide bounds; from them I will not hide
My judgments, how with mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant Angels late they saw, 70
And in their state, tho' firm, stood more confirm'd.
He ended; and the Son gave signal high
To the bright minister that watch'd. He blew
His trumpet (heard in Oreb since, perhaps,
When God descended, and perhaps once more 75
To sound at general doom): th' angelic blast
Fill'd all the regions. From their blissful bow'rs
Of amarantine shade, fountain or spring,
By the waters of life, where'er they sat
In fellowships of joy, the sons of light 80
Hasted, resorting to the summons high,
And took their seats; till from his throne supreme
Th' Almighty thus pronounced his Sov'reign will:
O Sons! like one of us Man is become,
To know both good and evil, since his taste 85
Of that defended fruit! but let him boast
His knowledge of good lost, and evil got:

74. Exod. xx. 18. 1 Thess. iv. 16.
82. Rev. iv. 4. xi. 16. Matt. xix. 28. 84. Gen. iii. 22—24.
85. *Defended*, like the French *defendre*, to forbid.

Happier, had it sufficed him to have known
Good by itself, and evil not all.
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite, 90
My motions in him. Longer than they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain
Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand
Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,
And live for ever (dream at least to live 95
For ever) to remove him I decree,
And send him from the garden forth to till
The ground whence he was taken: fitter soil.
Michael, this my behest have thou in charge:
Take to thee from among the Cherubim 100
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the Fiend,
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise.
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God,
Without remorse, drive out the sinful pair 105
(From hallow'd ground th' unholy), and denounce
To them and to their progeny, from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint
At the sad sentence rigorously urged,
For I behold them soften'd, and with tears 110
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them not disconsolate. Reveal
To Adam what shall come in future days,
As I shall thee enlighten. Intermix 115
My cov'nant in the Woman's seed renew'd;
So send them forth, tho' sorrowing, yet in peace:
And on the east side of the garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame 120
Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,
And guard all passage to the tree of life,
Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey, 124
With whose stol'n fruit Man once more to delude.
He ceased; and th' Archangelic Pow'r prepared
For swift descent, with him the cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubim. Four faces each
Had, like a double Janus: all their shape

123. Ezek. x. 14.

Spangled with eyes, more numerous than those 130
Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,
Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Mean while
To re-salute the world with sacred light,
Leucothea waked, and with fresh dews imbalm'd 135
The Earth; when Adam and (first matron) Eve
Had ended now their orisons, and found
Strength added from above, new hope to spring
Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link'd:
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd: 140
Eve, easily may faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n descends;
But that from us aught should ascend to Heav'n
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will, 145
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer,
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
Ev'n to the seat of God! For since I sought
By prayer th' offended Deity to' appease,
Kneel'd, and before him humbled all my heart, 150
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear! Persuasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour! Peace return'd
Home to my breast, and to my memory
His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe; 155
Which then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live! Whence hail to thee,
Eve (rightly call'd) mother of all mankind,
Mother of all things living; since by thee 160
Man is to live, and all things live for Man!
To whom thus Eve, with sad demeanour meek:
Ill worthy I such title should belong
To me transgressor, who, for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy snare! To me reproach 165

131. *Argus*, it is said, was lulled to sleep, and then killed by Mercury.

135. *Leucothea*; the morning, so called from two Greek words signifying *light* and *goddess*. This is the last morning in the poem, and is supposed to be the commencement of the eleventh day in the action on earth.

157. 1 Sam. xv. 32.

159. Gen. iii. 20. *Eve* is from an Hebrew word signifying *life*, or *to live*.

Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise!
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I, who first brought death on all, am graced
The source of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to' entitle me vouchsaf'st, 170
Far other name deserving. But the field
To labour calls us, now with sweat imposed,
Though after sleepless night; for, see, the morn,
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
Her rosy progress smiling: let us forth, 175
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd
Laborious, till day droop. While here we dwell,
What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?
Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content. 180
So spake, so wish'd much-humbled Eve, but Fate
Subscribed not. Nature first gave signs, impress'd
On bird, beast, air, air suddenly eclipsed
After short blush of morn. Nigh in her sight
The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his aery tour, 185
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove.
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
First hunter then, pursued a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind:
Direct to th' eastern gate was bent their flight. 190
Adam observed, and with his eye the chase
Pursuing, not unmoved, to Eve thus spake:
O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,
Which Heav'n by these mute signs in nature shews,
Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn 195
Us haply, too secure of our discharge
From penalty, because from death released
Some days. How long, and what till then our life
Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,
And thither must return, and be no more? 200
Why else this double object in our sight
Of flight pursued in th' air, and o'er the ground
One way the self-same hour? Why in the east
Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning light
More orient in yon western cloud, that draws 205
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,

182. *Subscribed not*, consented not.
204. See Marino, Can. 2. st. 6'.

And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught?
He err'd not; for by this the heav'nly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt, 210
A glorious apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright; 215
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,
Against the Syrian king, who, to surprise
One man, assassin-like, had levied war,
War unproclaim'd. The princely Hierarch 220
In their bright stand there left his Pow'rs to seize
Possession of the garden: he alone,
To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way,
Not unperceived of Adam, who to Eve,
While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake: 225
Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will soon determine, or impose
New laws to be observed; for I descry
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
One of the heav'nly host, and by his gait 230
None of the meanest, some great Potentate
Or of the Thrones above, such majesty
Invests his coming; yet not terrible,
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,
As Raphael, that I should much confide, 235
But solemn and sublime; whom not to' offend,
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.
He ended: and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man. Over his lucid arms 240
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Meliboean, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof;
His starry helm unbuckled, shew'd him prime 245

213. Gen. xxxii. 1, 2. 2 Kings vi. 13.

242. The famous scarlet dye celebrated among the ancients was made from a fish called *estrum*, found near Melibœa, a city of Thessaly.—*Sar* was the name of the fish of which the Phœnicians made the famous Tyrian purple.

In manhood where youth ended. By his side,
As in a glist'ring zodiac, hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
Adam bow'd low: He, kingly, from his state
Inclined not, but his coming thus declared: 250
Adam, Heav'n's high behest no preface needs:
Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and Death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
Defeated of his seizure, many days
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent, 255
And one bad act, with many deeds well done.
May'st cover: well may then thy Lord, appeased,
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not. To remove thee I am come, 260
And send thee from the garden forth to till
The ground, whence thou wast taken; fitter soil.
He added not; for Adam at the news
Heart-struck, with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound. Eve, who unseen 265
Yet all had heard, with audible lament,
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.
O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise! thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades, 270
Fit haunt of Gods! where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both! O flow'rs,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last 275
At e'en, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bower by me adorn'd 280
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down

261. The repetition of the message in the same words in which it was given is common in classical writers, and, it may be added, in those of Scripture also.

268. It has been excellently remarked by Addison, that there is great beauty in Eve's thus expressing her sorrow at leaving the garden of Paradise. Fitness and all the beauties of propriety are indeed to be found in every line of this part of the poem.

Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild! How shall we breathe in other air,
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits! 285
Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild:
Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine;
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes 290
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound.
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.
Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
Recov'ring, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
To Michael thus his humble words address'd: 295
Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or named
Of them the high'st, for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us. What besides 300
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else 305
Inhospitable' appear and desolate;
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of Him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries. 310
But prayer against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that departing hence, 315
As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
His blessed count'nance. Here I could frequent
With worship place by place where he vouchsafed
Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
On this mount he appear'd; under this tree 320
Stood visible; among these pines his voice
I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd.
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory 325

Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flow'rs.
In yonder nether world, where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or foot-step trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd 330
To life prolong'd and promised race, I now
Gladly behold, though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.
To whom thus Michael, with regard benign:
Adam, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the Earth,
Not this rock only'. His omnipresence fills 335
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by his virtual pow'r and warm'd.
All th' earth he gave thee to possess and rule:
No despicable gift: surmise not then 340
His presence to these narrow bounds confined
Of Paradise or Eden. This had been
Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of th' earth, to celebrate 345
And rev'rence thee, their great progenitor.
But this pre-eminence thou'st lost; brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons.
Yet doubt not, but in valley and in plain
God is as here, and will be found alike 350
Present, and of his presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal love, his face
Express, and of his steps the track divine:
Which, that thou may'st believe, and be confirm'd
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent 355
To shew thee what shall come in future days
To thee and to thy offspring. Good with bad
Expect to hear, supernal grace contending
With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn 360
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow, equally inured
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and, best prepared, endure 365
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
This hill. Let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)

332. Exod. xxxiii. 22, 23.

Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wak'st;
As once thou sleptst, while she to life was form'd.
To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd: 370
Ascend; I follow thee, safe Guide, the path
Thou lead'st me', and to the hand of Heav'n submit,
However chast'ning, to the evil turn
My obvious breast, arming to overcome
By suff'ring, and earn rest from labour won, 375
If so I may attain. So both ascend
In the visions of God. It was a hill
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken
Stretch'd out to th' amplest reach of prospect lay.
Not higher that hill nor wider, looking round, 381
Whereon for diff'rent cause the Tempter set
Our second Adam in the wilderness,
To shew him all earth's kingdoms and their glory.
His eye might there command wherever stood 385
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarcand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan kings, and thence 390
To Agra and Lahore of great Mogul,
Down to the golden Chersonese, or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
In Hispahan, or where the Russian Czar
In Moscow, or the Sultan in Bizance, 395
Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken
Th' empire of Negus to his utmost port
Ercoco, and the less maritime kings,
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,

381. Matt. iv. 8.

387. There is here another instance of Milton's supposed affectation of learning. I do not conceive either this, or any of the other passages mentioned, to be so. To a mere cursory or idle reader it may seem a dry geographical catalogue, but it should be observed, that the countries mentioned recall by their names some of the most brilliant passages of history, and thus fill the page with the gorgeousness and magnificence of olden tradition. An observation hence occurs, which must at once strike the reader, that fully to enjoy Milton in all his excellences, much various knowledge is necessary. The simplest account we could here give of the several countries mentioned in these lines would occupy too large a space for the size of the work, and would certainly not aid the reader in understanding better than at first the various allusions the passage presents.

And Sofala, thought Ophir, to the realm 400
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,
The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez, and Sus,
Morocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
The world. In spirit perhaps he also saw 405
Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons 410
Call El Dorado: but to nobler sights
Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed,
Which that false fruit, that promised clearer sight,
Had bred; then purged with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see; 415
And from the well of life three drops instill'd.
So deep the pow'r of these ingredients pierced,
E'en to the inmost seat of mental sight,
That Adam, now enforced to close his eyes,
Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranced;
But him the gentle Angel by the hand 421
Soon raised, and his attention thus recall'd:
Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought
In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd 425
Th' excepted tree, nor with the snake conspired,
Nor sinn'd thy sin; yet from that sin derive
Corruption, to bring forth more violent deeds.
His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves 430
New reap'd, the other part sheep-walks and folds;
I' th' midst an altar as the land-mark stood,
Rustic, of grassy sord. Thither anon
A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
First fruits; the green ear and the yellow sheaf, 435
Uncull'd, as came to hand. A shepherd next,
More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock

414. *Euphrasy*, the herb called in English *eye-bright*.—*Rue* is still regarded as possessing some remarkable virtues.
430. Dan. x. 8. the idea in which seems to be copied here.
433. *Sord* or *sward*. Milton agrees with the best commentators in the filling up of this passage, which is principally taken from Scripture.

Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid
The inwards and their fat, with incense strow'd,
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd. 440
His off'ring soon propitious fire from Heav'n
Consumed; with nimble glancé and grateful steam:
The other's not, for his was not sincere;
Whereat he inly raged, and as they talk'd,
Smote him into the midriff with a stone 445
That beat our life. He fell, and, deadly pale,
Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effused.
Much at that sight was Adam in his heart
Dismay'd; and thus in haste to th' Angel cry'd:
O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n 450
To that meek man, who well had sacrificed!
Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?
T' whom Michael thus (he also moved) reply'd:
These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins. Th' unjust the just hath slain, 455
For envy that his brother's off'ring found
From Heav'n acceptance: but the bloody fact
Will be avenged, and th' other's faith approved
Lose no reward, though here thou see him die
Rolling in dust and gore. To which our sire: 460
Alas! both for the deed and for the cause!
But have I now seen Death? Is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terror, foul, and ugly to behold!
Horrid to think! how horrible to feel! 465
To whom thus Michael: Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on Man: but many shapes
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal: yet to sense
More terrible at th' entrance than within. 470
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
By fire, flood, famine, by intemp'rance more
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear; that thou may'st know
What misery th' inabstinence of Eve 475
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place

458. Heb. xi. 4.
477. The invention of the poet is finely exercised in the circumstances of this vision.

Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark,
A lazar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseased, all maladies 480
Of ghastly spasm or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all fev'rous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy, 485
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
Tended the sick, busiest, from couch to couch; 490
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked
With vows, as their chief good and final hope.
Sight so deform, what heart of rock could long
Dry-eyed behold! Adam could not, but wept, 495
Though not of woman born. Compassion quell'd
His best of man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess;
And, scarce recov'ring words, his plaint renew'd.
O miserable mankind! to what fall 500
Degraded! to what wretched state reserved!
Better end here unborn. Why is life given
To be thus wrested from us? Rather, why
Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept 505
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
The image of God, in man created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
To such unsightly suff'rings be debased 510
Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,
Retaining still divine similitude
In part, from such deformities be free,
And for his Maker's image sake exempt?
Their Maker's image, answer'd Michael, then 515
Forsook them when themselves they vilify'd
To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took

517. There is a considerable error, I imagine, in the ideas thus put into the mouth of Michael. By supposing Eve swayed, as here said, by a *brutish vice*, the consequences of the fall and the

His image whom they served (a brutish vice)
Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
Therefore, so abject is their punishment, 520
Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own,
Or, if his likeness, by themselves defaced,
While they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules
To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they
God's image did not rev'rence in themselves. 525
  I yield it just, said Adam, and submit.
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?
  There is, said Michael, if thou well observe 530
The rule of not too much, by Temp'rance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So may'st thou live till, like ripe fruit, thou drop 535
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature.
This is old age; but then thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
To wither'd, weak, and grey. Thy senses then 540
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,
To what thou hast; and for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry,
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume 545
The balm of life. To whom our ancestor:
  Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit,
Fairest and easiest, of this cumb'rous charge,
Which I must keep till my appointed day 550
Of rend'ring up, and patiently attend
My dissolution. Michael replied:

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corruption which it produced are anticipated. There is not sufficient authority in Scripture for this strong introduction of low sensual feeling, as the whole passage in which the fall is related turns upon the strong desire felt by Eve to become as the gods, accomplished in the knowledge of good and evil. I am a little surprised Milton's commentators have not remarked this.—See Gen. iii. 5, 6.

552. In the first edition it was, *Of rendering up, Michael to him replied.*

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well; how long or short permit to Heav'n.
And now prepare thee for another sight. 550
He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue: by some were herds
Of cattle grazing; others, whence the sound
Of instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of harp and organ, and who moved 560
Their stops and chords, was seen. His volant touch
Instinct, through all proportions low and high,
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part stood one who, at the forge
Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass 565
Had melted (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream
From under ground): the liquid ore he drain'd 570
Into fit moulds prepared; from which he form'd
First his own tools; then, what might else be wrought
Fusile, or grav'n in metal. After these,
But on the hither side, a different sort
From the high neighb'ring hills, which was their seat,
Down to the plain descended. By their guise, 576
Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works
Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve
Freedom and peace to men. They on the plain 580
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents, behold,
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dress. To th' harp they sung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.
The men, tho' grave, eyed them, and let their eyes 585
Rove without rein, till in the amorous net
Fast caught, they liked, and each his liking chose:

557. Gen. iv. 20—22.

573. *Fusil*, cast in moulds. The account of the descendants of Seth is partly derived from Scripture, and partly from other sources.

582. In allusion to the union mentioned in Scripture, which the *sons of God*, or the descendants of his true worshippers, formed with the daughters of Cain's posterity. See Gen. vi. 1, 2. That the *sons of God* meant celestial beings, an idea once supported by some divines, and that on which Mr. Moore has founded his poem of the *Loves of the Angels*, has been long ago an exploded supposition.

And now of love they treat, till th' ev'ning star,
Love's harbinger, appear'd; then all in heat
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke 590
Hymen, then first to marriage rites invoked.
With feast and music all the tents resound.
Such happy interview and fair event
Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flow'rs,
And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart 595
Of Adam, soon inclined t' admit delight,
The bent of nature; which he thus express'd:
True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,
Much better seems this vision, and more hope
Of peaceful days portends, than those two past: 600
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse;
Here Nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.
To whom thus Michael: Judge not what is best
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end, 605
Holy and pure, conformity divine.
Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
Who slew his brother. Studious they appear
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare, 610
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them; but they his gifts acknowledged none:
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay, 615
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye. 620
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious, titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy, 625
Ere long to swim at large; and laugh, for which
The world ere long a world of tears must weep.
To whom thus Adam (of short joy bereft):
O pity' and shame, that they who to live well

614. *For that;* As for that.

Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread 630
Paths indirect, or in the mid-way faint!
But stil'l I see the tenor of Man's woe
Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.
From Man's effeminate slackness it begins,
Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place 635
By wisdom, and superior gifts received.
But now prepare thee for another scene.
He look'd, and saw wide territory spread
Before him; towns and rural works between,
Cities of men, with lofty gates and tow'rs, 640
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threat'ning war,
Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise:
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single or in array of battle ranged
Both horse and foot; nor idly must'ring stood. 645
One way a band select, from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow-ground; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,
Their booty. Scarce with life the shepherds fly, 650
But call in aid; which makes a bloody fray.
With cruel tournament the squadrons join:
Where cattle pastured late, now scatter'd lies
With carcases and arms th' insanguined field
Deserted. Others, to a city strong 655
Lay siege, encamp'd; by battery, scale, and mine,
Assaulting: others, from the wall, defend
With dart and javelin, stones and sulph'rous fire:
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the scepter'd heralds call 660
To council in the city gates. Anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
Assemble, and harangues are heard; but soon
In factious opposition, till at last
Of middle age one rising, eminent 665

645. *Nor idly must'ring stood:* there is supposed to be an allusion here, and in one or two other similar lines, to the situation of the English army at the time Milton was writing.

650. There are several imitations of Homer in this description. Iliad, xviii.

661. The judges are described in Scripture as sitting in the gates of the cities. Gen. xxxiv. 20. Zech. viii. 16, &c.

665. *Of middle age,* as the years of life were then numbered. Enoch was 365 years old when translated, Gen. v. 23.

In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,
And judgment from above. Him old and young
Exploded, and had seized with violent hands,
Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence, 670
Unseen amid the throng: so violence
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law
Through all the plain; and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his Guide
Lamenting, turn'd full sad: O what are these? 675
Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousand fold the sin of him who slew
His brother! for of whom such massacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men! 680
But who was that just man, whom had not Heav'n
Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost?
To whom thus Michael: These are the product
Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st; 684
Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves
Abhor to join, and by imprudence mix'd,
Produce prodigious births of body' or mind.
Such were these giants, men of high renown;
For in those days might only shall be' admired,
And valour and heroic virtue call'd, 690
To overcome in battle and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory, and for glory done
Of triumph, to be styled great conquerors, 695
Patrons of mankind, Gods, and sons of Gods:
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.
Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth,
And what most merits fame in silence hid.
But he the seventh from thee, whom thou beheld'st
The only righteous in a world perverse, 701
And therefore hated, therefore so beset
With foes for daring single to be just,

668. Gen. vi. 4. It is supposed by some interpreters that the giants were so called from their tyranny and power rather than their extraordinary bulk. The common idea, however, seems the more correct, as it is supported by an immense mass of traditionary evidence.

700. Jude 14.

And utter odious truth, that God would come
To judge them with his saints; him the Most High
Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds, 705
Did, as thou saw'st, receive to walk with God,
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,
Exempt from death; to shew thee what reward
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment: 710
Which now direct thine eyes, and soon behold.
He look'd and saw the face of things quite changed.
The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar:
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance, 715
Marrying or prostituting, as befel,
Rape or adultery, where passing fair
Allured them: thence from cups to civil broils.
At length a rev'rend sire among them came,
And of their doings great dislike declared, 720
And testified against their ways. He oft
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs or festivals, and to them preach'd
Conversion and repentance, as to souls
In prison under judgments imminent: 725
But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceased
Contending, and removed his tents far off.
Then from the mountain, hewing timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,
Measured by cubit, length, and breadth, and highth,
Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door 731
Contrived; and of provisions laid in large
For man and beast; when lo, a wonder strange!
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,
Came sevens and pairs, and enter'd in as taught 735
Their order. Last, the sire and his three sons
With their four wives; and God made fast the door.
Meanwhile the south wind rose, and with black wings

723. 2 Pet. ii. 5. Josephus is Milton's authority for what is said respecting Noah's conduct when he found his preaching vain; or it might be taken, possibly, from our Saviour's directions to the disciples to flee from the cities which refused to hear them.

735. Gen. vii. 2, &c.

736. Ovid, Met. i. The comparison which has been instituted between the descriptions which the two poets have given of the deluge is highly interesting, and the classical reader will find a sufficient pleasure in making it for himself to reward the little labour it requires.

Wide hov'ring, all the clouds together drove
From under Heaven; the hills to their supply 740
Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up amain. And now the thicken'd sky
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain
Impetuous, and continued till the earth
No more was seen. The floating vessel swum 745
Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow,
Rode tilting o'er the waves: all dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd; sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore: and in their palaces, 750
Where luxury late reign'd, sea monsters whelp'd
And stabled. Of mankind, so numerous late,
All left, in one small bottom swum imbark'd.
How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad, 755
Depopulation! Thee another flood,
Of tears and sorrow' a flood, thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy sons; till gently rear'd
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,
Though comfortless, as when a father mourns 760
His children, all in view destroy'd at once:
And scarce to th' Angel utter'dst thus thy plaint:
O visions ill foreseen! Better had I
Lived ignorant of future, so had borne
My part of evil only, each day's lot 765
Enough to bear! those now, that were dispensed
The burden of many ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
Abortive, to torment me ere their being,
With thought that they must be! Let no man seek
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befal 771
Him or his children: evil he may be sure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And he the future evil shall no less
In apprehension than in substance feel 775
Grievous to bear. But that care now is past,
Man is not whom to warn: those few escaped,
Famine and anguish will at last consume,
Wand'ring that watery desert. I had hope
When violence was ceased, and war on earth, 780
All would have then gone well: peace would have
crown'd

With length of happy days the race of man;
But I was far deceived: for now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.
How comes it thus? Unfold, celestial guide; 785
And whether here the race of man will end?
T' whom thus Michael: Those whom last thou saw'st
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
First seen in acts of prowess eminent
And great exploits, but of true virtue void; 790
Who, having spilt much blood, and done much waste,
Subduing nations, and achieved thereby
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,
Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride 795
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
The conquer'd also, and enslaved by war,
Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose
And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd
In sharp contêst of battle, found no aid 800
Against invaders; therefore cool'd in zeal,
Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,
Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy: for th' earth shall bear
More than enough, that temperance may be try'd:
So all shall turn degenerate, all depraved, 805
Justice and temperance, truth and faith forgot;
One man except, the only son of light
In a dark age, against example good,
Against allurement, custom, and a world 810
Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish, and before them set
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,
And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come 815
On their impenitence; and shall return
Of them derided, but of God observed
The one just man alive. By his command
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheld'st
To save himself and household from amidst 820
A world devote to universal wrack.
No sooner he with them of man and beast
Select for life shall in the ark be lodged,

821. *Devote*, for devoted.

And shelter'd round, but all the cataracts
Of Heav'n, set open on the earth, shall pour 825
Rain day and night; all fountains of the deep
Broke up, shall heave the ocean, to usurp
Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
Above the highest hills: then shall this mount
Of Paradise, by might of waves, be moved 830
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the opening gulf,
And there take root an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews clang,
To teach thee that God attributes to place 836
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further shall ensue, behold.
He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood, 840
Which now abated; for the clouds were fled,
Driven by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry,
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;
And the clear sun on his wide watery glass
Gazed hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew, 845
As after thirst; which made their flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
With soft foot towards the Deep, who now had stopt
His sluices, as the Heav'n his windows shut. 849
The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground,
Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear:
With clamour thence the rapid currents drive
Towards the retreating sea their furious tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies, 855
And after him, the surer messenger,
A dove, sent forth once and again to spy
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light.
The second time returning, in his bill

824. Gen. vii. 11.

829. Paradise, it is supposed, was destroyed by the deluge.

831. *Horned*, that is, curved as rivers sometimes are when opposed in their current.—Euphrates, which flowed through Eden, is called in Scripture the *great river*; it emptied itself into the Persian Gulf. 835. *Orcs*, a kind of sea monster.

840. *Hull*, floating like a hulk, without sails or rudder.

842. *North-wind*, the Scripture does not mention any particular wind. 848. Gen. viii. 2, &c.

An olive leaf he brings; pacific sign. 860
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient sire descends with all his train:
Then, with uplifted hands and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow 865
Conspicuous, with three listed colours gay,
Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,
Greatly rejoiced, and thus his joy broke forth:
O thou, who future things can'st represent 870
As present, heav'nly Instructor, I revive
At this last sight; assured that man shall live
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
Far less I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice 875
For one man found so perfect and so just,
That God vouchsafes to raise another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in Heav'n
Distended as the brow of God appeased, 880
Or serve they as a flow'ry verge to bind
The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,
Lest it again dissolve and shower the earth?
To whom th' Arch-Angel: Dext'rously thou aim'st;
So willingly doth God remit his ire, 885
Though late repenting him of man depraved,
Grieved at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each their way; yet those removed,
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight, 890
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a covenant never to destroy
The earth again by flood, nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world
With man therein or beast; but when he brings 895
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set

860. It may be observed that the olive is made frequent mention of in Scripture, and appears to have had a sort of sacred character among most of the ancient nations. Might it not acquire this by its having been thus appointed by God as a sign of peace between him and his creatures!

865. *Three listed colours*, the three principal ones are here alluded to.

His triple-colour'd bow, whereon to look,
And call to mind his covenant. Day and night,
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost,
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new
Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Angel Michael continues, from the flood, to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that Seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael: wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherub'm taking their stations to guard the place.

As one who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on speed, so here th' Arch-Angel paused
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restored,
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;
Then with transition sweet new speech resumes. 5
Thus thou hast seên one world begin and end;
And man, as from a second stock, proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine
Must needs impair and weary human sense: 10
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
This second source of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment past remains
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity, 15

1. This book was united to the former in the first edition, and on its being separated the first five lines were added to form its commencement.

11. Addison regrets that the poet did not continue the vision instead of reverting to the narrative form—Milton, however, appears to me to have been right in the plan he has pursued. It would, in the first place, have been unnatural to keep Adam longer in a state of ecstasy or trance; and next and principally, the action of the poem would have been entirely stopped too long, had the vision continued. By bringing the angel forward as speaking and conversing with Adam, the plot, though not really forwarded, has the appearance of going on

With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,
Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine, and oil: and from the herd or flock,
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid, 20
With large wine-off'rings pour'd, and sacred feast,
Shall spend their days in joy unblamed, and dwell
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,
Under paternal rule, till one shall rise,
Of proud ambitious heart; who not content 25
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserved
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of nature from the earth,
Hunting (and men not beasts shall be his game) 30
With war and hostile snare such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous:
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled
Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,
Or from Heav'n claiming second sov'reignty; 35
And from rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuse.
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden tow'rds the west, shall find 40
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell:
Of brick, and of that stuff they cast to build
A city' and tow'r, whose top may reach to Heav'n;
And get themselves a name, lest far dispersed 45
In foreign lands, there memory be lost,
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
But God, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding soon, 50
Comes down to see their city, ere the tow'r
Obstruct Heav'n-tow'rs, and in derision sets
Upon their tongues a various spirit to rase

22. The silver age is here meant, as the time of man's innocence was the golden.—The iron age is next mentioned.
24. Nimrod is said to have been the first man who assumed the power and character of a monarch. Gen. x. 9.
38. The name of Nimrod is usually derived from a Hebrew word that signifies *to rebel*. 40. Gen. xi. 2, &c.

Quite out their native language, and instead
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown. 50
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the builders; each to other calls,
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mock'd they storm. Great laughter was in Heav'n;
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange, 60
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion named.
Whereto thus Adam, fatherly displeased:
O execrable son, so to aspire
Above his brethren, to himself assuming 65
Authority usurp'd; from God not given.
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation: but man over men
He made not lord: such title to himself 70
Reserving, human left from human free.
But this usurper, his encroachment proud
Stays not on man; to God his tow'r intends
Siege and defiance. Wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither to sustain 75
Himself and his rash army, where thin air
Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of breath, if not of bread?
To whom thus Michael: Justly thou abhorr'st
That son, who on the quiet state of men 80
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational liberty; yet know withal,
Since thy original lapse, true liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being 85
Reason in man obscured, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore, since he permits 90
Within himself unworthy powers to reign
Over free reason, God in judgment just

59. Dr. Bentley reads *is* in this and in line 61. But the angel might regard the event as past, as in his relation he looked from a station which could command the whole extended course of time.
62. *Babel* signifies *confusion* in Hebrew. Gen. xi. 9.

Subjects him from without to violent lords;
Who oft as undeservedly inthrall
His outward freedom. Tyranny must be, 95
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,
Deprives them of their outward liberty, 100
Their inward lost. Witness th' irrev'rent son
Of him who built the ark, who for the shame
Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,
' Servant of servants,' on his vicious race.
Thus will this latter, as the former world, 105
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last,
Weary'd with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways; 110
And one peculiar nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invoked,
A nation from one faithful man to spring:
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
Bred up in idol-worship. O that men 115
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
While yet the patriarch lived, who scaped the flood,
As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship their own work in wood and stone
For Gods! yet him God the Most High vouchsafes
To call by vision from his father's house, 121
His kindred, and false Gods, into a land
Which he will shew him, and from him will raise
A mighty nation, and upon him shower
His benediction so, that in his seed 125
All nations shall be blest. He straight obeys,
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith

101. *Cham*; the father of Canaan is here meant. Gen. ix. 22. 25.
110. The narrative is, from this point, confined to the history of the chosen race, the seed of Abraham. 115. Josh. xxiv. 2.
117. Terah, Abraham's father was born 222 years after the flood, and Noah was living till the 350th year after it, so that idolatry had gained ground some years before his death.
120. Gen. xii. 1—6. 126. Heb. xi. 8.
128. This is not, it should be observed, a reverting to the former vision, as some commentators seem to suppose, but a mode of

He leaves his Gods, his friends, and native soil,
Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the ford 130
To Haran: after him a cumb'rous train
Of herds, and flocks, and numerous servitude;
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains: I see his tents 135
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighb'ring plain
Of Moreh: there, by promise, he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the Desert south
(Things by their names I call, tho' yet unnamed), 140
From Hermon east to the great western sea;
Mount Hermon, yonder sea; each place behold
In prospect, as I point them: on the shore
Mount Carmel: here the double-founted stream
Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons 145
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
This ponder, that all nations of the earth
Shall in his seed be blessed. By that seed
Is meant thy great Deliv'rer, who shall bruise
The Serpent's head: whereof to thee anon 150
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch blest,
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,
A son, and of his son a grandchild leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown.
The grandchild with twelve sons increased, departs
From Canaan to a land, hereafter call'd 156
Egypt, divided by the river Nile.
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths
Into the sea. To sojourn in that land
He comes, invited by a younger son, 160
In time of dearth: a son whose worthy deeds
Raise him to be the second in that realm
Of Pharaoh. There he dies, and leaves his race
Growing into a nation, and now grown
Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks 165
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests
Too num'rous; whence of guests he makes them slaves

---

speaking natural to the angel, to whom all the future was revealed. The reader will find the whole of the narrative here given in different parts of the Pentateuch.

156. *With twelve sons increased* · a Latinism.

Inhospitably', and kills their infant males:
Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim 170
His people from inthralment, they return
With glory' and spoil back to their promised land.
But first the lawless tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or message to regard,
Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire. 175
To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd;
Frogs, lice, and flies must all his palace fill
With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land;
His cattle must of rot and murrain die;
Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss, 180
And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,
Hail mix'd with fire, must rend th' Egyptian sky,
And wheel on th' earth, devouring where it rolls;
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down 185
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;
Last, with one midnight stroke, all the first-born
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds 190
The river-dragon tamed, at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as ice
More harden'd after thaw, till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea 195
Swallows him with his host; but them lets pass
As on dry land, between two crystal walls,
Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided, till his rescued gain'd their shore.
Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend,
Though present in his Angel, who shall go 201
Before them in a cloud and pillar of fire
(By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire),
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while th' obdurate king pursues. 205
All night he will pursue; but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning watch:

.96. The Vulgate translation of Exodus x. 21. has *tam densas ut palpari queant.* Our English has, *darkness that may be felt.*
207. *Defends*, forbids.

Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God, looking forth, will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot-wheels: when by command
Moses once more his potent rod extends 211
Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;
On their embattled ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war. the race elect
Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance 215
Through the wild desert, not the readiest way,
Lest. ent'ring on the Canaanite, alarm'd,
War terrify them inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude; for life 220
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.
This also shall they gain by their delay
In the wide wilderness; there they shall found
Their government, and their great senate choose 225
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd.
God from the mount of Sinai, whose grey top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets sound,
Ordain them laws; part such as appertain 230
To civil justice, part religious rites
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise
The Serpent, by what means he shall achieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God 235
To mortal ear is dreadful! They beseech
That Moses might report to them his will,
And terror cease. He grants what they besought,
Instructed that to God is no access
Without Mediator, whose high office now 240
Moses in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell;

210. *Craze*, bruise or shatter, from the French *ecraser*. In Exodus xiv. 25. our translation has *taken off*, but Milton is nearer the original.

230. Milton has not made any particular mention of the moral law in this passage. The reason I imagine is, that the sole object he had in view was to shew the progress of events towards the appearance of Christ and the establishment of his kingdom. He had, therefore, only so far to introduce the Jewish dispensation as it typified the Messiah's kingdom or illustrated his character and actions. The moral law was unchanged and unchangeable, and belonged to no one time or system. The objections, therefore, of Warburton and others are without foundation

And all the prophets in their age the times
Of great Messiah shall sing. The laws and rites
Establish'd, such delight hath God in men 245
Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes
Among them to set up his tabernacle,
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell.
By his prescript a sanctuary is framed
Of cedar, overlaid with gold, therein 250
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,
The records of his covenant; over these
A mercy-seat of gold between the wings
Of two bright Cherubim; before him burn
Seven lamps, as in a zodiac, representing 255
The heav'nly fires; over the tent a cloud
Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,
Save when they journey; and at length they come,
Conducted by his Angel, to the land
Promised to Abraham and his seed. The rest 260
Were long to tell, how many battles fought,
How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won,
Or how the sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still
A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
Man's voice commanding, Sun in Gibeon stand, 265
And thou moon in the vale of Aijalon,
Till Israel overcome; so call the third
From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.
Here Adam interposed: O sent from Heav'n, 270
Enlight'ner of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern
Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find
Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eased,
Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become
Of me and all mankind; but now I see 275
His day, in whom all nations shall be blest,
Favour unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
This yet I apprehend not, why to those 280
Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth,
So many and so various laws are given?
So many laws argue so many sins

256. *The heav'nly fires*, the seven lamps, signifying the seven planets. 277. John viii. 56.
283. Gal. iii. 19. Rom. vii. 7, 8. iii. 20. Heb. ix. 13. x. 4, 5 &c.

Among them. How can God with such reside?
To whom thus Michael: Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot; 285
And therefore was law given them to evince
Their natural pravity, by stirring up
Sin against law to fight: that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove, 290
Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
Some blood more precious must be paid for man,
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
To them by faith imputed, they may find 295
Justification towards God, and peace
Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies
Cannot appease, nor man the moral part
Perform, and, not performing, cannot live.
So law appears imperfect, and but given 300
With purpose to resign them in full time
Up to a better covenant, disciplined
From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,
From imposition of strict laws to free
Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear 305
To filial, works of law to works of faith.
And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
Highly beloved, being but the minister
Of law, his people into Canaan lead;
But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call, 310
His name and office bearing, who shall quell
The adversary Serpent, and bring back,
Thro' the world's wilderness long wander'd, man
Safe, to eternal Paradise of rest. 314
Mean while they in their earthly Canaan placed,
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies;
From whom as oft he saves them penitent
By judges first, then under kings; of whom 320
The second, both for piety renown'd
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive

310. *Jesus* and *Joshua* are the same name, the former being the Greek and the latter the Hebrew form. Jesus is used for Joshua, Acts vii. 45. Heb. iv. 8. As the whole of this part of the poem is taken from Scripture, the reader will do well to consult the marginal references of his Bible, if he be curious to see how the author has converted his scriptural knowledge to his use in this narrative, mixing with great skill history and prophecy

Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever shall endure. The like shall sing
All prophecy, that of the royal stock 320
Of David (so I name this King) shall rise
A Son, the Woman's Seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings
The last; for of his reign shall be no end. 330
But first a long succession must ensue,
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed,
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
Wand'ring, shall in a glorious temple' inshrine.
Such follow him as shall be register'd 335
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll,
Whose foul idolatries, and other faults
Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense
God, as to leave them, and expose their land,
Their city', his temple, and his holy ark, 340
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st
Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd:
There in captivity he lets them dwell
The space of seventy years, then brings them back,
Rememb'ring mercy, and his covenant sworn 346
To David, stablish'd as the days of Heav'n.
Return'd from Babylon, by leave of kings
Their lords, whom God disposed, the house of God
They first re-edify, and for a while 350
In mean estate live moderate, till grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow.
But, first, among the priests dissension springs!
Men who attend the altar, and should most
Endeavour peace. Their strife pollution brings 355
Upon the temple' itself. At last they seize
The sceptre, and regard not David's sons,
Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
Anointed King, Messiah, might be born
Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a star, 360
Unseen before in Heav'n, proclaims him come,
And guides the eastern sages, who inquire
His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold.
His place of birth a solemn Angel tells

343. *Thou saw'st*, a strong poetical expression, and not to be taken literally.

To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night: 360
They gladly thither haste, and, by a choir
Of squadron'd Angels, hear his carol sung:
A virgin is his mother, but his Sire
The Pow'r of the Most High. He shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign 370
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns.
He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy
Surcharged, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which these he breathed:
O prophet of glad tidings! finisher 375
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain,
Why our great expectation should be call'd
The seed of Woman. Virgin Mother, hail!
High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my loins 380
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
Of God Most High; so God with Man unites.
Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal pain. Say where and when 384
Their fight; what stroke shall bruise the Victor's heel.
To whom thus Michael: Dream not of their fight
As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil
Thy enemy; nor so is overcome 390
Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,
Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound:
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
Not by destroying Satan, but his works
In thee and in thy seed: nor can this be, 395
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the law of God imposed
On penalty of death, and suff'ring death,
The penalty to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs, which out of thine will grow:
So only can high justice rest appaid. 401
The law of God exact he shall fulfil,
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law. Thy punishment
He shall endure, by coming in the flesh 405
To a reproachful life and cursed death,
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience

Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits
To save them, not their own, though legal works.
For this he shall live hated, be blasphemed, 411
Seized on by force, judged, and to death condemn'd,
A shameful and accursed, nail'd to the cross
By his own nation, slain for bringing life;
But to the cross he nails thy enemies; 415
The law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction. So he dies,
But soon revives; death over him no power 420
Shall long usurp: ere the third dawning light
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light.
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer'd life 425
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works. This Godlike act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have died,
In sin for ever lost from life. This act
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,
Defeating sin and death, his two main arms, 431
And fix'd far deeper in his head their stings
Than temp'ral death shall bruise the Victor's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death-like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life. 435
Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on earth than certain times t' appear
To his disciples, men who in his life
Still follow'd him: to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd 440
And his salvation; them who shall believe
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,
For death, like that which the Redeemer died. 445
All nations they shall teach; for, from that day,
Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins
Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons
Of Abraham's faith, wherever through the world;
So in his seed all nations shall be blest. 450

411. *Thy enemies, the law, &c.* as explained in the next line.—Coloss. ii. 14.

Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend
With victory, triumphing through the air
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
The Serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Thro' all his realm, and there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and resume 456
His seat at God's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heav'n; and thence shall come,
When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory' and pow'r to judge both quick and dead;
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward 461
His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
Whether in Heav'n or Earth; for then the Earth
Shall all be Paradise: far happier place
Than this of Eden, and far happier days. 465
So spake th' Arch-Angel Michael, then paused,
As at the world's great period; and our sire,
Replete with joy and wonder, thus reply'd:
O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce, 470
And Evil turn to good! more wonderful
Than that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin,
By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice 475
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,
To God more glory, more good-will to men
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.
But say: if our Deliv'rer up to Heav'n
Must reascend, what will betide the few 480
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth? Who then shall guide
His people? who defend? Will they not deal
Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?
Be sure they will, said the Angel; but from Heav'n
He to his own a Comforter will send, 485
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
His Spirit within them, and the law of faith,
Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth, and also arm 490

469. It has been observed by Addison that Milton, by this prophetic declaration of Michael, has made his poem conformable to the opinion of the most celebrated writers, that an epic should end prosperously.

487. Luke xxiv. 49. 490. John xvi. 13. and Eph. vi. 11.

With spiritual armour, able to resist
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts;
What man can do against them, not afraid,
Though to the death, against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompensed, 495
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Their proudest persecutors: for the Spirit
Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends
T' evangelize the nations, then on all
Baptized, shall them with wondrous gifts endue 500
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n. At length
Their ministry perform'd, and race well run, 505
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n
To their own vile advantages shall turn 510
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left only in those written records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood
Then shall they seek to' avail themselves of names
Places and titles, and with these to join 515
Secular pow'r though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promised alike, and given,
To all believers; and from that pretence, 520
Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force
On ev'ry conscience; laws which none shall find
Left them inroll'd, or what the Spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
But force the Spirit of grace itself, and bind 525
His consort Liberty? What but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to stand,
Their own faith, not another's? for on earth
Who against faith and conscience can be heard
Infallible? Yet many will presume: 530
Whence heavy persecution shall arise
On all who in the worship persevere
Of spirit and truth; the rest, far greater part,

507. Acts xx. 29. 514. 1 Cor. ii. 14.

Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
Religion satisfy'd. Truth shall retire 535
Bestuck with sland'rous darts, and works of faith
Rarely be found. So shall the world go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight, groaning till the day
Appear of respiration to the just 540
And vengeance to the wicked at return
Of him so lately promised to thy aid,
The Woman's Seed, obscurely then foretold;
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord:
Last in the clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd 545
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted world, then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,
New Heav'ns, new Earth, ages of endless date
Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love, 550
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.
He ended; and thus Adam last reply'd:
How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,
Measured this transient world, the race of time,
Till time stand fix'd! Beyond is all abyss, 555
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.
Greatly instructed, I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire. 560
Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good 565
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek; that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory, 570
And to the faithful, death the gate of life:
Taught this by his example, whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.
To whom thus also th' Angel last reply'd:

540. *Of respiration;* in Scripture, *the times of refreshing.* Acts iii. 19.
549. 2 Pet. iii. 13. See former note on the same expression.

This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum 575
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal pow'rs,
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in Heav'n, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst, 580
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come call'd Charity, the soul
Of all the rest, then wilt thou not be loath 585
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.
Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of speculation; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence: and see the guards, 590
By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect
Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,
In signal to remove, waves fiercely round.
We may no longer stay. Go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd, 595
Portending good, and all her spirits composed
To meek submission. Thou at season fit
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliv'rance by her seed to come 600
(For by the Woman's seed) on all mankind:
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous though sad
With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happy end. 605
He ended, and they both descend the hill;
Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve
Lay sleeping ran before, but found her waked;
And thus with words not sad she him received:
Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;
For God is also' in sleep, and dreams advise, 611
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good

581. 2 Pet. i. 5.

588. *Top of speculation;* an eminence of contemplation, from which the eye of the mind saw the mysteries of Providence all cleared up.

608. An inconsistency is pointed out between this line and the argument to the book, in which it will be found that Adam is said to waken Eve, while he is here represented as finding her

Presaging, since with sorrow' and heart's distress
Weary'd I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay. With thee to go, 615
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.
This further consolation yet secure 620
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
(Such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed)
By me the promised Seed shall all restore.
So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
Well pleased, but answer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' Arch-Angel stood, and from the other hill 625
To their fix'd station, all in bright array
The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides, 630
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
The brandish'd sword of God before them blazed
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adust, 635
Began to parch that temp'rate clime: whereat
In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd. 640
They looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise (so late their happy seat)
Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon:
The world was all before them, where to choose 645
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow
Through Eden took their solitary way.

630. *Marish;* from the French *Marais*, a marsh.

648. The conclusion of this wonderful poem is not inferior in beauty to its progress. Ceasing from the calm and unadorned narrative which occupies the former part of the last book, the author rises again into his accustomed sublimity, and then with the most admirable skill closes the poem with an appeal, deep and powerful, to all the feelings of awe and tenderness which its subject can awaken. Never, I think, has worse taste been shewn than by the critics who would have had the last two lines omitted.

END OF PARADISE LOST.

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation of the Holy Spirit. The poem opens with John baptizing at the river Jordan. Jesus coming there is baptized; and is attested by the descent of the Holy Ghost, and by a voice from heaven, to be the Son of God. Satan, who is present, upon this immediately flies up into the regions of the air: where, summoning his infernal council, he acquaints them with his apprehensions that Jesus is that seed of the woman destined to destroy all their power, and points out to them the immediate necessity of bringing the matter to proof, and of attempting, by snares and fraud, to counteract and defeat the person from whom they have so much to dread. This office he offers himself to undertake; and, his offer being accepted, sets out on his enterprise. In the mean time God, in the assembly of holy angels, declares that he has given up his Son to be tempted by Satan; but foretells that the tempter shall be completely defeated by him: upon which the angels sing a hymn of triumph. Jesus is led up by the Spirit into the wilderness, while he is meditating on the commencement of his great office of Saviour of mankind. Pursuing his meditations he narrates, in a soliloquy, what divine and philanthropic impulses he had felt from his early youth, and how his mother Mary, on perceiving these dispositions in him, had acquainted him with the circumstances of his birth, and informed him that he was no less a person than the Son of God; to which he adds what his own inquiries and reflections had supplied in confirmation of this great truth, and particularly dwells on the recent attestation of it at the river Jordan. Our Lord passes forty days, fasting, in the wilderness; where the wild beasts become mild and harmless in his presence. Satan now appears under the form of an old peasant; and enters into discourse with our Lord, wondering what could have brought him alone into so dangerous a place, and at the same time professing to recognise him for the person lately acknowledged by John, at the river Jordan, to be the Son of God. Jesus briefly replies. Satan rejoins with a description of the difficulty of supporting life in the wilderness; and entreats Jesus, if he be really the Son of God, to manifest his divine power, by changing some of the stones into bread. Jesus reproves him, and at the same time tells him that he knows who he is. Satan instantly avows himself, and offers an artful apology for himself and his conduct. Our blessed Lord severely reprimands him, and refutes every part of his justification. Satan, with much semblance of humility, still endeavours

to justify himself; and professing his admiration of Jesus, and his regard for virtue, requests to be permitted at a future time to hear more of his conversation; but is answered, that this must be as he shall find permission from above. Satan then disappears, and the book closes with a short description of night coming on.

I WHO ere while the happy Garden sung,
By one Man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind.
By one Man's firm obedience fully tried
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd 5
In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,
And Eden raised in the waste wilderness.

1. Milton's Paradise Regained has afforded a fruitful subject for critical dispute and consideration, but it is universally agreed that it by no means occupies the next degree in excellence to Paradise Lost. Imperfect in the design, and evincing few of those mighty efforts of invention which distinguish the former work of its great author, it has never possessed the popularity which any composition of Milton might seem to challenge. But it should be impressed upon the reader's mind, that if the poem be imperfect in its plan, considered as a regular epic, this is no objection to it when examined according to the plan which the author himself laid down. Milton, I think it is beyond doubt, never intended to imitate his Paradise Lost in this poem, nor to take any of the classical models to work by. His object appears to have been to shew the coming of the Messiah, or rather his awful and mysterious entry into the kingdom which was to supplant for ever that of Satan, and form, as it were, the vestibule of an eternal Paradise. Commentators have taken it for granted that he meant to give the whole history of man's restoration; he did not do this, but intended only to shew Christ come in the flesh, and that the completion of those grand promises of the Father which predicted the restoration of mankind. Supposing this to have been his purpose, the temptation in the wilderness was the best point in the New Testament histories he could determine on. It represented the Messiah in the full development of all his human characteristics as born of the woman, and it represented him as warring visibly with Satan before the gate of Paradise. The promised Deliverer thus come in the flesh, thus sprung from the chosen race, contending with the prince of this world, and proving his divinity by his triumph—the poet might well consider the title of Paradise Regained was not too high a name for a work which shews Christ as truly man, and, by his conquest over Satan at the first outset, as truly the Son of God. This, I think, may be said in answer to many criticisms on this poem, but if it be less defective as a whole than is commonly believed, it is more imperfect in its general execution than many are disposed to consider it. There is little or no passion, no stirring description, and scarcely any dialogues, distinguished for more than ordinary power. The character of Christ is very weakly developed, its mysterious nature is reduced to a commonplace humanity, and the scenes in which he is attacked by Satan, present nothing but prettinesses of invention or paraphrases of Scripture.

Thou Spirit, who led'st this glorious eremite
Into the desert, his victorious field,
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence
By proof th' undoubted Son of God, inspire, 11
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,
And bear thro' highth or depth of Nature's bounds,
With prosp'rous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in secret done, 15
And unrecorded left through many an age,
Worthy t' have not remain'd so long unsung.
Now had the great Proclaimer with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried
Repentance, and Heav'n's kingdom nigh at hand 20
To all baptized: to his great baptism flock'd
With awe the regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the son of Joseph deem'd
To the flood Jordan, came as then obscure,
Unmark'd, unknown; but him the Baptist soon 25
Descried, divinely warn'd, and witness bore
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
To him this heav'nly office, nor was long
His witness unconfirm'd; on him baptized
Heav'n open'd, and in likeness of a dove 30
The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
From Heav'n pronounced him his beloved Son.
That heard the Adversary, who roving still
About the world, at that assembly famed
Would not be last, and with the voice divine 35
Nigh thunder-struck, th' exalted Man, to whom
Such high attest was given, awhile survey'd
With wonder, then with envy fraught and rage
Flies to his place, nor rests but in mid air;
To council summons all his mighty peers, 40
Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involved
A gloomy consistory; and them amidst
With looks aghast and sad he thus bespake:
O ancient Pow'rs of air, and this wide world
For much more willingly I mention air, 45
This our old conquest, than remember Hell,
Our hated habitation; well ye know

24. *Divinely;* like the Latin *divinitus*, from heaven.
44. Eph. ii 2. vi. 12.

How many ages, as the years of men,
This universe we have possess'd, and ruled,
In manner at our will th' affairs of Earth, 50
Since Adam and his facile consort Eve
Lost Paradise deceived by me, though since
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve
Upon my head: long the decrees of Heav'n 55
Delay, for longest time to him is short;
And now too soon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time hath compass'd, wherein we
Must bide the stroke of that long threaten'd wound,
At least if so we can, and by the head 60
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infringed, our freedom and our being,
In this fair empire won of Earth and Air;
For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed
Destined to this, is late of woman born: 65
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,
But his growth now to youth's full flow'r displaying
All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great prophet, to proclaim 70
His coming, is sent Harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the consecrated stream,
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
Purified to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their king; all come, 75
And he himself among them was baptized,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The testimony' of Heav'n, that who he is
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt; I saw
The prophet do him reverence, on him rising 80
Out of the water, Heav'n above the clouds
Unfold her crystal doors, thence on his head
A perfect dove descend, whate'er it meant,
And out of Heav'n the Sovereign voice I heard,
This is my Son beloved, in him am pleased. 85
His mother then is mortal, but his Sire

74. 1 John iii. 3.

83. Matt. iii. 16. It is supposed by most of the best commentators, that the Holy Spirit descended not in the shape but in the manner of a dove upon our Saviour. Milton seems to have interpreted it in a contrary way.

He who obtains the monarchy of Heav'n,
And what will he not do to' advance his Son?
His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,
When his first thunder drove us to the deep; 90
Who this is we must learn, for man he seems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate, 95
But must with something sudden be opposed,
Not force, but well couch'd fraud, well woven snares,
Ere in the head of nations he appear
Their king, their leader, and supreme on Earth.
I, when no other durst, sole undertook 100
The dismal expedition to find out
And ruin Adam, and th' exploit perform'd
Successfully; a calmer voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found prosp'rous once
Induces best to hope of like success. 105
He ended, and his words impression left
Of much amazement to th' infernal crew,
Distracted and surprised with deep dismay
At these sad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief: 110
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main enterprise
To him their great dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had thrived
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march 115
From Hell's deep vaulted den to dwell in light,
Regents and potentates, and kings, yea gods
Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.
So to the coast of Jordan he directs
His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles, 120
Where he might likeliest find this new declared,
This Man of Men, attested Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try;
So to subvert whom he suspected raised
To end his reign on Earth so long enjoy'd: 125

91. There does not appear to be sufficient reason for this supposition, that Satan did not at first know Christ to be the Messiah.
122. *Man of Men;* this has been objected to, but without cause, as it well expresses the perfect humanity of Christ and the situation in which he stood as the representative of our race.

But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd
The purposed counsel pre-ordain'd and fix'd
Of the Most High, who in full frequence bright
Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake:
  Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold, 130
Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth
With man or men's affairs, how I begin,
To verify that solemn message late,
On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
In Galilee, that she should bear a son 135
Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God;
Then told'st her doubting how these things could be
To her a virgin, that on her should come
The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest
O'ershadow her: this man born and now upgrown,
To shew him worthy of his birth divine 141
And high prediction, henceforth I expose
To Satan; let him tempt and now assay
His utmost subtlety, because he boasts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng 145
Of his apostacy; he might have learnt
Less overweening since he fail'd in Job,
Whose constant perseverance overcame
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
He now shall know I can produce a Man 150
Of female seed, far abler to resist
All his solicitations, and at length
All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell
Winning by conquest what the first man lost
By fallacy surprised. But first I mean 155
To exercise him in the wilderness,
There he shall first lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,
By humiliation and long sufferance: 160
His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
That all the Angels and ethereal Powers,
They now, and men hereafter, may discern,
From what consummate virtue I have chose 165

129. *Gabriel* is frequently mentioned in Scripture as employed in the gospel dispensation. He is called by rabbinical writers, the Minister of Mercy, as Michael is the Minister of Severity.

This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,
To earn salvation for the sons of men.
  So spake th' eternal Father, and all Heav'n
Admiring stood a space, then into hymns
Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved, 170
Circling the throne and singing, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.
  Victory and triumph to the Son of God,
Now ent'ring his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles. 175
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
Ventures his filial virtue, though untry'd,
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell, 180
And devilish machinations come to nought!
  So they in Heav'n their odes and vigils tuned:
Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodged in Bethabara, where John baptized,
Musing and much revolving in his breast, 185
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his God-like office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,
And his deep thought the better to converse 190
With Solitude, till far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
He enter'd now the bord'ring desert wild,
And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditations thus pursued: 195
  O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel myself, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill sorting with my present state compared! 200
When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do

183. John i.

189. This is well imagined, but the same approbation cannot be given to the passage immediately following, in which our Lord is represented as a soliloquizing youth just starting on his new career of glory, rather than as the Messiah conscious not only of his office but of his Divinity.

What might be public good; myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth, 200
All righteous things: therefore above my years,
The law of God I read, and found it sweet,
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To such perfection, that ere yet my age
Had measured twice six years, at our great feast 210
I went into the temple, there to hear
The teachers of our law, and to propose
What might improve my knowledge or their own;
And was admired by all; yet this not all
To which my spirit aspired; victorious deeds 215
Flamed in my heart, heroic acts, one while
To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,
Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth
Brute violence and proud tyrannic pow'r,
Till truth were freed, and equity restored: 220
Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly, first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear;
At least to try, and teach the erring soul
Not wilfully misdoing, but unware 225
Misled; the stubborn only to subdue.
These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving,
By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,
And said to me apart, High are thy thoughts,
O Son, but nourish them and let them soar 230
To what height sacred virtue and true worth
Can raise them, though above example high;
By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.
For know, thou art no son of mortal man;
Though men esteem thee low of parentage, 235
Thy Father is th' eternal King who rules
All Heav'n and Earth, angels and sons of men;
A messenger from God foretold thy birth
Conceived in me a virgin, he foretold
Thou should'st be great, and sit on David's throne,
And of thy kingdom there should be no end. 241
At thy nativity a glorious quire
Of angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung
To shepherds, watching at their folds by night

204. John xvii 27. 210. Luke ii. 41.

And told them the Messiah now was born, 245
Where they might see him, and to thee they came,
Directed to the manger, where thou lay'st,
For in the inn was left no better room:
A star, not seen before, in Heav'n appearing,
Guided the wise men thither from the East, 250
To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold;
By whose bright course led on, they found the place,
Affirming it thy star new grav'n in Heav'n,
By which they knew the King of Israel born.
Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn'd 255
By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake
Before the altar and the vested priest,
Like things of thee to all that present stood.
This having heard, strait I again revolved
The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ 260
Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes
Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
Through many a hard assay, even to the death,
Ere I the promised kingdom can attain, 265
Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins'
Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.
Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,
The time prefix'd I waited, when behold
The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard, 270
Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
Before Messiah and his way prepare.
I as all others to his baptism came,
Which I believed was from above; but he
Strait knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd
Me him (for it was shewn him so from Heav'n) 275
Me him whose harbinger he was, and first
Refused on me his baptism to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won;
But as I rose out of the laving stream, 280
Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence
The Spirit descended on me like a dove;
And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,

255. Luke ii. 25. 36.
271. Jesus and John were relations on the side of their mothers, but having been brought up at a distance, it is concluded from John i. 32. that they were personally unknown to each other.

Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounced me his,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone 285
He was well pleased; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
But openly begin, as best becomes
Th' authority which I derived from Heav'n.
And now by some strong motion I am led 290
Into this wilderness, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge, God reveals.
So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,
And looking round on every side, beheld 295
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
Accompanied of things past and to come 300
Lodged in his breast, as well might recommend
Such solitude before choicest society.
Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient oak, 305
Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in one cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt,
Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last
Among wild beasts: they at his sight grew mild, 310
Nor sleeping him, nor waking harm'd, his walk
The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm,
The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe, 315
Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve
Against a winter's day when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,

286. The fulness of time, Gal. iv. 4.
307. Justin reads, *some cave.*
312. It is well remarked, that the description here given, is founded on a slight expression in St. Mark's gospel, i. 13. in which alone it is found. The various particulars mentioned, are observed by Warburton to be beautifully introduced, as intimating the restoration of man's former state of secure innocence. *Worm* is a general term for reptile.
314. It is supposed, that Milton took the idea of making Satan appear like an old man from a design by D. Vinkhora.

He saw approach, who first with curious eye
Perused him, then with words thus utter'd spake: 320
  Sir, what ill-chance hath brought thee to this place,
So far from path, or road of men, who pass
In troop, or caravan? for single none
Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
His carcase, pined with hunger and with drought. 325
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou seem'st the Man whom late
Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford
Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd thee Son
Of God; I saw and heard, for we sometimes 330
Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come forth
To town or village nigh (nighest is far)
Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happens new; fame also finds us out.
  To whom the Son of God: Who brought me hither,
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek. 335
  By miracle he may, reply'd the swain,
What other way I see not, for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inured
More than the camel, and to drink go far, 340
Men to such misery and hardship born;
But if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread,
So shalt thou save thyself and us relieve
With food whereof we wretched seldom taste. 345
  He ended, and the Son of God reply'd:
Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not written
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed 350
Our fathers here with manna? in the mount
Moses was forty days, nor ate nor drank;
And forty days Elijah without food
Wander'd this barren waste; the same I now:
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust, 355
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?
  Whom thus answer'd th' Arch-fiend, now undis-
'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate, [guised:
Who leagued with millions more in rash revolt
Kept not my happy station, but was driven 360
With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,

Yet to that hideous place not so confined
By rigour unconniving, but that oft
Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy
Large liberty to round this globe of earth, 365
Or range in th' air, nor from the Heav'n of Heav'ns
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
I came among the sons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth; 370
And when to all his angels he proposed
To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
I undertook that office, and the tongues
Of all his flatt'ring prophets glibb'd with lies 375
To his destruction, as I had in charge,
For what he bids I do: though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
To be beloved of God, I have not lost
To love, at least contemplate and admire, 380
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous, I should so have lost all sense.
What can be then less in me than desire
To see thee and approach thee, whom I know
Declared the Son of God, to hear attent 385
Thy wisdom, and behold thy godlike deeds?
Men generally think me such a foe
To all mankind: why should I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence; by them
I lost not what I lost, rather by them 390
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
Copartner in these regions of the world,
If not disposer, lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by presages and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents and dreams, 395
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and woe.
At first it may be; but long since with woe
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof, 400
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,

365. Job i. 6.
372. *Fraud;* mischief, so used in Par. Lost, ix. 643.
See 1 Kings xxii. 19.

Nor lightens ought each man's peculiar load.
Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:
This wounds me most (what can it less?) that man,
Man fall'n, shall be restored, I never more. 405
To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd:
Deservedly thou griev'st, composed of lies
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns: thou com'st indeed, 410
As a poor miserable captive thrall
Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the prime in splendour, now deposed,
Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunn'd,
A spectacle of ruin or of scorn 415
To all the host of Heav'n: the happy place
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in Hell than when in Heav'n. 420
But thou art serviceable to Heav'n's King.
Wilt thou impute t' obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice moved thee to misdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to' afflict him 425
With all inflictions? but his patience won.
The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all oracles 430
By thee are given, and what confess'd more true
Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy answers, what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding, 435

402. The word *man* here, is not employed by Satan in connexion with his own person, but so as to make the passage bear the following meaning: I now know by experience, that men by suffering in multitudes have not the less sense of suffering, and therefore that if joined with me, they could not alleviate mine.

417. *Imports*, in several editions.

434. The ambiguity of the ancient oracles in the answers they gave is well known, and it is most probable that Satan worked the destruction of his votaries as often as their success. It is supposed by several writers on the subject that when true answers were returned, a good angel was sent by God to preside: see line 447.

Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,
And not well understood, as good not known?
Whoever by consulting at thy shrine
Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct
To fly or follow what concern'd him most, 440
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
For God hath justly given the nations up
To thy delusions; justly since they fell
Idolatrous: but when his purpose is
Among them to declare his providence 445
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
But from him or his Angels president
In every province; who themselves disdaining
To approach thy temples, give thee in command
What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say 450
To thy adorers: thou with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st;
Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.
But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse 455
The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceased,
And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
Shalt be inquired at Delphos or elsewhere,
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
God hath now sent his Living Oracle 460
Into the world to teach his final will,
And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
In pious hearts, an inward oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know.
So spake our Saviour, but the subtle Fiend, 465
Though inly stung with anger and disdain
Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd:
Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
And urged me hard with doings, which not will
But misery hath wrested from me: where 470
Easily canst thou find one miserable,
And not enforced oft-times to part from truth;
If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art placed above me, thou art Lord, 475
From thee I can, and must, submiss endure

458. *Delphos* was the seat of the most celebrated oracle known in ancient times.

Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit.
Hard are the ways of Truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to th' ear,
And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song; 480
What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore; permit me
To hear thee when I come (since no man comes),
And talk at least, though I despair to' attain. 485
Thy Father, who is holy, wise and pure,
Suffers the hypocrite, or atheous priest,
To tread his sacred courts, and minister
About his altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing, and vouchsafed his voice 490
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
Inspired; disdain not such access to me.
  To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow:
Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'st 495
Permission from above; thou canst not more.
  He added not; and Satan bowing low
His grey dissimulation, disappear'd
Into thin air diffused: for now began
Night with her sullen wings to double shade 500
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd;
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The disciples of Jesus, uneasy at his long absence, reason amongst themselves concerning it. Mary also gives vent to her maternal anxiety; in the expression of which she recapitulates many circumstances respecting the birth and early life of her Son. Satan again meets his infernal council, reports the bad success of his first temptation of our blessed Lord, and calls upon them for council and assistance. Belial proposes the tempting of Jesus with women. Satan rebukes Belial for his dissoluteness, charging on him all the profligacy of that kind ascribed by the poets to the heathen gods, and rejects his proposal as in no respect likely to succeed. Satan then suggests other modes of temptation, particularly proposing to avail himself of the circumstance of our Lord's hungering; and, taking a band of chosen spirits with him, returns to resume his enterprise. Jesus hungers in the desert. Night comes on; the manner in which our Saviour passes the night is described. Morning advances. Satan again appears to Jesus, and, after expressing wonder that he should be so entirely neglected in the wilderness, where others had been miraculously fed, tempts him with a sumptuous banquet of the most luxurious kind. This he rejects, and the banquet vanishes. Satan, finding our Lord not to be assailed on the ground of appetite, tempts him again by offering him riches, as the means of acquiring power: this Jesus also rejects, producing many instances of great actions performed by persons under virtuous poverty, and specifying the danger of riches, and the cares and pains inseparable from power and greatness.

MEAN while the new-baptized, who yet remain'd
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
Jesus Messiah, Son of God declared,
And on that high authority had believed, 5
And with him talk'd, and with him lodged, I mean
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
With others, though in Holy Writ not named,
Now missing him their joy so lately found,
So lately found, and so abruptly gone, 10
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And as the days increased, increased their doubt:
Sometimes they thought he might be only shewn,

1. The almost only variety in the work is in the commencement of this book, but it is very slight, and can hardly save the poem from the charge of being too uniform in its narrative and in the unornamented style of its language

4. Warburton has observed, that Milton is under error here, as the people could only have learnt from what John had said, that Jesus was a great prophet.

And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moses was in the mount, and missing long; 15
And the great Thisbite, who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heav'n, yet once again to come.
Therefore, as those young prophets then with care
Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these
Nigh to Bethabara; in Jericho 20
The city of Palms, Ænom, and Salem old,
Machærus, and each town or city wall'd
On this side the broad lake Genezaret,
Or in Perræa; but return'd in vain.
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek, 25
Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play,
Plain fishermen, no greater men them call,
Close in a cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loss and plaints outbreath'd.
Alas, from what high hope to what relapse 30
Unlook'd-for are we fallen! our eyes beheld
Messiah certainly now come, so long
Expected of our fathers; we have heard
His words, his wisdom, full of grace and truth;
Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand, 35
The kingdom shall to Israel be restored;
Thus we rejoiced, but soon our joy is turn'd
Into perplexity and new amaze:
For whither is he gone, what accident
Hath wrapt him from us? will he now retire 40
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of Israel,
Send thy Messiah forth the time is come;
Behold the kings of th' earth how they oppress
Thy chosen, to what height their power unjust 45
They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of thee; arise and vindicate
Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him, 50
By his great Prophet, pointed at and shewn

16. 1 Kings xvii. 1. 18. 2 Kings ii. 17.
22. *Macherus*, a castle in the country beyond Jordan, named Perræa.
23. *Genezaret*; the same as the sea of Tiberias, or the sea of Galilee.
34. John i. 14. 36. Acts i. 6.

In public, and with him we have conversed;
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his Providence; he will not fail,
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall, 55
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence;
Soon shall we see our Hope, our Joy, return.
Thus they out of their plaints new hopes resume,
To find whom at the first they found unsought:
But to his mother Mary, when she saw 60
Others return'd from baptism, not her son,
Nor left at Jordan tidings of him none, [pure,
Within her breast though calm, her breast though
Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad:
O what avails me now that honour high 65
To have conceived of God, or that salute,
Hail, highly favour'd, among women blest!
While I to sorrows am no less advanced,
And fears as eminent, above the lot 70
Of other women, by the birth I bore,
In such a season born when scarce a shed
Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
From the bleak air; a stable was our warmth,
A manger his: yet soon enforced to fly 75
Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous king
Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem;
From Egypt home return'd in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years, his life 80
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicious to any king; but now
Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I hear,
By John the Baptist, and in public shewn,
Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice; 85
I look'd for some great change; to honour? no
But trouble; as old Simeon plain foretold,
That to the fall and rising he should be
Of many in Israel, and to a sign
Spoken against, that through my very soul 90
A sword shall pierce: this is my favour'd lot,
My exaltation to afflictions high!

"b. *Nazareth* was in Galilee, a despised part of the country; hence John i. 46.

Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
I will not argue that, nor will repine:
But where delays he now? some great intent 95
Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen,
I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
He could not lose himself; but went about
His father's business; what he meant I mused,
Since understand: much more his absence now 100
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inured;
My heart hath been a store-house long of things
And say'ings laid up, portending strange events.
Thus Mary pond'ring oft, and oft to mind 105
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly composed, awaited the fulfilling;
The while her Son, tracing the desert wild,
Sole, but with holiest meditations fed, 110
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set;
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on earth, and mission high:
For Satan with sly preface to return 11
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his potentates in council sat;
There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Solicitous and blank, he thus began: 120
Princes, Heav'n's ancient Sons, ethereal Thrones,
Demonian Spirits now, from th' element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and these mild seats 125
Without new trouble; such an enemy
Is risen to invade us, who no less
Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell;

103. The character of Mary, though it can be hardly considered as described, is finely touched. The allusion here is to Luke ii. 19, 51.

122. It was the opinion of the ancients, that every element as well as every corner of the earth had its peculiar demons. The same opinion appears to have been upheld during the middle ages, and Milton, it is supposed, borrowed many of his notions from the strange and mystical works which were formerly written on the subject.

I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequence was impower'd, 120
Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find
Far other labour to be undergone
Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men,
Though Adam by his wife's allurement fell,
However to this Man inferior far, 125
If he be man by mother's side at least,
With more than human gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,
Perfections absolute, graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds;
Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence 130
Of my success with Eve in Paradise
Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure
Of like succeeding here; I summon all
Rather to be in readiness, with hand
Or council to assist: lest I, who erst 135
Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.
  So spake th' old Serpent doubting, and from all
With clamour was assured their utmost aid
At his command; when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissolutest spirit that fell, 140
The sensualest, and, after Asmodai,
The fleshliest incubus, and thus advised:
  Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
Among daughters of men, the fairest found;
Many are in each region passing fair 145
As the noon sky: more like to goddesses
Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to' approach, 150
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.
Such object hath the power to soften and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve, 155
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, resolutest breast,
As the magnetic hardest iron draws.
Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart

154. *Magnetic*; the adjective for the substantive, as in instances pointed out in the Par. Lost.

Of wisest Solomon, and made him build, 170
And made him bow, to the gods of his wives.
To whom quick answer Satan thus retura'd:
Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thyself; because of old
Thou thyself doat'dst on womankind, admiring 175
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,
False titled Sons of God, roaming the earth
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, 180
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,
In wood or grove by mossy fountain side,
In valley or green meadow, to way-lay 185
Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more
Too long, then lay'st thy 'scapes on names adored,
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan, 190
Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan? But these haunts
Delight not all; among the sons of men,
How many have with a smile made small account
Of Beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
All her assaults, on worthier things intent? 195
Remember that Pellean conqueror,
A youth, how all the beauties of the East
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;
How he surnamed of Africa dismiss'd
In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid. 200
For Solomon, he lived at ease, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state;
Thence to the bait of women lay exposed:
But he whom we attempt is wiser far 205
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,

178. Milton here appears to favour the common notion of the angels having united with the daughters of men, but he expresses a contrary opinion, Par. Lost, xi. 621.

195. Alexander the Great, born at Pella, in Macedonia; his conduct towards the wife and daughters of Darius was distinguished for continency:—as was Scipio's, surnamed Africanus, on a similar occasion.

Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment
Of greatest things; what woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye 210
Of fond desire? Or should she, confident,
As sitting queen adored on Beauty's throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
To' enamour, as the zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell; 215
How would one look from his majestic brow,
Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,
Discount'nance her despised, and put to rout
All her array; her female pride deject,
Or turn to reverent awe; for Beauty stands 220
In th' admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease to' admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd:
Therefore with manlier objects we must try 225
His constancy, with such as have more show
Of worth, of honour, glory', and popular praise;
Rocks whereon greatest men have oftest wreck'd;
Or that which only seems to satisfy
Lawful desires of Nature, not beyond; 230
And now I know he hungers where no food
Is to be found, in the wide wilderness:
The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.
He ceased, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;
Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band 235
Of spirits likest to himself in guile
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
If cause were to unfold some active scene
Of various persons, each to know his part, 240
Then to the desert takes with these his flight;
Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
After forty days' fasting had remain'd,
Now hung'ring first, and to himself thus said:
Where will this end? four times ten days I've pass'd
Wand'ring this woody maze, and human food 245
Nor tasted, nor had appetite; that fast

244. An inaccuracy has been pointed out in this line, as our Saviour did not now *first* hunger.

To virtue I impute not, or count part
Of what I suffer here; if Nature need not,
Or God support Nature without repast 250
Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
But now I feel I hunger, which declares
Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God
Can satisfy that need some other way,
Though hunger still remain: so it remain 255
Without this body's wasting, I content me,
And from the sting of famine fear no harm,
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
Me hung'ring more to do my Father's will.
It was the hour of night, when thus the Son 260
Communed in silent walk, then laid him down
Under the hospitable covert nigh
Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept
And dream'd as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, Nature's refreshment sweet;
Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood, 266
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing even and morn,
Though ravenous, taught to' abstain from what they [brought;
He saw the prophet also how he fled
Into the desert, and how there he slept 271
Under a juniper; then how awaked
He found his supper on the coals prepared,
And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose, 275
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days;
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.
Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry 280
The Morn's approach, and greet her with his song:
As lightly from his grassy couch uprose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting waked:
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd, 285
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
If cottage were in view, sheep-cote or herd;

259. John iv. 34.
266. *Him thought*, as we say, me thought. 1 Kings xvii. 5, 6. and xix. 4. Dan. i.

But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote none he saw
Only' in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
With chaunt of tuneful birds resounding loud; 290
Thither he bent his way, determined there
To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
High rooft, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
That open'd in the midst a woody scene;
Nature's own work it seem'd (Nature taught Art)
And to a superstitious eye the haunt 295
Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs; he view'd it round,
When suddenly a man before him stood,
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in city' or court, or palace bred, 300
And with fair speech these words to him address'd:
With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild solitude so long should bide
Of all things destitute, and well I know 305
Not without hunger. Others of some note,
As story tells, have trod this wilderness;
The fugitive bond-woman with her son
Outcast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
By a providing angel; all the race 310
Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God
Rain'd from Heav'n manna; and that prophet bold
Native of Thebez, wand'ring here was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat:
Of thee these forty days none hath regard, 315
Forty and more deserted here indeed.
To whom thus Jesus: What conclud'st thou hence?
They all had need, I, as thou seest, have none.
How hast thou hunger then? Satan replied:
Tell me, if food were now before thee set, 320
Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that
Cause thy refusal? said the subtle fiend.
Hast thou not right to all created things?
Owe not all creatures by just right to thee 325

306. Gen. xvi. 6. *Nebaioth* was the eldest son of Ishmael, and it is supposed is here put by mistake for the latter.
313. *Thebez*, Tishbe, where Elijah was born, hence the allusion. The wilderness in which our Saviour was at this time, was not the same with those in which Hagar, &c. are represented as wandering

Duty and service not to stay till bid,
But tender all their power? nor mention I
Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first
To idols, those young Daniel could refuse;
Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who 330
Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? Behold,
Nature ashamed, or, better to express,
Troubled that thou shouldst hunger, hath purvey'd
From all the elements her choicest store
To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord, 335
With honour: only deign to sit and eat.
He spake no dream, for as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld
In ample space under the broadest shade
A table richly spread, in regal mode, 340
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
And savour, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
Gris-amber-steam'd; all fish from sea or shore,
Freshet, or purling brook, of shell or fin, 345
And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
Alas! how simple, to these cates compared,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!
And at a stately side-board, by the wine 350
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more
Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood,
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades, 355
With fruits and flow'rs from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of th' Hesperides, that seem'd
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
Of faery damsels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones, 360
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore:
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes, and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd

344. *Gris-amber*, Ambergris was formerly used to great excess in the flavouring of certain dishes.
347. The places here mentioned were famous in antiquity for their fish.
349. *Diverted*, in the Latin sense, turned aside.

From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells. 330
Such was the splendour, and the Tempter now
His invitation earnestly renew'd.
What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict
Defends the touching of these viands pure; 370
Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,
Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay 375
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:
What doubt'st thou, Son of God? sit down and eat.
To whom thus Jesus temp'rately reply'd:
Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my power that right to use? 380
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderness,
And call swift flights of angels ministrant 385
Array'd in glory on my cup to' attend:
Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn, 390
And count thy specious gifts no gifts but guiles.
To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent:
That I have also power to give thou seest;
If of that power I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleased, 395
And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see
What I can do or offer is suspect;
Of these things others quickly will dispose, 400
Whose pains have earn'd the far-fet spoil. With that
Both table and provision vanish'd quite
With sound of harpies' wings, and talons heard;

373. *Defends;* as in Par. Lost, like the French *defendre*, to forbid. 385. So in Shakspeare's Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 6.
401. *Fet*, instead of fetched, for softness; the word is used by Chaucer, Spenser, &c.

Only th' importune Tempter still remain'd,
And with these words his temptation pursued: 405
By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd; therefore not moved;
Thy temperance invincible besides,
For no allurement yields to appetite,
And all thy heart is set on high designs, 410
High actions; but wherewith to be achieved?
Great acts require great means of enterprise;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A carpenter thy father known, thyself
Bred up in poverty and straits at home, 415
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit:
Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence authority derivest?
What followers, what retinue, canst thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude, 420
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms.
What raised Antipater the Edomite,
And his son Herod placed on Judah's throne
(Thy throne), but gold that got him puissant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive, 425
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me;
Riches are mine, Fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain, 430
While Virtue, Valour, Wisdom, sit in want.
To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd:
Yet wealth without these three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
Witness those ancient empires of the earth, 435
In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolved:
But men endued with these have oft attain'd
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;
Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,

420. This verse is elliptical, and requires the verb *gain* to be understood.

423. *Antipater* was the father of Herod, whom it is supposed he got raised to the throne of Judea, through the influence of his wealth.

429. This temptation as well as that of the feast, the reader will recognise as the invention of the poet, and not forming a part of the Scripture narrative.

430. *The shepherd lad*, David.

Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat
So many ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Among the Heathen (for throughout the world
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy of memorial), canst thou not remember
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
For I esteem those names of men so poor
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches, though offer'd from the hand of kings.
And what in me seems wanting, but that I
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance if not snare, more apt
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms? yet not for that a crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;
Which every wise and virtuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and knowing worship God aright,
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,

446. *Quintius*; Cincinnatus, who was ploughing when called to be the Dictator of Rome.—*Fabricius*, another Roman, who, though offered abundant wealth by king Pyrrhus, returned to his home, and lived and died in poverty.—*Curius Dentatus*, and *Regulus*, Romans also. The former rejected the riches offered both by his countrymen and foreigners, the latter braved the most frightful torments from the Carthaginians, rather than persuade his country to make peace with them

Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a generous mind
So reigning can be no sincere delight. 480
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought, 485
To gain a sceptre, oftest better miss'd.

481. The great examples which monarchs have given of abdicating their thrones were after the time of our Saviour, but it is most probable Milton had Diocletian and Charles V. in his mind. There is a great deal of noble sentiment in the above reply of our Lord; but the noblest morality of philosophy falls of inspiring those particular feelings of awe and trembling expectation with which the scene of Christ's mysterious contest fills the mind. Milton's imagination was, if I may use the expression, the imagination of sense, of vision, and material forms; his conception of purely spiritual things was imperfect, and hence his frequent recourse to the set phrases and moral aphorisms of the classic philosophers, when it is the exposition of the spirit itself, not of particular sentiment, which the mind requires. Throughout the poem the defect of his genius in this respect is constantly evident; our Saviour speaks through Milton's memory; no thought occurs which shews the God-man, as the one sole being who through eternity has united divinity and humanity, and the answers he makes might be put into the mouth of any virtuous and gifted mortal. The design of Paradise Regained, notwithstanding all commentators may say, was sufficiently large and perfect for a most noble poem, but the author wanted, to make such a plan successful, a mind more fond of searching into the great springs of thought and power.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, in a speech of much flattering commendation, endeavours to awaken in Jesus a passion for glory, by particularizing various instances of conquests achieved, and great actions performed, by persons at an early period of life. Our Lord replies, by shewing the vanity of worldly fame, and the improper means by which it is generally attained; and contrasts with it the true glory of religious patience and virtuous wisdom, as exemplified in the character of Job. Satan justifies the love of glory from the example of God himself, who requires it from all his creatures. Jesus detects the fallacy of this argument, by shewing that, as goodness is the true ground on which glory is due to the great Creator of all things, sinful man can have no right whatever to it. Satan then urges our Lord respecting his claim to the throne of David; he tells him that the kingdom of Judea, being at that time a province of Rome, cannot be got possession of without much personal exertion on his part, and presses him to lose no time in beginning to reign. Jesus refers him to the time allotted for this, as for all other things; and, after intimating somewhat respecting his own previous sufferings, asks Satan why he should be solicitous for the exaltation of one, whose rising was destined to be his fall. Satan replies, that his own desperate state, by excluding all hope, leaves little room for fear; and that, as his own punishment was equally doomed, he is not interested in preventing the reign of one, for whose apparent benevolence he might rather hope for some interference in his favour. Satan still pursues his former incitements; and, supposing that the seeming reluctance of Jesus to be thus advanced might arise from his being unacquainted with the world and its glories, conveys him to the summit of a high mountain, and from thence shews him most of the kingdom of Asia, particularly pointing out to his notice some extraordinary military preparations of the Parthians to resist the incursions of the Scythians. He then informs our Lord, that he shewed him this purposely that he might see how necessary military exertions are to retain the possession of kingdoms, as well as to subdue them at first, and advises him to consider how impossible it was to maintain Judea against two such powerful neighbours as the Romans and Parthians, and how necessary it would be to form an alliance with one or other of them. At the same time he recommends, and engages to secure to him, that of the Parthians; and tells him, that by this means his power will be defended from any thing that Rome or Cæsar might attempt against it, and that he will be able to extend his glory wide, and especially to accomplish what was particularly necessary to make the throne of Judea really the throne of David, the deliverance and restoration of the ten tribes, still in a state of captivity. Jesus, having briefly noticed the vanity of military efforts, and the weakness of the arm of flesh, says, that when the time comes for his ascending his allotted throne, he shall not be slack: he remarks on Satan's extraordinary zeal for the deliverance of the Israelites, to whom he had always shewn himself an enemy, and declares their servitude to be the consequence of their idolatry; but adds, that at a future time it may perhaps please God to recall them, and restore them to their liberty and native land.

So spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
A while as mute confounded what to say,

What to reply, confuted and convinced
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
At length collecting all his serpent wiles, 5
With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts:
I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
What best to say can say, to do canst do;
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart 10
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,
Thy counsel would be as the oracle
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems
On Aaron's breast; or tongue of seers old 15
Infallible; or wert thou sought to deeds
That might require th' array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be such, that all the world
Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
In battle, though against thy few in arms. 20
These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
Affecting private life or more obscure
In savage wilderness? wherefore deprive
All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
The fame and glory, glory the reward 25
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
And dignities and powers all but the highest? 30
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the son
Of Macedonian Philip had ere these
Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down
The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quell'd 35
The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,

11. *Shape*, idea, in its most perfect sense.

13. What the *Urim* and *Thummim* were is not known. It is supposed, as the words signify light and perfection, that the prophetic virtue inherent in the sacred breast-plate, or in the gems which composed it, is to be understood by them.

31. See Luke iii. 23.

36. *The Pontic king*, Mithridates, against whom Pompey was sent, but he was then it is believed turned of forty.

The more he grew in years, the more inflamed 40
With glory, wept that he had lived so long
Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.
To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd:
Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect 45
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd?
And what the people but a herd confused,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol 50
Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise?
They praise and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk, 55
Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise?
His lot who dares be singularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.
This is true glory and renown, when God 60
Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through Heav'n
To all his angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises: thus he did to Job,
When to extend his fame through Heav'n and Earth,
As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember, 65
He ask'd thee, Hast thou seen my servant Job?
Famous he was in Heav'n, on Earth less known;
Where glory is false glory attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame. 70
They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in fields great battles win,
Great cities by assault: what do these worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and inslave 75
Peaceable nations, neighb'ring, or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind

41. Julius Cæsar, it is said, wept on reading the life of Alexander, that he had done so little at his age.—Alexander died when he was about 34 years old. 67. Job i. 8.

Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy; 80
Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worshipp'd with temple, priest, and sacrifice?
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other:
Till conqu'ror Death discover them scarce men, 85
Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd
Without ambition, war, or violence; 90
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance: I mention still
Him, whom thy wrongs with saintly patience borne
Made famous in a land and times obscure;
Who names not now with honour patient Job? 95
Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done, 100
Aught suffer'd; if young African for fame
His wasted country freed from Punic rage,
The deed becomes unpraised, the man at least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek, 105
Oft not deserved? I seek not mine, but His
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.
To whom the Tempter murmuring thus reply'd:
Think not so slight of glory; therein least
Resembling thy great Father; he seeks glory, 110
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs; nor content in Heav'n
By all his angels glorify'd, requires
Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption; 115
Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift,
Glory he requires, and glory he receives
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew or Greek,

101. *Young African*, Scipio Africanus, who freed Rome from the threatened invasion of the Carthaginians.
106. John viii. 49, 50.

Or barbarous, nor exemption hath declared:
From us his foes pronounced glory he exacts. 120
To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd:
And reason; since his word all things produced,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to shew forth his goodness, and impart
His good communicable to every soul 125
Freely; of whom what could he less expect
Than glory and benediction, that is thanks,
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense
From them who could return him nothing else,
And not returning that would likeliest render 130
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?
Hard recompense, unsuitable return
For so much good, so much beneficence.
But why should man seek glory, who of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs 135
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
Who for so many benefits received
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate, and false,
And so of all true good himself despoil'd;
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take 140
That which to God alone of right belongs;
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himself to glory will advance.
So spake the Son of God; and here again 145
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin, for he himself
Insatiable of glory had lost all;
Yet of another plea bethought him soon:
Of glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem, 150
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass:
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To sit upon thy father David's throne;
By mother's side thy father; though thy right
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part 155
Easily from possession won with arms:
Judæa now and all the Promised Land,
Reduced a province under Roman yoke,

156. Judæa was reduced from being an independent kingdom to a Roman province in the reign of Augustus, and when our Saviour was about twelve years old.

Obeys Tiberius; nor is always ruled
With temperate sway; oft have they violated 160
The temple, oft the law, with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain
Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?
So did not Maccabeus: he indeed 165
Retired unto the desert, but with arms;
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,
That by strong hand his family obtain'd,
Tho' priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd
With Modin and her suburbs once content. 170
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
And duty; zeal and duty are not slow;
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait;
They themselves rather are occasion best,
Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free 175
Thy country from her Heathen servitude;
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify
The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign;
The happier reign the sooner it begins;
Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?
To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd: 181
All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,
And time there is for all things, truth hath said:
If of my reign prophetic writ hath told
That it shall never end, so when begin 185
The Father in his purpose hath decreed,
He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
What if he hath decreed that I shall first
Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults, 190
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
What I can suffer, how obey? who best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first 196
Well hath obey'd; just trial, ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlasting kingdom, why art thou
Solicitous, what moves thy inquisition? 200

160. Pompey profaned the Holy of Holies; for Antiochus, see 2 Maccab. v. 183. Eccles. iii.

Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?
  To whom the Tempter inly rack'd reply'd:
Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
Of my reception into grace; what worse? 205
For where no hope is left, is left no fear:
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst; worst is my port,
My harbour, and my ultimate repose, 210
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime; whatever for itself condemn'd
And will alike be punish'd, whether thou
Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow 215
Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
From that placid aspect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil state,
Would stand between me and thy Father's ire
(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell) 220
A shelter, and a kind of shading cool
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
If I then to the worst that can be haste,
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
Happiest both to thyself and all the world, 225
That thou who worthiest art should'st be their king?
Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd
Of th' enterprise so hazardous and high!
No wonder, for though in thee be united
What of perfection can in man be found, 230
Or human nature can receive, consider
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,
And once a year Jerusalem, few days' 234
Short sojourn; and what thence couldst thou observe?
The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
Best school of best experience, quickest insight
In all things that to greatest actions lead.
The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever 240
Timorous and loath, with novice modesty
(As he who seeking asses found a kingdom)
Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous:

203. See Par. Lost, iv. 108. 234. Luke ii. 41. 243. 1 Sam. ix.

But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes 245
The monarchies of th' earth, their pomp and state;
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,
And regal mysteries, that thou may'st know
How best their opposition to withstand. 250
With that (such power was given him then) he took
The Son of God up to a mountain high.
It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain, out-stretch'd in circuit wide,
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd, 255
Th' one winding, th' other straight, and left between
Fair champain with less rivers intervein'd,
Then meeting, join'd their tribute to the sea:
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine; 259
With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills;
Huge cities and high-tower'd, that well might seem
The seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large
The prospect was, that here and there was room
For barren desert, fountainless and dry.
To this high mountain top the Tempter brought 265
Our Saviour, and new train of words began:
Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,
Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st
Assyria and her empire's ancient bounds, 270
Araxes and the Caspian lake, thence on
As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,
And inaccessible th' Arabian drought:
Here Nineveh, of length within her wall 275
Several days' journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns;
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues, 280
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy father David's house

275. *Nineveh* was built by Ninus, and was situated on the river Tigris. It is said to have been 15 miles long, 9 broad, and 48 in circumference. The walls round it were 100 feet high, and broad enough for three chariots to drive abreast on them.
280. *Babylon* was situated on the Euphrates. See Dan. iv. 30. 2 Kings xxiv. and xxv.

Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis
His city there thou seest, and Bactra there; 285
Ecbatana her structure vast there shews
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;
There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,
The drink of none but kings; of later fame
Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands, 290
The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,
Turning with easy eye thou may'st behold.
All these the Parthian, now some ages past,
By great Arsaces led, who founded first 295
That empire, under his dominion holds,
From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
And just in time thou com'st to have a view
Of this great power; for now the Parthian king
In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host 300
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in haste; see, though from far,
His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,
Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit; 305
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons, and wings.
He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless 310
The city gates out-pour'd, light armed troops
In coats of mail and military pride;
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound; 315
From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,
From Atropatia and the neighbouring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south 320
Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.

284. *Persepolis* and *Bactra*, cities of Persia—*Ecbatana*, the capital of Media.—*Hecatompylos*, of Parthia.
290. *Ctesiphon*, was the winter residence of the Parthian kings. —*Sogdiana* was the province most exposed to the Scythians, and nearest their country.
315. *Arachosia*, &c. &c. provinces of Parthia.

He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight; 325
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown:
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
Chariots or elephants indorsed with towers
Of archers, nor of labouring pioneers 330
A multitude, with spades and axes arm'd
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or where plain was, raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries, 335
And waggons fraught with útensils of war.
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican with all his northern powers
Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,
The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win 340
The fairest of her sex, Angelica
His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,
Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.
Such and so numerous was their chivalry;
At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presumed, 345
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd:
That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not every way secure
On no slight grounds thy safety; hear and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither, and shewn
All this fair sight: thy kingdom, though foretold 351
By prophet or by angel, unless thou
Endeavour, as thy father David did,
Thou never shalt obtain, prediction still
In all things, and all men, supposes means; 355
Without means used, what it predicts revokes.
But say thou wert possess'd of David's throne
By free consent of all, none opposite;
Samaritan or Jew; how could'st thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure, 360
Between two such inclosing enemies,

322. The known custom of the Parthians in their warfare.
327. *Clouds of foot;* an Homeric expression.
329. *Indorsed;* from the Latin *in*, upon, and *dorsum*, the back.
338. An allusion to Bolardo's Orlando Innamorato, B. 1. Can. 10.

Roman and Parthian? therefore one of these
Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first
By my advice, as nearer, and of late
Found able by invasion to annoy 365
Thy country, and captive lead away her kings
Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus bound,
Maugre the Roman: it shall be my task
To render thee the Parthian at dispose:
Choose which thou wilt by conquest or by league. 370
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinstall thee
In David's royal seat, his true successor,
Deliverance of thy brethren, those Ten Tribes
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve, 375
In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed;
Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph lost
Thus long from Israel, serving as of old
Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,
This offer sets before thee to deliver. 380
These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates, and beyond,
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar need not fear. 385
To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmoved:
Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
And fragile arms, much instrument of war,
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in my ear 390
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battles, and leagues,
Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.
Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction else
Will unpredict and fail me of the throne: 395
My time I told thee (and that time for thee
Were better farthest off) is not yet come:
When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
On my part aught endeavouring, or to need
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome 400
Luggage of war there shewn me, argument
Of human weakness rather than of strength.

366. *Hyrcanus* was taken captive and carried to Seleucia, but *Antigonus* was made king of the Jews.
376. 2 Kings xviii. 11. 396. John ii. 4.

My brethren, as thou call'st them, those Ten Tribes
I must deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway 405
To just extent over all Israel's sons.
But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
For Israel, or for David, or his throne,
When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride
Of numbering Israël, which cost the lives 410
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
By three days' pestilence? such was thy zeal
To Israel then, the same that now to me!
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off 415
From God to worship calves, the deities
Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
And all th' idolatries of Heathens round,
Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity 420
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
The God of their forefathers; but so died
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain, 425
And God with idols in their worship join'd.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,
Headlong would follow; and to their gods perhaps
Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them serve 431
Their enemies, who serve idols with God.
Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous call
May bring them back repentant and sincere, 435
And at their passing cleave th' Assyrian flood,
While to their native land with joy they haste;
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
When to the Promised Land their fathers pass'd;
To his due time and providence I leave them. 440
So spake Israel's true King, and to the Fiend
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with Truth Falsehood contends.

409. 1 Chron. xxi. 1.
414. See the history of the tribes in the book of Kings.
436. See Rev. xvi. 12.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, persisting in the temptation of our Lord, shews him imperial Rome in its greatest pomp and splendour, as a power which he probably would prefer before that of the Parthians; and tells him that he might with the greatest ease expel Tiberius, restore the Romans to their liberty, and make himself master not only of the Roman empire, but, by so doing, of the whole world, and inclusively of the throne of David. Our Lord, in reply, expresses his contempt of grandeur and worldly power, notices the luxury, vanity, and profligacy, of the Romans, declaring how little they merited to be restored to that liberty which they had lost by their misconduct, and briefly refers to the greatness of his own future kingdom. Satan, now desperate, to enhance the value of his proffered gifts, professes that the only terms on which he will bestow them, are our Saviour's falling down and worshipping him. Our Lord expresses a firm but temperate indignation at such a proposition, and rebukes the tempter by the title of 'Satan for ever damn'd.' Satan, abashed, attempts to justify himself: he then assumes a new ground of temptation, and proposing to Jesus the intellectual gratifications of wisdom and knowledge, points out to him the celebrated seat of ancient learning, Athens, its schools, and other various resorts of learned teachers and their disciples; accompanying the view with a highly-finished panegyric on the Grecian musicians, poets, orators, and philosophers of the different sects. Jesus replies, by shewing the vanity and insufficiency of the boasted heathen philosophy: and prefers to the music, poetry, eloquence, and didactic policy, of the Greeks, those of the inspired Hebrew writers. Satan, irritated at the failure of all his attempts, upbraids the indiscretion of our Saviour in rejecting his offers: and having, in ridicule of his expected kingdom, foretold the sufferings that our Lord was to undergo, carries him back into the wilderness, and leaves him there. Night comes on: Satan raises a tremendous storm, and attempts farther to alarm Jesus with frightful dreams, and terrific threatening spectres; which however have no effect upon him. A calm, bright, beautiful morning succeeds to the horrors of the night. Satan again presents himself to our blessed Lord, and, from noticing the storm of the preceding night as pointed chiefly at him, takes occasion once more to insult him with an account of the sufferings which he was certainly to undergo. This only draws from our Lord a brief rebuke. Satan, now at the height of his desperation, confesses that he had frequently watched Jesus from his birth, purposely to discover if he was the Messiah; and, collecting from what passed at the river Jordan that he most probably was so, he had from that time more assiduously followed him, in hopes of gaining some advantage over him, which would most effectually prove that he was not really that Divine Person destined to be his 'fatal enemy.' In this he acknowledges that he has hitherto completely failed: but still determines to make one more trial of him. Accordingly he conveys him to the temple at Jerusalem, and, placing him on a pointed eminence, requires him to prove his divinity either by standing there, or casting himself down with safety. Our Lord reproves the Tempter, and at the same time manifests his own divinity by standing on this dangerous point. Satan, amazed and terrified, instantly falls; and repairs to his infernal compeers to relate the bad success of his enterprise.

Angels in the mean time convey our blessed Lord to a beautiful valley, and, while they minister to him a repast of celestial food, celebrate his victory in a triumphant hymn.

PERPLEX'D and troubled at his bad success
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve, 5
So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve,
This far his over-match, who, self-deceived
And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd
The strength he was to cope with, or his own:
But as a man who had been matchless held 10
In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,
To salve his credit, and for every spite,
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time, 15
About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dash'd, th' assault renew,
Vain battery, and in froth or bubbles end; 20
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er though desp'rate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.
He brought our Saviour to the western side 25
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,
That screen'd the fruits of th' earth and seats of men
From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst 31
Divided by a river, of whose banks
On each side an imperial city stood,
With towers and temples proudly elevate
On seven small hills, with palaces adorn'd 35
Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens and groves presented to his eyes,

15. Homer's Il. xvi. 641.

27. *Another plain;* Italy, which is bounded by the Mediterranean on the south, the Alps on the north, and intersected by the Tiber.

Above the highth of mountains interposed:
By what strange parallax or optic skill 40
Of vision multiply'd through air, or glass
Of telescope, were curious to inquire:
And now the Tempter thus his silence broke:
The city which thou seest no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd 45
Of nations; there the capitol thou seest
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable; and there Mount Palatine, 50
Th' imperial palace, compass huge and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets and terraces, and glitt'ring spires.
Many a fair edifice besides, more like 55
Houses of Gods, so well I have disposed
My aery microscope, thou may'st behold
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold. 60
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in,
Pretors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power, 65
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings;
Or embassies from regions far remote
In various habits on the Appian road,
Or on th' Emilian, some from farthest south,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls, 70
Meroe, Nilotic isle, and, more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Blackmoor sea;
From th' Asian kings, and Parthian among these,
From India and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle, Taprobane, 75
Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,

66. *Turms*, from the Latin *turma*, a troop.
68. *The Appian road* led towards the north; *the Emilian* towards the south.
69. *Farthest south Syene*; that is, on the extreme southern limit of the Roman Empire.

Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
All nations now to Rome obedience pay, 80
To Rome's great Emperor, whose wide domain
In ample territory, wealth and power,
Civility of manners, arts, and arms,
And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer
Before the Parthian; these two thrones except, 85
The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the sight,
Shared among petty kings too far removed;
These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
This emperor hath no son, and now is old, 90
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired
To Capreæ, an island small but strong
On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
Committing to a wicked favourite 95
All public cares, and yet of him suspicious
Hated of all, and hating; with what ease,
Indued with regal virtues as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne,
Now made a stye, and in his place ascending 101
A victor people free from servile yoke?
And with my help thou may'st; to me the power
Is given, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at no less than all the world, 105
Aim at the highest, without the highest attain'd
Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,
On David's throne, be prophesy'd what will.
  To whom the Son of God unmoved reply'd:
Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show 110
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell
Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts,
On citron tables or Atlantic stone, 115

90. Such is the account which history has left of the Emperor Tiberius. On his retirement to the island Capreæ, he committed the government to Sejanus, his infamous favourite.

115. *Citron* wood was very much admired by the Romans, and tables made of it were a great article of luxury among them, as were also cups made of *crystal* and *myrrhine*.

(For I have also heard, perhaps have read)
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
Chios, and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
Crystal and myrrhine cups imboss'd with gems
And studs of pearl; to me should'st tell who thirst 1
And hunger still: then embassies thou shew'st
From nations far and nigh; what honour that,
But tedious waste of time to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk 125
Of th' emperor, how easily subdued,
How gloriously; I shall, thou say'st, expel
A brutish monster: what if I withal
Expel a devil who first made him such!
Let his tormentor, Conscience, find him out; 130
For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
That people, victor once, now vile and base,
Deservedly made vassal, who once just,
Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,
But govern ill the nations under yoke, 135
Peeling their provinces, exhausted all
By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown
Of triumph, that insulting vanity;
Then cruel, by their sports to blood inured
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts exposed, 140
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
And from the daily scene effeminate.
What wise and valiant man would seek to free
These thus degenerate, by themselves enslaved,
Or could of inward slaves make outward free? 145
Know therefore when my season comes to sit
On David's throne, it shall be like a tree
Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
All monarchies besides throughout the world, 150
And of my kingdom there shall be no end:
Means there shall be to this, but what the means
Is not for thee to know nor me to tell.
To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd:
I see all offers made by me how slight 155
Thou valuest, because offer'd, and reject'st:

130. Tacitus, Ann. vi. 6.
146. Matt. xiii. 32. and Dan. iv. 11. Luke i. 33.

Nothing will please thee, difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than still to contradict:
On th' other side know also thou, that I
On what I offer set as high esteem, 160
Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;
All these which in a moment thou behold'st,
The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give;
For, given to me, I give to whom I please;
No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else, 165
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worship me as thy superior lord,
Easily done, and hold them all of me;
For what can less so great a gift deserve?
Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain:
I never liked thy talk, thy offers less, 171
Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to utter
Th' abominable terms, impious condition;
But I endure the time, till which expired,
Thou hast permission on me. It is written 175
The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship
The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;
And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
To worship thee accursed, now more accursed
For this attempt bolder than that on Eve, 180
And more blasphemous? which expect to rue.
The kingdoms of the world to thee were given,
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd;
Other donation none thou canst produce:
If given, by whom but by the King of kings, 185
God over all supreme? If given to thee,
By thee how fairly is the giver now
Repaid? But gratitude in thee is lost
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
As offer them to me the Son of God, 190
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
That I fall down and worship thee as God?
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st
That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.
To whom the Fiend with fear abash'd reply'd: 195
Be not so sore offended, Son of God,
Though sons of God both angels are and men,

191. *Pact*, a word used to signify the agreement made by sorcerers with the devil.

If I, to try whether in higher sort
Than these thou bear'st that title, have proposed,
What both from men and angels I receive, 200
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations beside from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invoked and world beneath;
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
To me so fatal, me it most concerns. 205
The trial hath indamaged thee no way,
Rather more honour left and more esteem;
Me nought advantaged, missing what I aim'd.
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more 210
Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.
And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclined
Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute;
As by that early action may be judged, 215
When slipping from thy mother's eye thou went'st
Alone into the temple; there wast found
Among the gravest Rabbies disputant
On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,
Teaching, not taught; the childhood shews the man,
As morning shews the day. Be famous then 221
By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law, 225
The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by Nature's light;
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st; 230
Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinced. 235
Look once more ere we leave this specular mount
Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold

Matt. xxiii. 2. 236. Par. Lost, xii. 602.

Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens the eye of Greece, mother of arts 240
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird 245
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flow'ry hill Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whisp'ring stream: within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages; his who bred 251
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit 255
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own. 260
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of Fate, and Chance, and change in human life; 265
High actions and high passions best describing:
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook th' arsenal and fulmined over Greece, 270
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne:
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From Heav'n descended to the low roof'd house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced 275

238. The following passage has been justly pointed out as one of the most beautiful in the poem. It is pure, clear, and distinct; like a prospect seen through a Grecian atmosphere.
253. The *Lyceum* was the school of Aristotle, as the *Academy* was that of Plato; and the *Stoa*, which was adorned with many paintings, was the school of Zeno.

Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Sirnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe; 280
These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
These rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.
To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd: 285
Think not but that I know these things, or think
I know them not; not therefore am I short
Of knowing what I ought: he who receives
Light from above, from the Fountain of Light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true; 290
But these are false, or little else but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The first and wisest of them all profess'd
To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits; 295
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
Others in virtue placed felicity,
But virtue join'd with riches and long life;
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;
The Stoic last in philosophic pride, 300
By him call'd Virtue; and his virtuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,
Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all 304
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can;
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas, what can they teach, and not mislead,
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, 310
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves

283. *The first;* Socrates, who declared he could know nothing but himself.—*The next;* Plato, whose mysticism and allegories are here alluded to.—*The third;* the scholars of Pyrrho, whose philosophy was altogether sceptical. The others who are mentioned are the Academics and the Epicureans.

All glory arrogate, to God give none, 315
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets, 320
An empty cloud. However, many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior
(And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep versed in books and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
As children gathering pebbles on the shore. 330
Or if I would delight my private hours
With music or with poems, where so soon
As in our native language can I find
That solace? all our law and story strew'd
With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscribed,
Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon, 335
That pleased so well our victors' ear, declare
That rather Greece from us these arts derived;
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
The vices of their deities, and their own, 340
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame:
Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid
As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
Thin sown with aught of profit or delight, 345
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With Sion's songs, to all true taste excelling,
Where God is praised aright, and godlike men,
The holiest of holies, and his saints;
Such are from God inspired, not such from thee, 350
Unless where moral virtue is express'd
By light of Nature, not in all quite lost.
Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those
The top of eloquence, statists indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may seem; 355
But herein to our Prophets far beneath

333. Eccles. xii. 12. 336. Ps. cxxxvii.

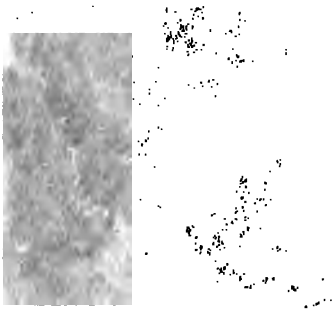
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government
In their majestic unaffected style
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome. 360
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;
These only with our law best form a king.
So spake the Son of God; but Satan now 365
Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow replied:
Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor aught
By me proposed in life contemplative, 370
Or active, tended on by glory, or by fame,
What dost thou in this world? the wilderness
For thee is fittest place; I found thee there,
And thither will return thee; yet remember
What I foretell thee, soon thou shalt have cause 375
To wish thou never hadst rejected thus
Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,
Which would have set thee in short time with ease
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season, 380
When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.
Now contrary, if I read aught in Heav'n,
Or Heav'n write aught of Fate, by what the stars
Voluminous, or single characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to spell, 385
Sorrows, and labours, opposition, hate
Attend thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death;
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
Real or allegoric I discern not; 390
Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefix'd
Directs me in the starry rubric set.
So saying he took (for still he knew his power
Not yet expired) and to the wilderness 395

359. The astrologer Cardan, with a mixture of madness and impiety, pretended to cast the nativity of Christ, and to discover what must have been his lot from the situation of the planets at his birth.

Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As day-light sunk, and brought in louring Night,
Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
Privation mere of light and absent day. 400
Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind
After his aery jaunt, though hurried sore,
Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest.
Wherever, under some concourse of shades, [shield
Whose branching arms thick intertwined might
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,
But shelter'd, slept in vain, for at his head
The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturb'd his sleep; and either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heaven, the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd 411
Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire
In ruin reconciled: nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell 415
On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaded with stormy blasts;
Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st 420
Unshaken! Nor yet stay'd the terror there,
Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round [shriek'd,
Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Satst unappall'd in calm and sinless peace. 425
Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice grey,
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had raised 430
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dried the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more fresh and green, 435
After a night of storm so ruinous,

415. *Hinges*; a translation of the Latin *Cardo*, from which we derive the word cardinal, and hence cardinal points.

Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray
To gratulate the sweet return of morn;
Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
Was absent, after all his mischief done, 440
The Prince of Darkness; glad would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came.
Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
Rather by this his last affront resolved,
Desp'rate of better course, to vent his rage, 445
And mad despite, to be so oft repell'd.
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood;
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
And in a careless mood thus to him said: 450
  Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
After a dismal night; I heard the wrack
As earth and sky would mingle; but myself
Was distant; and these flaws, tho' mortals fear them
As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of Heav'n, 455
Or to the Earth's dark basis underneath,
Are to the main as inconsiderable
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
To man's less universe, and soon are gone;
Yet as being oft times noxious where they light 460
On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,
Like turbulencies in th' affairs of men,
Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
They oft fore-signify and threaten ill:
This tempest at this desert most was bent; 465
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
The perfect season offer'd with my aid
To win thy destined seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of Fate, pursue thy way 470
Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told?
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means: each act is rightliest done, 475
Not when it must, but when it may be best.
If thou observe not this, be sure to find
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,



Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold; 480
Whereof this ominous night that closed thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies,
May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign.
So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on
And stay'd not, but in brief him answer'd thus: 485
Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm
Those terrors which thou speak'st of did me none;
I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
And threat'ning nigh; what they can do as signs
Betokening or ill boding, I contemn 490
As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
At least might seem to hold all power of thee,
Ambitious Spirit, and wouldst be thought my God, 495
And storm'st refused, thinking to terrify
Me to thy will; desist, thou art discern'd,
And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.
To whom the Fiend now swoln with rage replied:
Then hear, O Son of David, Virgin-born; 500
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt:
Of the Messiah, I had heard foretold
By all the prophets; of thy birth at length
Announced by Gabriel with the first I knew,
And of th' angelic song in Bethlehem field 505
On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.
From that time seldom have I ceased to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all 510
Flock to the Baptist, I among the rest,
Though not to be baptized, by voice from Heav'n
Heard thee pronounced the Son of God beloved.
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn 515
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
The Son of God, which bears no single sense;

501. I have before observed that there does not seem sufficient reason for supposing Christ's nature and character unknown to Satan. Milton, by laying so much stress as he has done on this idea, rendered it necessary for him to pursue an argument, which contributes nothing either to the interest or the sublimity of the subject.

The Son of God, I also am, or was,
And if I was, I am; relation stands;
All men are sons of God; yet thee I thought 520
In some respect far higher so declared.
Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild;
Where by all best conjectures I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy. 525
Good reason then, if I before-hand seek
To understand my adversary, who
And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent;
By parle or composition, truce or league,
To win him, or win from him what I can. 530
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
Proof against all temptation, as a rock
Of adamant, and, as a centre, firm;
To th' utmost of mere man both wise and good, 535
Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory
Have been before contemn'd, and may again:
Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,
Another method I must now begin. 540

So saying he caught him up, and without wing
Of hippogrif bore through the air sublime
Over the wilderness and o'er the plain;
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The holy city, lifted high her towers, 545
And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, topp'd with golden spires:
There on the highest pinnacle he set
The Son of God, and added thus in scorn: 550

There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright
Will ask thee skill. I to thy Father's house
Have brought thee, and highest placed, highest is best:
Now shew thy progeny; if not to stand,
Cast thyself down; safely, if Son of God: 555
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands
They shall uplift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.

To whom thus Jesus: Also it is written, 560

Tempt not the Lord thy God. He said and stood;
But Satan smitten with amazement fell:
As when Earth's son Antæus (to compare
Small things with greatest) in Irassa strove
With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd still rose, 265
Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in th' air, expired and fell;
So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride 570
Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall
And as that Theban monster that proposed
Her riddle, and him who solved it not devour'd,
That once found out and solved, for grief and spite
Cast herself headlong from th' Ismenian steep; 755
So struck with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
Joyless triumphals of his hoped success,
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God. 580
So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe
Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumy vans received him soft
From his uneasy station, and up bore
As on a floating couch through the blithe air; 585
Then in a flow'ry valley set him down
On a green bank, and set before him spread
A table of celestial food, divine,
Ambrosial fruits fetch'd from the tree of life,
And from the fount of life ambrosial drink, 590
That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd
What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,
Or thirst; and, as he fed, angelic quires
Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory
Over temptation, and the Tempter proud: 595
True image of the Father, whether throned
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from Heav'n inshrined

561. This is the grand catastrophe of the poem; the discovery of Christ's divinity and the discomfiture of Satan.
563. The giant Antæus dwelt in Irassa, a place in Libya, and was killed by Hercules in wrestling.
572. The Sphinx who threw herself into the sea when Œdipus solved her enigma 581. Matt. iv. 11.

In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,
Wand'ring the wilderness, whatever place, 600
Habit, or state, or motion still expressing
The Son of God, with God-like force endued
Against th' attempter of thy Father's throne,
And thief of Paradise; him long of old
Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven cast 605
With all his army, now thou hast avenged
Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise,
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:
He never more henceforth will dare set foot 610
In Paradise to tempt! his snares are broke:
For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to re-instal 615
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
Of Tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou, infernal Serpent, shalt not long
Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star
Or lightning thou shalt fall from Heav'n, trod down
Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st 621
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,
By this repulse received, and hold'st in Hell
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe 625
To dread the Son of God; he all unarm'd
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,
Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine, 630
Lest he command them down into the Deep,
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
Hail Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,
Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save mankind. 635
Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sung Victor, and from heav'nly feast refresh'd
Brought on his way with joy; he unobserved
Home to his mother's house private return'd.

605. *Debel*; from the Latin *debellare*, to overcome in battle.
619. Luke x. 18. 624. Rev ix. 11.

SAMSON AGONISTES:

A DRAMATIC POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

Samson made captive, blind, and now in the prison of Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit awhile and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father, Manoah, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistine lords for Samson's redemption; who in the meanwhile is visited by other persons: and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or shew his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length, persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him: the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance, in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterwards more distinctly relating the catastrophe what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

THE PERSONS.

Samson.	*Harapha* of Gath.
Manoah, the father of Samson.	Public Officer.
Dalila, his wife.	Messenger.
	Chorus of Danites.

The Scene, before the Prison in Gaza.

SAMSON. *Attendant leading him.*

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil, 5

Samson Agonistes; Agonistes is a Greek word signifying Actor. The introduction is in imitation of the Œdipus Coloneus of Sophocles. For the subject of the poem, and most of the scriptural allusions it contains, reference may be made in general to the Book of Judges.

Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,
Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught! but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire. 11
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence with leave 15
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone, 20
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold
Twice by an angel, who at last in sight
Of both my parents all in flames ascended 25
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His god-like presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed 30
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits: if I must die
Betray'd, captived, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under task 35
With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength
Put to the labour of a beast, debased
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him 40
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke:
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction; what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default, 45
Whom have I to complain of but myself?
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,

Under the seal of silence could not keep
But weakly to a woman must reveal it, 50
O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind, in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall 55
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command?
God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will 60
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries;
So many, and so huge, that each apart 65
Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct, 70
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eased
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,
They creep, yet see, I dark in light exposed 75
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong;
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, 80
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first-created beam, and thou great Word,
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree? 85
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night

67. Shakspeare, second part of Henry VI. Act 1. Sc. 3.—*The silent of the night*, which is a classical expression, means, according to Warburton, an *interlunar night*.

Strongest of mortal men,
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen.
For him I reckon not in high estate 170
Whom long descent of birth
Or the sphere of fortune raises;
But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
Might have subdued the earth
Universally crown'd with highest praises. 175

Sam. I hear the sounds of words; their sense the air
Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

Chor. He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,
The glory late of Israel, now the grief;
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown
From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale, 181
To visit or bewail thee; or, if better,
Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy sores; apt words have power to swage
The tumours of a troubled mind, 185
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

Sam. Your coming, friends, revives me, for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their superscription (of the most 190
I would be understood), in prosperous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
How many evils have inclosed me round;
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
Blindness, for had I sight, confused with shame, 196
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who like a foolish pilot have shipwreck'd
My vessel trusted to me from above,
Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear, 200
Fool! have divulged the secret gift of God
To a deceitful woman? Tell me, friends,
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
In every street? do they not say, How well
Are come upon him his deserts? yet why? 205
Immeasurable strength they might behold
In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;
This with the other should at least have pair'd,

181. *Eshtaol* and *Zora*, two towns belonging to the tribe of Dan. Josh. xix. 41. Judg. xiii. 2. 25. Josh. xv. 33.

These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.
Chor. Tax not divine disposal; wisest men 210
Have err'd, and by bad women been deceived;
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;
Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder 215
Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather
Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,
At least of thy own nation, and as noble.
Sam. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleased
Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed 220
The daughter of an infidel: they knew not
That what I motion'd was of God; I knew
From intimate impulse, and therefore urged
The marriage on; that by occasion hence
I might begin Israel's deliverance, 225
The work to which I was divinely call'd.
She proving false, the next I took to wife
(O that I never had! fond wish too late(
Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare. . 230
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the same end; still watching to oppress
Israel's oppressors; of what now I suffer
She was not the prime cause, but I myself,
Who vanquish'd with a peal of words (O weakness!)
Gave up my fort of silence to a woman. 235
Chor. In seeking just occasion to provoke
The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:
Yet Israel still serves with all his sons. 240
Sam. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,
Who seeing those great acts, which God had done
Singly by me against their conquerors,
Acknowledged not, or not at all consider'd 245
Deliverance offer'd; I on the other side
Used no ambition to commend my deeds, [doer;
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the
But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
To count them things worth notice, till at length 250
Their lords the Philistines with gather'd powers

Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then
Safe to the rock of Etham was retired,
Not flying, but forecasting in what place
To set upon them, what advantaged best: 255
Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent
The harass of their land, beset me round;
I willingly on some conditions came
Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcised a welcome prey, 260
Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threads
Touch'd with the flame: on their whole host I flew
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Their choicest youth; they only lived who fled.
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe, 265
They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,
And lorded over them whom they now serve:
But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty; 270
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty:
And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favour raised
As their deliverer; if he aught begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last 275
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring
How Succoth and the fort of Penuel
Their great deliverer contemn'd,
The matchless Gideon in pursuit 280
Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings:
And how ingrateful Ephraim
Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
Not worse than by his shield and spear,
Defended Israel from the Ammonite, 285
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
In that sore battle, when so many died
Without reprieve adjudged to death,
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

Sam. Of such examples add me to the roll, 290
Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's proposed deliverance not so.

Chor. Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;

Unless there be who think not God at all; 295
If any be, they walk obscure;
For of such doctrine never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself. 299
  Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,
As to his own edicts found contradicting,
Then give the reins to wandering thought,
Regardless of his glory's diminution;
Till by their own perplexities involved
They ravel more, still less resolved, 305
But never find self-satisfying solution.
  As if they would confine th' Interminable,
And tie him to his own prescript,
Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,
And hath full right to exempt 310
Whom so it pleases him by choice
From national obstriction, without taint
Of sin, or legal debt;
For with his own laws he can best dispense.
  He would not else, who never wanted means, 315
Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause
To set his people free,
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious bride, 320
Unclean, unchaste.
  Down reason then, at least vain reasonings down,
Though reason here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
Unchaste was subsequent; her stain, not his. 325
  But see, here comes thy reverend sire
With careful step, locks white as down,
Old Manoah: advise
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.
  Sam. Ay me, another inward grief awaked 330
With mention of that name renews th' assault.
  Man. Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,
Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,

298. Ps. xiv. 1.
319. Samson's vow as a Nazarite, obliged him to the most perfect observance of the whole Mosaical law, which he broke by his marriage with a Gentile woman.

As I suppose, towards your once glory'd friend,
My son now captive, hither hath inform'd 335
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age
Came lagging after; say if he be here?
Chor. As signal now in low dejected state,
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.
Man. O miserable change! is this the man, 340
That invincible Samson, far renown'd,
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to angels walk'd their streets,
None offering fight: who single combatant
Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array, 345
Himself an army, now unequal match
To save himself against a coward arm'd
At one spear's length? O ever-failing trust,
Immortal strength! and oh what not in man
Deceivable and vain? Nay, what thing good 350
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a son,
And such a son as all men hail'd me happy;
Who would be now a father in my stead? 355
O wherefore did God grant me my request,
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest prayers, then, given with solemn hand
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind? 360
For this did th' angel twice descend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy as of a plant
Select, and sacred, glorious for a while,
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Insnared, assaulted, overcome, led bound, 365
Thy foes' derision, captive, poor and blind,
Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves?
Alas, methinks whom God hath chosen once
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall 370
Subject him to so foul indignities
Be' it but for honour's sake of former deeds.
Sam. Appoint not heav'nly disposition, Father;
Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me

359. Luke xi. 12.
373. *Appoint*, arraign or summon to answer.

But justly; I myself have brought them on, 375
Sole author I, sole cause: if aught seem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who have profaned
The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy. 380
This well I knew, nor was at all surprised,
But warn'd by oft experience: did not she
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
The secret wrested from me in her highth
Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it straight 385
To them who had corrupted her, my spies,
And rivals? In this other was there found
More faith, who also in her prime of love,
Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
Though offer'd only, by the scent conceived 390
Her spurious first-born, treason against me?
Thrice she assay'd with flattering pray'rs and sighs,
And amorous reproaches, to win from me
My capital secret, in what part my strength [know;
Lay stored, in what part summ'd, that she might
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport 395
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly, and with what impudence
She purposed to betray me, and (which was worse
Than undissembled hate) with what contempt 400
She sought to make me traitor to myself;
Yet the fourth time, when must'ring all her wiles,
With blandish'd parleys, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceased not day nor night
To storm me over-watch'd, and weary'd out, 405
At times when men seek most repose and rest,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who with a grain of manhood well resolved
Might easily have shook off all her snares;
But foul effeminacy held me yoked 410
Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot
To honour and religion! servile mind
Rewarded well with servile punishment!
The base degree to which I now am fallen,
These rags, this grinding is not yet so base 415
As was my former servitude ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,

True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
That saw not how degenerately I served. 415
Man. I cannot praise thy marriage choices, Son,
Rather approved them not; but thou didst plead
Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
Find some occasion to infest our foes.
I state not that; this I am sure, our foes
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee 420
Their captive, and their triumph; thou the sooner
Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms
To violate the sacred trust of silence
Deposited within thee; which to have kept
Tacit was in thy power: true; and thou bear'st 430
Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains:
This day the Philistines a popular feast
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim 435
Great pomp and sacrifice, and praises loud
To Dagon, as their god who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
So Dagon shall be magnified, and God, 440
Besides whom is no god, compared with idols
Disglorified, blasphemed, and had in scorn
By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest, 445
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
Could have befallen thee and thy father's house.
Sam. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
That I this honour, I this pomp, have brought
To Dagon, and advanced his praises high 450
Among the Heathen 'round; to God have brought
Dishonour, obloquy, and oped the mouths
Of idolists, and atheists; have brought scandal
To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propense enough before 455
To waver, or fall off and join with idols;
Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,
The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
This only hope relieves me, that the strife 460

With me hath end; all the contêst is now
'Twixt God and Dagon! Dagon hath presumed,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure, 465
Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked,
But will arise and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me, 470
And with confusion blank his worshippers.

Man. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these [words,
I as a prophecy receive; for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name 475
Against all competition, nor will long
Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?
Thou must not in the meanwhile here forgot
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight 480
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom: well they may by this
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge
By pains and slaveries, worse than death inflicted
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm. 485

Sam. Spare that proposal, Father, spare the trouble
Of that solicitation; let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment;
And expiate, if possible, my crime, 490
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab, 495
The mark of fool set on his front?
But I God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully: a sin
That Gentiles in their parables condemn 500

500. The allusion is to the story of Tantalus, who it is said revealed the secrets of the gods, and was for that condemned to punishment in the infernal regions.

To their abyss and horrid pains confined.
Man. Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, Son:
Repent the sin, but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids; 505
Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyself; perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
Who ever more approves, and more accepts 510
(Best pleased with humble' and filial submission)
Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due:
Which argues over-just, and self-displeased
For self-offence, more than for God offended. 515
Reject not then what offer'd means; who knows
But God hath sent before us, to return thee
Home to thy country and his sacred house,
Where thou mayst bring thy offerings, to avert
His further ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd? 520
Sam. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end should I seek it? when in strength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits, 525
Full of divine instinct, after some proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The sons of Anak, famous now and blazed,
Fearless of danger, like a petty god,
I walk'd about admired of all, and dreaded 530
On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
Then swollen with pride into the snare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life;
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge 535
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
Of a deceitful concubine, who shore me
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
Shaven and disarm'd among mine enemies. 540
Chor. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,

538. *Of* is to be understood before *all*, &c.
541. Allusion is here made to the strictness of living imposed

Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Thou couldst repress, nor did the dancing ruby
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour, or the smell,
Or taste that cheers the heart of gods and men, 545
Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

Sam. Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure
With touch ethereal of Heav'n's fiery rod,
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying 550
Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chor. O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God with these forbidden made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare, 556
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

Sam. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not com-
Against another object more enticing? [plete
What boots it at one gate to make defence, 560
And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,
Now blind, dishearten'd, shamed, dishonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be useful, wherein serve
My nation, and the work from Heav'n imposed, 565
But to sit idle on the household hearth,
A burdenous drone; to visitants a gaze,
Or pitied object, these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clust'ring down,
Vain monument of strength; till length of years 570
And sedentary numbness craze my limbs
To a contemptible old age obscure?
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin, or the draff of servile food,
Consume me, and oft-invocated death 575
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

Man. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift
Which was expressly given thee to annoy them?

---

by the Nazarite's vow, which Samson kept in all respects, but in his marriage with a strange woman.

545. Judges ix. 13. *Gods* here means the false gods of the heathen cities, or the conquerors and great men, so called in honour of their famous deeds.

571. *Craze*, so used Par. Lost, xii. 210.

Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age out-worn. 580
But God, who caused a fountain at thy prayer
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay
After the brunt of battle, can as easy
Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast; 585
And I persuade me so; why else this strength
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?
His might continues in thee not for nought,
Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus. 589

Sam. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend
That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,
Nor th' other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:
So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
My hopes all flat, Nature within me seems 595
In all her functions weary of herself,
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Man. Believe not these suggestions which proceed
From anguish of the mind and humours black, 600
That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Must not omit a father's timely care
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
By ransom, or how else: meanwhile be calm,
And healing words from these thy friends admit. 605

Sam. O that torment should not be confined
To the body's wounds and sores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breast and reins;
But must secret passage find 610
To th' inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense, 615

581. There is a difference between this account of the fountain which rose in answer to Samson's prayer, and that which is given in our translation of the Scripture. In the latter it is said the water sprang from the cleft jaw, but by most of the commentators it is said, that as the word translated *jaw* is the proper name of a spot of ground, it should not in this place be translated in the sense given in our version.

Though void of corporal sense.
  My griefs not only pain me
As a lingering disease,
But, finding no redress, ferment and rage;
Nor less than wounds immedicable 620
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification.
Thoughts my tormentors arm'd with deadly stings
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise 625
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure: 630
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of Heav'n's desertion.
  I was his nursling once and choice delight,
His destined from the womb,
Promised by heav'nly message twice descending. 635
Under his special eye
Abstemious I grew up and thrived amain;
He led me on to mightiest deeds
Above the nerve of mortal arm
Against th' uncircumcised, our enemies: 640
But now hath cast me off as never known,
And to those cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provoked,
Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss
Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated 645
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.
Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, speedy death, 650
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.
  Chor. Many are the sayings of the wise
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude:
And to the bearing well of all calamities, 655
All chances incident to man's frail life;

626. *Alp*, here used as a general name for mountains: see also Par. Lost, ii. 620.

Consolatories writ
With studied argument, and much persuasion sought.
Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound 660
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength, 665
And fainting spirits uphold.
God of our Fathers! what is man,
That thou towards him with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious,
Temper'st thy providence through his short course,
Not evenly, as thou rul'st 671
Th' angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute?
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That, wand'ring loose about, 675
Grow up and perish as the summer fly,
Heads without name no more remember'd;
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
To some great work, thy glory, 680
And people's safety, which in part they effect:
Yet toward these thus dignified, thou oft
Amidst their highth of noon
Changest thy count'nance, and thy hand with no [regard
Of highest favours past
From thee on them, or them to thee of service. 685
Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscured, which were a fair dismission,
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them [high,
Unseemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the trespass or omission; 691
Oft leavest them to the hostile sword
Of Heathen and profane, their carcases
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived;
Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of th' ungrateful multitude. 696
If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty

658. *Fraught* is proposed by Warburton, instead of *sought*.
661. Eccius. xxii.

With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
Painful diseases and deform'd,
In crude old age: 700
Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering
The punishment of dissolute days; in fine,
Just or unjust alike seem miserable,
For oft alike both come to evil end.
So deal not with this once thy glorious champion
The image of thy strength, and mighty minister. 705
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.
But who is this, what thing of sea or land? 710
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles 715
Of Javan or Gadire
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber scent of odorous perfume 720
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind?
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,
And now at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila thy wife.

Sam. My wife, my traitress, let her not come near me. 725

Chor. Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee fix'd,
About to have spoke, but now, with head declined
Like a fair flower surcharged with dew, she weeps,
And words address'd seem into tears dissolved,
Wetting the borders of her silken veil: 730
But now again she makes address to speak.

Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
Which to have merited, without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears 735

700. *Crude*, premature.

714. This comparison is to be found in several of the older poets, Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, &c.

May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event than I foresaw)
My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
No way assured. But conjugal affection
Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt, 740
Hath led me on desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
If aught in my ability may serve
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
Thy mind with what amends is in my power, 745
Though late, yet in some part to recompense
My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

Sam. Out, out, hyæna; these are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman false like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray, 750
Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,
And reconcilement move with feign'd remorse,
Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urged his patience bears, 755
His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
Then with more cautious and instructed skill
Again transgresses, and again submits;
That wisest and best men, full oft beguiled,
With goodness principled not to reject 760
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days
Entangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off
As I by thee, to ages an example. 765

Dal. Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavour
To lessen or extenuate my offence,
But that on the other side if it be weighed
By itself, with aggravations not surcharged,
Or else with just allowance counterpoised, 770
I may, if possible, thy pardon find
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex,
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune 775
Of secrets, then with like infirmity

740. *Hyæna;* this animal is known to imitate the human voice so well, as to have deceived travellers with its complaints.

To publish them, both common female faults:
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity, that is for nought,
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety? 780
To what I did, thou shew'dst me first the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not: [frailty:
Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's
Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.
Let weakness then with weakness come to parle 785
So near related, or the same of kind,
Thine forgive mine: that men may censure thine
The gentler, if severely thou exact not
More strength from me than in thyself was found.
And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate, 790
The jealousy of love, powerful of sway
In human hearts, nor less in mind tow'rds thee,
Caused what I did? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me
As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore 795
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:
No better way I saw than by importúning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power
Thy key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,
Why then reveal'd? I was assured by those 800
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
Against thee but safe custody and hold:
That made for me; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home sat full of cares and fears, 805
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed;
Here I should still enjoy thee day and night
Mine and Love's prisoner, not the Philistines',
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love. 810
These reasons in love's law have past for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps:
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
Yet always pity' or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not austere 815
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

Sam. How cunningly the sorceress displays

Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine! 820
That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither,
By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example,
I led the way: bitter reproach, but true:
I to myself was false ere thou to me:
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly, 825
Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou seest
Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
Confess it feign'd: weakness is thy excuse
And I believe it, weakness to resist 830
Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
With God or man will gain thee no remission. 835
But love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage
To satisfy thy lust; love seeks to' have love;
My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the way
To raise in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd? 840
In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

Dal. Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides, 845
What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;
Which might have awed the best resolved of men,
The constantest, to' have yielded without blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
That wrought with me: thou know'st the magistrates
And princes of my country came in person, 851
Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urged,
Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion, press'd how just it was,
How honourable, how glorious, to entrap 855
A common enemy, who had destroy'd
Such numbers of our nation; and the priest
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the gods
It would be to insnare an irreligious 860
Dishonourer of Dagon: what had I
To' oppose against such powerful arguments?

Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated in silence all these reasons
With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim
So rife and celebrated in the mouths 860
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield, with grave authority
Took full possession of me and prevail'd:
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining. [end;
Sam. I thought where all thy circling wiles would
In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy.
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds. 875
I before all the daughters of my tribe
And of my nation chose thee from among
My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou knew'st,
Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but overpower'd 880
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judged an enemy. Why then
Did'st thou at first receive me for thy husband,
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave 885
Parents and country: nor was I their subject,
Nor under their protection, but my own,
Thou mine, not theirs: if aught against my life
Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly
Against the law of nature, law of nations, 890
No more thy country, but an impious crew
Of men conspiring to uphold their state
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
For which our country is a name so dear;
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal moved thee;
To please thy gods thou didst it; gods unable 895
To' acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, gods cannot be;
Less therefore to be pleased, obey'd, or fear'd. 900
These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,
Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?
Dal. In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause. 904
Sam. For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath;

Witness when I was worried with thy peals.
Dal. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
In what I thought would have succeeded best.
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,
Afford me place to shew what recompense 915
Tow'rds thee I intend for what I have misdone,
Misguided; only what remains past cure
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
To' afflict thyself in vain: though sight be lost,
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd 920
Where other senses want not their delights
At home in leisure and domestic ease,
Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.
I to the lords will intercede, not doubting 920
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide
With me, where my redoubled love and care
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age 925
With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supplied,
That what by me thou' hast lost thou least shalt miss.
Sam. No, no, of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain:
Nor think me so unwary or accursed, 930
To bring my feet again into the snare
Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains
Though dearly to my cost, thy gins and toils;
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
No more on me have power, their force is null'd,
So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd 936
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
Loved, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate me
Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me; 940
How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby
Deceivable, in most things as a child
Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,
And last neglected? How would'st thou insult,

934. There is no particular allusion here, as has been supposed, to the fable of Circe and her enchanted cup; it is but the common figurative language of poetry, and involves no impropriety or anachronism. 936. Psal. lviii. 4, 5.

When I must live uxorious to thy will 945
In perfect thraldom, how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the lords
To gloss upon, and, censuring, frown or smile?
This jail I count the house of liberty
To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter. 950
Dal. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.
Sam. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee, go with that,
Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works 955
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illustrious women, faithful wives:
Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.
Dal. I see thou art implacable, more deaf 960
To prayers than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore:
Thy anger unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus myself, and suing 965
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
Bid go with evil omen and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounced?
To mix with thy concernments I desist
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own. 970
Fame if not double-faced is double-mouth'd,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.
My name perhaps among the circumcised 975
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
To all posterity may stand defamed,
With malediction mention'd, and the blot
Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced.
But in my country, where I most desire, 980
In Ecron, Gaza, Ashdod, and in Gath,
I shall be named among the famousest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded who, to save

973. Milton is here contrary to his predecessors, they making fame a goddess, he a god.

Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose 985
Above the faith of wedlock bands, my tomb
With odours visited and annual flowers;
Not less renown'd than in Mount Ephraim
Jael, who with inhospitable guile
Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples nail'd.
Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy 991
The public marks of honour and reward
Conferr'd upon me for the piety
Which to my country I was judged to have shewn.
At this whoever envies or repines, 995
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Chor. She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting
Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

Sam. So let her go, God sent her to debase me,
And aggravate my folly, who committed 1000
To such a viper his most sacred trust
Of secrecy, my safety, and my life. [power

Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possess'd, nor can be easily 1005
Repulsed, without much inward passion felt
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

Sam. Love quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
Not wedlock treachery endangering life.

Chor. It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit, 1010
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit
That woman's love can win or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit
(Which way soever men refer it), 1015
Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
Or seven, though one should musing sit.

If any of these or all, the Timnian bride
Had not so soon preferr'd
Thy paranymph, worthless to thee compared, 1020
Successor to thy bed,
Nor both so loosely disally'd
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.

985. It is supposed that the annual visitation of tombs was an eastern custom. 988. Judges iv. v.
1020. *Paranymph*; brideman.

Is it for that such outward ornament 1025
Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
Capacity not raised to apprehend
Or value what is best
In choice, but oftest to affect the wrong? 1030
Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
Of constancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing, or not long?
Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best
Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin veil, 1035
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
Intestine, far within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms 1040
Draws him awry inslaved
With dotage, and his sense depraved
To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends
What pilot so expert but needs must wreck
Imbark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm? 1045
Favour'd of Heav'n who finds
One virtuous, rarely found,
That in domestic good combines:
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:
But virtue which breaks through all opposition, 1050
And all temptation can remove,
Most shines and most is acceptable above.
Therefore God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power 1055
Over his female in due awe,
Nor from that right to part an hour
Smile she or lour:
So shall he least confusion draw
On his own life, not sway'd
By female usurpation, or dismay'd. 1060
But had we best retire, I see a storm?
Sam. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.
Chor. But this another kind of tempest brings.
Sam. Be less abtruse, my riddling days are past.
Chor. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear

1034. There is a similar change of numbers to that in this passage of *men*, and the singular pronoun, in Par. Lost, ix. 1183.

The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue 1066
Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
The giant Harapha of Gath, his look
Haughty as is his pile, high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither
I less conjecture than when first I saw 1071
The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

Sam. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

Chor. His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives. 1075

Har. I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath,
Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd
As Og or Anak, and the Emims old 1080
That Kiriathaim held; thou know'st me now
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd,
Incredible to me, in this displeased,
That I was never present on the place 1085
Of those encounters, where we might have tried
Each other's force in camp or listed field;
And now am come to see of whom such noise
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report. 1090

Sam. The way to know were not to see but taste.

Har. Dost thou already single me? I thought
Gyves and the mill had tamed thee. O that Fortune
Had brought me to the field, where thou art famed
To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw;
I should have forced thee soon with other arms, 1095
Or left thy carcase where the ass lay thrown:
So had the glory' of prowess been recover'd
To Palestine, won by a Philistine,
From the unforeskinn'd race, of whom thou bear'st
The highest name for valiant acts; that honour 1100
Certain to' have won by mortal duel from thee,

1073. *His fraught; freight* is proposed as a better reading.
1079. *Harapha* is a fictitious character, but the name was suggested to Milton by Arapha or Rapha being mentioned in Scripture as the father of the giants of Rephaim.—See Deut. ii. 10, 11. iii. 11. Gen. xiv. 5.
1093. *Gyves*, fetters or chains.

I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out. [but do
Sam. Boast not of what thou would'st have done,
What then thou would'st, thou seest it in thy hand.
Har. To combat with a blind man I disdain, 1105
And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.
Sam. Such usage as your honourable lords
Afford me', assassinated and betray'd,
Who durst not with their whole united powers 1110
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
Nor in the house with chamber ambushes
Close-banded durst attack me, no not sleeping,
Till they had hired a woman with their gold
Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me. 1115
Therefore, without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
Some narrow place inclosed, where sight may give
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me; [thee,
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon, 1120
Vant-brass and greves, and gauntlet, add thy spear,
A weaver's beam, and seven-times folded shield,
I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
That in a little time, while breath remains thee, 1125
Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast
Again in safety what thou would'st have done
To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.
Har. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,
Which greatest heroes have in battle worn, 1131
Their ornament and safety, had not spells
And black inchantments, some magician's art,
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from
Heav'n 1134
Feign'dst at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,
Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs
Were bristles ranged like those that ridge the back
Of chafed wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.
Sam. I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;
My trust is in the living God, who gave me 1140

1120. *Brigandine*, a coat of mail.—*Habergeon*, a covering of mail for the head and shoulders.—*Vant-brass* or *brace*, covering for the arms; *greves*, for the legs; *gauntlet*, an iron glove.
1136. Shakspeare, Hamlet, Act i, Sc. a.

Sam. Camest thou for this, vain boaster, to survey
To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict? [me,
Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;
But take good heed my hand survey not thee. 1230
Har. O Baal-zebub! can my ears unused
Hear these dishonours, and not render death?
Sam. No man withholds thee, nothing from thy
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van, [hand
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free. 1235
Har. This insolence other kind of answer fits.
Sam. Go baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down 1240
To th' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.
Har. By Astaroth, ere long thou shalt lament
These braveries in irons loaden on thee.
Chor. His Giantship is gone somewhat crest-fall'n,
Stalking with less unconscionable strides, 1245
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.
Sam. I dread him not, nor all his giant brood,
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.
Chor. He will directly to the lords, I fear, 1250
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee
Sam. He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept th' offer or not, 1255
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;
If they intend advantage of my labours,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners. 1261
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worst that he can give, to me the best.
Yet so it may fall out, because their end 1265
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

1231. *Baalzebub, Asteroth*, deities of the Philistines.
1246. [1] Sam. xvii. [2] Sam. xx. i. ii.

Chor. Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd,
When God into the hands of their deliverer 1270
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue 1275
The righteous and all such as honour truth;
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd; 1280
Their armories and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surprised 1285
Lose their defence distracted and amazed.
But patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all 1290
That Tyranny or Fortune can inflict.
Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson, with might endued
Above the sons of men; but sight bereaved
May chance to number thee with those 1295
Whom patience finally must crown.
This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
Labouring thy mind
More than the working day thy hands.
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind, 1300
For I descry this way
Some other tending, in his hand
A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,
Comes on amain, speed in his look.
By his habit I discern him now 1305
A public officer, and now at hand.
His message will be short and voluble.
Of. Hebrews, the pris'ner Samson here I seek.
Chor. His manacles remark him, there he sits.
Of. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say:

This day to Dagon is a solemn feast, 1311
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
And now some public proof thereof require
To honour this great feast, and great assembly; 1315
Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad
To' appear as fits before th' illustrious lords.

Sam. Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore tell them
Our law forbids at their religious rites 1320
My presence, for that cause I cannot come.

Of. This answer, be assured, will not content them.

Sam. Have they not sword-players, and every sort
Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,
Jugglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics, 1325
But they must pick me out with shackles tired,
And over-labour'd at their public mill
To make them sport with blind activity?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal to distress me more, 1330
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

Of. Regard thyself, this will offend them highly.

Sam. Myself? my conscience and internal peace.
Can they think me so broken, so debased 1335
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
To shew them feats, and play before their god, 1340
The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

Of. My message was imposed on me with speed,
Brooks no delay; is this thy resolution? 1344

Sam. So take it with what speed thy message needs.

Of. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

Sam. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

Chor. Consider, Samson, matters now are strain'd
Up to the highth, whether to hold or break;
He's gone, and who knows how he may report 1350
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?

Expect another message more imperious,
More lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.
Sam. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair 1355
After my great transgression, so requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to idols;
A Nazarite in place abominable
Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon? 1360
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, profane?
Chor. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Phi-
Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean. [listines,
Sam. Not in their idol-worship, but by labour 1365
Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in their civil power. [not.
Chor. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile
Sam. Where outward force constrains, the sentence
But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon, [holds;
Not dragging? the Philistian lords command. 1371
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, vent'ring to displease
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealousy 1375
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispense with me or thee
Present in temples at idolatrous rites
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.
Chor. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my
Sam. Be of good courage, I begin to feel [reach.
Some rousing motions in me which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour 1385
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be aught of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last. 1389
Chor. In time thou hast resolved, the man returns.

1377. It is not here intended to be said that God suffers any of his creatures to share in the worship of idols, but that, for some important purpose, he may permit them to enter temples devoted to the false gods, whose blind votaries he intends to punish by their means.

Of. Samson, this second message from our lords
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,
And dar'st thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? come without delay; 1395
Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

Sam. I could be well content to try their art
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet knowing their advantages too many, 1401
Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.
Masters' commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection: 1405
And for a life who will not change his purpose
(So mutable are all the ways of men)?
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

Of. I praise thy resolution: doff these links: 1410
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

Sam. Brethren, farewell; your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends; and how the sight 1415
Of me as of a common enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,
I know not: lords are lordliest in their wine;
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fired
With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd; 1420
No less the people on their holy-days
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable:
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself, 1425
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor. Go, and the Holy One
Of Israel be thy guide
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his [name
Great among the Heathen round; 1430
Send thee the angel of thy birth to stand
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
Rode up in flames after his message told

Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire; that Spirit that first rush'd on thee 1435
In the camp of Dan
Be efficacious in thee now at need.
For never was from Heav'n imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen. 1440
But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste
With youthful steps? much livelier than erewhile
He seems: supposing here to find his son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news? 1444

Man. Peace with you, brethren; my inducement hither
Was not at present here to find my son,
By order of the lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at their feast.
I heard all as I came, the city rings,
And numbers thither flock, I had no will, 1450
Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly.
But that which moved my coming now was chiefly
To give ye part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty. 1454

Chor. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
With thee; say, rev'rend Sire, we thirst to hear.

Man. I have attempted one by one the lords
Either at home, or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone and father's tears,
To' accept of ransom for my son their prisoner. 1460
Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
That part most reverenced Dagon and his priests:
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and state 1465
They easily would set to sale: a third
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough revenged, having reduced
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
The rest was magnanimity to remit, 1470
If some convenient ransom were proposed.—
What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

Chor. Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive and blind before them,
Or at some proof of strength before them shewn. 1475

Man. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid

And number'd down: much rather I shall choose
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left. 1480
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego
And quit: not wanting him I shall want nothing.

Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,
Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all: 1486
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son,
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

Man. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes, 1490
And view him sitting in the house, ennobled
With all those high exploits by him achieved,
And on his shoulders waving down those locks
That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd:
And I persuade me God had not permitted 1495
His strength again to grow up with his hair,
Garrison'd round about him like a camp
Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
To use him further yet in some great service;
Not to sit idle with so great a gift 1500
Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.
And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

Chor. Thy hopes are not ill-founded nor seem vain
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon 1505
Conceived agreeable to a father's love,
In both which we, as next, participate.

Man. I know your friendly minds and—O what noise!
Mercy of Heav'n, what hideous noise was that?
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout. 1510

Chor. Noise call you it or universal groan,
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!
Blood, death, and deathful deeds, are in that noise,
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

Man. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise:
Oh it continues, they have slain my son. 1516

Chor. Thy son is rather slaying them, that outcry
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

Man. Some dismal accident it needs must be;
What shall we do, stay here or run and see? 1520

Chor. Best keep together here, lest running thither

We unawares run into Danger's mouth.
This evil on the Philistines is fallen;
From whom could else a general cry be heard?
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here, 1525
From other lands we need not much to fear.
What if his eye-sight (for to Israel's God
Nothing is hard) by miracle restored,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way? 1530
Man. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.
Chor. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old: what hinders now?
Man. He can I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief,
A little stay will bring some notice hither. 1535
Chor. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe. 1540
Mes. O whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes beheld and yet behold?
For dire imagination still pursues me.
But Providence or instinct of nature seems, 1545
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,
To' have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance from the place of horror, 1550
Though in the sad event too much concern'd.
Man. The accident was loud, and here before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.
Mes. It would burst forth, but I recover breath
And sense distract, to know well what I utter. 1555
Man. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.
Mes. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fallen,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fallen.
Man. Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest
The desolation of a hostile city. 1561
Mes. Feed on that first, there may in grief be sur-
Man. Relate by whom. [feit
Mes. By Samson.

1555. *Distract*; used also as an adjective by Shakspeare.

Man. That still lessens
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.
Mes. Ah, Manoah, I refrain too suddenly 1565
To utter what will come at last too soon;
Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.
Man. Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.
Mes. Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead.
Man. The worst indeed, O all my hope's defeated
To free him hence! but Death who sets all free
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceived
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves 1575
Abortive as the first-born bloom of Spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first
How died he; death to life is crown or shame.
All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he, 1580
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?
Mes. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.
Man. Wearied with slaughter then, or how? ex-
Mes. By his own hands. [plain.
Man. Self-violence? what cause
Brought him so soon at variance with himself 1585
Among his foes?
Mes. Inevitable cause
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;
The edifice, where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.
Man. O lastly over-strong against thyself! 1590
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
More than enough we know; but while things yet
Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct. 1595
Mes. Occasions drew me early to this city,
And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd
Through each high-street: little I had dispatch'd,
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day 1600
Samson should be brought forth to shew the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious theatre 1605
Half-round on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds, under sky might stand; 1610
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice [wine,
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought, 1615
In their state livery clad; before him pipes
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot, before him and behind
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout 1620
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,
Who' had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient but undaunted where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assay'd 1625
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
All with incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested 1630
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
As over-tired to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He unsuspicious led him; which when Samson 1635
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclined,
And eyes fast fix'd, he stood, as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved:
At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud,
'Hitherto, Lords, what your commands imposed 1640
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:

1605. Buildings are mentioned by Pliny the naturalist which were supported only by one pillar, and Dr. Shaw says in his Travels, that the eastern theatres are built in the form of an advanced cloister or penthouse, supported by one or two pillars in the front or centre. Supposing, therefore, that the house of Dagon was built, as is most probable, in this manner, the destruction which followed the exertion of Samson's strength was inevitable.

1619. *Cataphracts*, men or horses completely armed.

Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater;
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.' 1645
This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and waters pent
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro 1649
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round, 1655
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson with these immix'd, inevitably
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without.
Chor. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious! 1660
Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
The work for which thou wast foretold
To Israel, and now ly'st victorious
Among thy slain self-kill'd,
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold 1665
Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes, in number more
Than all thy life hath slain before. [sublime,
1 *Semichor.* While their hearts were jocund and
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine, 1670
And fat regorged of bulls and goats,
Chaunting their idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread who dwells
In Silo, his bright sanctuary;
Among them he a spirit of frenzy sent, 1675
Who hurt their minds,
And urged them on with mad desire
To call in haste for their destroyer;
They only set on sport and play
Unweetingly importuned 1680
Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men
Fallen into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themselves to' invite,

1667. Judg. xvi. 30.
1674. *Silo*, the tabernacle and ark were there at this time

Insensate left, or to sense reprobate, 1685
And with blindness internal struck.

2 *Semichor.* But he, though blind of sight,
Despised and thought extinguish'd quite
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue roused 1690
From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as an evening dragon came,
Assailant on the perched roosts,
And nests in order ranged
Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle 1695
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
So virtue given for lost,
Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,
Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods imbost, 1700
That no second knows nor third,
And lay ere while a holocaust,
From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most
When most unactive deem'd, 1705
And though her body die, her fame survives
A secular bird ages of lives.

Man. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause; Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroicly hath finish'd 1710
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully revenged, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistian bounds, to Israel
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them 1715
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To himself and father's house eternal fame,
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and assisting to the end. 1720
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair

1695. *Villatic*, domestic, from the Latin *Villa*.
1700. *Imbost*, embowered or concealed, from the Italian word *imboscare*, I conjecture.—Spenser uses it. Faery Queen, B. 1. Can. 3. St. 24.
1713. *Sons of Caphtor*, Philistines from the island of Caphtor, who settled in Palestine.

And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies 1725
Soak'd in his enemies' blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore. I with what speed the while
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends, 1730
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy and funeral train
Home to his father's house: there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm, 1735
With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour, and adventures high: 1740
The virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his tomb with flow'rs, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt 1745
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns, 1750
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent;
His servants he with new acquist 1755
Of true experience, from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismist,
And calm of mind, all passions spent.

1730. This circumstance is founded on Judg. xvi. 31.

To the lovers of the classical drama, Samson Agonistes is full of beauty; its regularity, the clearness and solemnity of its diction, the pathos of Manoah's character, and the well-sustained severity of Samson's, are all calculated to secure their admiration. But it is not the generality of readers who can see beauty in propriety, or feel sympathy with a passion which is more strong than vehement; and to these this poem will always fail of interest.

COMUS,

A MASK:

Presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then President of Wales.

THE PERSONS.

The *attendant Spirit*, afterwards in the habit of *Thyrsis*.	The *Lady*.
Comus with his crew.	*First Brother*.
	Second Brother.
	Sabrina, the Nymph.

The chief persons who presented were,

The Lord Brackley.
Mr. Thomas Egerton, his brother.
The Lady Alice Egerton.

The first Scene discovers a wild wood.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial Spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot, 5
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confined, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives
After this mortal change to her true servants 10
Amongst the enthroned Gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire

1. This exquisite little drama is, next to Paradise Lost, the most splendid offspring of Milton's genius. Never were the loveliest graces of natural description more felicitously employed, or the union of what is beautiful in the moral and imaginative of poetry more complete.

To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of Eternity :
To such my errand is : and but for such, 15
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove 20
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep,
Which he to grace his tributary gods
By course commits to several government, 25
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents : but this isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities ;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun 30
A noble peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old and haughty nation proud in arms :
Where his fair offspring nursed in princely lore
Are coming to attend their father's state, 35
And new intrusted sceptre ; but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger ;
And here their tender age might suffer peril, 40
But that by quick command from sovereign Jove
I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard ;
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower. 45
Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of mis-used wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell : (who knows not Circe 50
The daughter of the Sun ? whose charmed cup

48. *The Tuscan Mariners ;* they were transformed by Bacchus, whom they had angered, into ships and dolphins.—See Ovid, Met. iii. 8. The story of Circe and her transformations is well known.—Homer, Odyss. x.

Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling swine:)
This nymph, that gazed upon his clust'ring locks,
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth, 55
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named;
Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian field, 60
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller 64
His orient liquor in a crystal glass, [taste
To quench the drought of Phœbus, which as they
(For most do taste through fond intemp'rate thirst)
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is changed
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear, 70
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before, 75
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove
Chances to pass through this advent'rous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star 80
I shoot from heav'n, to give him safe convoy,
As now I do: but first I must put off
These my sky robes spun out of Iris woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
That to the service of this house belongs, 85
Who, with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch,
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid 90
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps. I must be viewless now.

60. *Celtic and Iberian field*; France and Spain.
63. Par. Lost, xi. 274.

Comus enters with a charming rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glittering; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.

Com. The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded car of Day, 95
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream,
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal 100
Of his chamber in the East.
Meanwhile welcome Joy and Feast,
Midnight Shout and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance, and Jollity,
Braid your locks with rosy twine, 105
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age and sour Severity
With their grave saws in slumber lie. 110
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove, 115
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs deck'd with daisies trim, 120
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:

93. It would be impossible, perhaps, to find a more exquisite piece of musical versification than the following. The beauty and variety of the imagery are equally unsurpassed.

106. It would be useless to point out the many trifling alterations which appear in the manuscript and first editions of this poem; a few, however, are worth observing, and among them, that of this line, which originally stood—

And quick law with her scrupulous head.

117. *Tawny;* originally, *yellow.*

Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:

What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come let us our rites begin, 125
'Tis only day-light that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame, 130
That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend 135
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out
Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice Morn on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep, 140
And to the tell-tale Sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace 145
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
Our number may affright: some virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms, 150
And to my wily trains; I shall ere long
Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as grazed
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spungy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion, 155
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
Which must not be, for that 's against my course;
I under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160

129. *Cotytto;* the goddess of licentious pleasures.
141. *Tell-tale;* discovering the secrets of the night.

And well-placed words of glozing courtesy
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust, 165
I shall appear some harmless villager
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear
But here she comes, I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The Lady enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, 170
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full, 175
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loath
To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet O where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side 185
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the grey-hooded Even
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain. 190
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thought; 'tis likeliest
They had engaged their wand'ring steps too far,
And envious Darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me: else, O thievish Night, 195
Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That Nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light

181. Originally,
In the blind *alleys* of this *arched* wood.

To the misled and lonely traveller? 200
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud Mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies 205
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And aery tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound 210
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.—
O welcome pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity; 215
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glist'ring guardian if need were
To keep my life and honour unassail'd. 220
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove. 225
I cannot hallow to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen 230
Within thy aery shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well; 235
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?

208. This beautiful expression was not at first written. The line was, That *lure night-wanderers*.
236. This is a very ingenious invention to introduce the beautiful song which follows.

O if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where, 240
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere;
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

Com. Can any mortal mixture of Earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment? 245
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal Air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted Night, 250
At ev'ry fall smoothing the raven down
Of Darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs, 255
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in peaceful slumber lull'd the sense, 260
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. Hail foreign wonder, 265
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood. 270
La. Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is address'd to unattending ears;
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo 275
To give me answer from her mossy couch.
Com. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

264. This and the following verse were added by Milton to the original copy, and inserted in the margin.

La. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.
Com. Could that divide you from near-ushering
La. They left me weary on a grassy turf. [guides?
Com. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why? 281
La. To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.
Com. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?
La. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.
Com. Perhaps forestalling Night prevented them.
La. How easy my misfortune is to hit! 286
Com. Imports their loss, beside the present need?
La. No less than if I should my brothers lose.
Com. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
La. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips. 290
Com. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swinkt hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill, 295
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood:
I took it for a faëry vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rain-bow live, 300
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them.
La. Gentle Villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place? 305
Com. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.
La. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practised feet. 310
Com. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your stray-attendants be yet lodged, 315
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark

281. *Plighted*, instead of plaited, to avoid its jarring with *play*.

From her thatch'd pallat rouse; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe 320
Till further quest.

La. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls,
And courts of princes, where it first was named, 325
And yet is most pretended: in a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on. 330

The Two Brothers.

E. Bro. Unmuffle, ye faint Stars, and thou fair
That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon, [Moon,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades; 335
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light, 340
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

Y. Bro. Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reeds with oaten stops, 345
Or whistle from the lodge or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering
In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But O that hapless virgin, our lost Sister, 350
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears

of Arcady &c the greater and lesser

What if in wild amazement and affright? 350
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger or of savage heat?
E. Bro. Peace, Brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils: 360
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion? 365
I do not think my Sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not) 370
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self 375
Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,
Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd. 380
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun:
Himself is his own dungeon.
Y. Bro. 'Tis most true, 385
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds, 390
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch, with unenchanted eye, 395
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.

You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope 400
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both, 405
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned Sister.

E. Bro. I do not, Brother,
Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state
Secure without all doubt, or controversy:
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear 410
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint Suspicion.
My Sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has hidden strength, 415
Which you remember not.

Y. Bro. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

E. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity: 420
She that has that is clad in cómplete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds,
Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity, 425
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very Desolation dwells
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty, 430
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfeu time, 435
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,

422. This passage is in very close imitation of one in Fletcher's 'Faithful Shepherdess.'

Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of Chastity? 440
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid: Gods and men 445
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' [woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freezed her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity, 450
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heav'n is saintly Chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried Angels lacky her, 455
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape, 460
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when Lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin, 465
Lets in Defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp 470
Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,

462. The same strong appearance of complete materialism in sentiment, is discoverable in this passage as in several parts of Paradise Lost —It, however, admits of the same partial explanation, as it may be taken to refer solely to that perfect change which shall be produced in the body when it puts on immortality, and which I imagine will not be a mere renovation of youth or beauty, but a change in the corporeal essence, if I may so speak, of our earthly frames. For at present it is their nature to decay, hereafter it will be their nature to exist unchanged. It is nothing but their essence becoming different, can effect this.

Lingering, and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it loved,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state. 475
Y. Bro. How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.
E. Bro. List, list, I hear 480
Some far off halloo break the silent air.
Y. Bro. Methought so too; what should it be?
E. Bro. For certain
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour wood-man, or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows. 485
Y. Bro. Heav'n keep my Sister. Again, again,
Best draw, and stand upon our guard. [and near;
E. Bro. I'll halloo;
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit, habited like a shepherd.

That halloo I should know, what are you? speak;
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else. 491
Spi. What voice is that? my young Lord? speak again.
Y. Bro. O Brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.
E. Bro. Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft de-
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal, [lay'd
And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale. 496
How cam'st thou here, good Swain? hath any ram
Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?
Spi. O my loved master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought. 506
But, O my virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

E. Bro. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510
Spi. Aye me unhappy! then my fears are true.
E. Bro. What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly shew.
Spi I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muse,
Story'd of old in high immortal verse, 515
Of dire chimeras and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous wood, 520
Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup, 525
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding Reason's mintage
Character'd in the face; this have I learnt 530
Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate 535
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
To' inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks 540
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honey-suckle, and began, 545
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till Fancy had her fill; but ere a close,

509. *Sadly*, not sorrowfully, but gravely, soberly.
531. *Crofts*, little pasture fields.

The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance; 550
At which I ceased, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy flighted steeds,
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Sleep;
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound 555
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took, ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear, 560
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death: but O, ere long,
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honoured Lady, your dear sister.
Amazed I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear, 565
And O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place, 570
Where that damn'd wizard hid in sly disguise
(For so by certain signs I knew) had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent Lady, his wish'd prey,
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two, 575
Supposing him some neighbour villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here;
But further know I not.

Y. Bro. O Night and shades, 580
How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
Against the unarm'd weakness of one virgin,
Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, Brother?

E. Bro. Yes, and keep it still,
Lean on it safely; not a period 585
Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats

561. There is an old emblem representing a soul in the form of an infant under the ribs of a skeleton. It is to be found in Quarles.

Of Malice or of Sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthrall'd; 590
Yea, even that which Mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself, 595
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on.
Against th' opposing will and arm of Heaven 600
May never this just sword be lifted up;
But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt
With all the grisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms 605
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
And force him to restore his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Cursed as his life.

Spi. Alas! good venturous Youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise: 610
But here thy sword can do thee little stead;
Far other arms and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms:
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews. 615

E. Bro. Why, prithee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
As to make this relation?

Spi. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd 620
In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:
He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy, 625
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And shew me simples of a thousand names,

Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:
Among the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out; 630
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon; 635
And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
He call'd it Hæmony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovereign use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
Or ghastly furies' apparition. 641
I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd:
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter though disguised, 645
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go), you may
Boldly assault the Necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood 650
And brandish'd blade, rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
But seize his wand: though he and his cursed crew
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or, like the sons of Vulcan, vomit smoke, 655
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

E. Bro. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
And some good angel bear a shield before us.

The scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft music, tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

Com. Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,

636. The commentators are not at all determined what plants are here meant; nor can I discover any information in their elaborate inquiries which would serve to enlighten the reader on the subject. The herbs mentioned were probably known in Milton's time, for some supposed power which the superstitious attributed to them, and their names altered by him to suit his poetical phraseology.

Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster, 660
And you a statue, or as Daphne was
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.
La. Fool, do not boast,
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sees good. 665
Com. Why are you vex'd, Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far; see, here be all the pleasures
That Fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns 670
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mix'd:
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone 675
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs which nature lent 680
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you received on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition 685
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tired all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair Virgin,
This will restore all soon.
La. 'Twill not, false traitor, 690
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode,
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me! 695
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver:

662. This speech and the first line of the next, were added to the original draught of the poem.
675. A liquor, which it is said, in Homer, Odyss. iv. 219, Helena had been taught to make by the wife of Thone, an Egyptian King. See also Spenser, Fae. Qu. B. 4. Can. 3. St. 43

Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falsehood and base forgery?
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With liquorish baits, fit to insnare a brute? 700
Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite. 705

Com. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth 710
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms, 715
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her sons; and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutcht th' all-worshipp'd ore, and precious gems
To store her children with: if all the world 720
Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unpraised,
Not half his riches known, and yet despised,
And we should serve him as a grudging master, 725
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,
And strangled with her waste fertility, 730
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought diamonds
Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inured to light, and come at last 735
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.

707. *Budge*, furred.
719. *Hutcht*; concealed, or kept as in a coffer.

List Lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name Virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof 740
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavoury in th' enjoyment of itself;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shewn 745
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply 750
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts; 754
Think what, and be advised, you are but young yet.
La. I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes
Obtruding false rules prank'd in Reason's garb.
I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments, 760
And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good, 765
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare temperance:
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury 770
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store:
And then the Giver would be better thank'd, 775
His praise due paid; for swinish Gluttony

751. *To tease;* in its original sense, and like the Latin *carpere*, to comb or prepare for spinning.
760. *Can bolt,* dart or shoot forth.

Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares 780
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast not ear, nor soul, to apprehend
The sublime notion and high mystery, 785
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy, that thou should'st not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric, 790
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced;
Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence, 795
That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,
And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and [shake,
Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.
Com. She fables not, I feel that I do fear 800
Her words set off by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble, 805
And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood: 810
But this will cure all straight, one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in; the attendant Spirit comes in.

Spi. What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?

O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand
And bound him fast: without his rod reversed, 815
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless:
Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me, 820
Some other means I have which may be used,
Which once of Meliboeus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence, 824
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream.
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen, 830
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall, 835
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils till she revived, 840
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddess of the river; still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs 845
That the shrewd meddling elfe delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals;
For which the shepherds, at their festivals,
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils. 851
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,

826. The story of Sabrina is related at full in the first book of Milton's History of England. See also Fae. Qu. B. 2. Can. 10. St. 17.

846. *The meddling elfe* is Robin Goodfellow, or Puck, the well-known frolicsome fairy.

If she be right invoked in warbled song,
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift 859
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard besetting need; this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

SABRINA fair,
Listen where thou art sitting 860
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen, for dear Honour's sake,
Goddess of the Silver lake, 865
Listen and save.
Listen, and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus,
By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace, 870
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook,
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands, 875
And her son that rules the strands,
By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb, 880
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head 885
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.
Listen and save.

872. *The Carpathian wizard;* Proteus, who had a cave at Carpathus, an island in the Mediterranean.

879. *Parthenope* and *Ligea* were two sirens; the former had, it is said, a tomb at Naples; the latter is here introduced according to the usual representations of mermaids.

889. The almost unparalleled beauty of this and the following passage, the variety of epithets and images, the rapidity of the verse, sparkling and gleaming with the brightest sunshine of poetry, are a feast of roses to the imagination.

Sabrina rises, attended by water nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank, 890
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
Of turkois blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays; 895
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle Swain, at thy request 900
I am here.
Spi. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true Virgin here distress'd, 905
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblest enchanter vile.
Sab. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity:
Brightest Lady, look on me; 910
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers' tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip; 915
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour 920
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.

Spi. Virgin, daughter of Locrine,
Sprung from old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss 925
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:

923. *Locrine* was the son of Brutus, who was immediately descended from Anchises.

Summer drought, or singed air,
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood 930
Thy molten crystal fill with mud:
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl, and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terras round, 935
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.
Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the Sorcerer us entice 940
With some other new device.
Not a waste or needless sound,
Till we come to holier ground;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide, 945
And not many furlongs thence
Is your father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish'd presence, and beside 950
All the swains that near abide
With jigs and rural dance resort;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer; 955
Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the President's castle; then come in country dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers and the Lady.

SONG.

Spi. Back, Shepherds, back; enough your play
Till next sun-shine holiday,
Here be without duck or nod 960
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise

936. *Upon*, crown'd, understood from line 934.

With the mincing Dryades
On the lawns, and on the leas. 965

This second song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heav'n hath timely tried their youth, 970
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance,
O'er sensual folly and intemperance. 975

The dances ended, the Spirit epilogulzes.

Spi. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where Day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air 980
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree;
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring, 985
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds with musky wing
About the cedar'd alleys fling 990
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can shew, 995
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,

976. This farewell of the spirit is in close imitation of Ariel's song in the Tempest, Act 5. Sc. 3.
995. *Purfled*, embroidered.

Waxing well of his deep wound 1000
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced, 1005
After her wand'ring labours long,
Till free consent the Gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born, 1010
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin low doth bend, 1015
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb 1020
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

1002. *Th' Assyrian queen;* Venus, so called because first worshipped by the Assyrians.

There is a moral in this poem as sweetly and purely delicate as the verse is exquisite for its lovely images and melody. It was performed as a drama at Ludlow Castle, in 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, President of Wales, and was printed in 1637.

L'ALLEGRO.

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn, [unholy!
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights

This celebrated little descriptive poem and its companion, have preserved their distinct originality amid the crowd of similar compositions with which they are surrounded. They owe both their excellence and their popularity to the domestic character of their imagery, and to their direct appeal to the emotions which belong to the enjoyment of external nature. In other poems of the same kind, the sentiments introduced are frequently those of the writer only, and not those which must, by the most general

Find out some uncouth cell, 5
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous [wings,
And the night raven sings;
There under ebon shades and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more 15
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying, 20
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee 25
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek; 30
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides,
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee 35
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,

---

laws of human thought and feeling, belong to both the author and the reader. Sensations of gladness or melancholy may be infinitely varied, and in a poem of sentiment or character should bear the deep impress of personality; but when nature is described in her cheerful or sombre aspect, the connexion between the object and the emotion should be certain and instantaneous. If the reader compare these poems with other descriptive compositions, and the feelings with which he reads them, he will better perceive the peculiar excellence of the former.

L'Allegro, the cheerful man, and *Il Penseroso*, the melancholy man, both Italian terms, and well adapted to the author's purpose. For the mythology of the poems, Milton is his own authority.

Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee
In unreproved pleasures free; 40
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled Dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of Sorrow, 45
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin, 50
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring Morn,
From the side of some hoar hill, 55
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state, 60
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe, 65
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landskip round it measures, 70
Russet lawns and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied, 75
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes 80

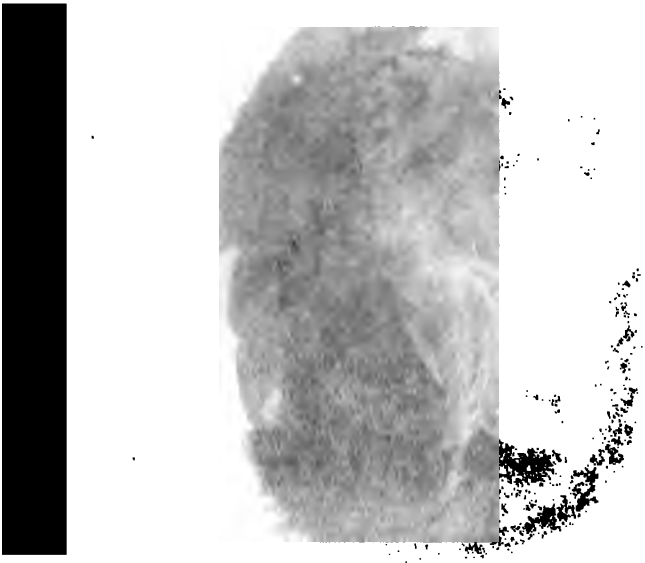
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes, 85
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead. 90
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs sound,
To many a youth and many a maid, 95
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, sh said,
And he by friar's lantern led;
Tells how the drudging goblin swet, 105
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend, 110
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of door he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep, 115
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of Peace, high triumphs hold, 120
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend

To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear 125
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And Pomp, and Feast, and Revelry,
With Mask and antique Pageantry
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eves by haunted stream. 130
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares, 135
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal Verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out, 140
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head 145
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice. 150
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!

1. The idea of this poem is said to have been taken from a song in a comedy by Fletcher, called 'The Nice Valor; or, Passionate Madman.' There is, indeed, a slight general resemblance in the two pieces; but, even supposing an imitation so far as it goes, it is not enough to affect the originality of Il Penseroso.



Dwell in some idle brain, 5
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams;
Or likest hovering dreams
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train. 10
But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view 15
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauties' praise above 20
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended;
Yet thou art higher far descended;
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign 25
Such mixture was not held a stain):
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn, 35
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes: 40
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:

19. *Ethiop queen;* Cassiope, who was so beautiful that the Nereids determined on her destruction. She was carried, it is said, to the skies, and made a star of: hence the epithet.

And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet 45
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar sing:
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure. 50
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along, 55
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak: 60
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen 65
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heav'n's wide pathless way; 70
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfeu sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore, 75
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach Light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the belman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm:

56. The cheerful character of the former poem rendered it necessary to commence with a description of morning sights and pleasures; in this the poet properly begins with evening.

Or let my lamp, at midnight hour, 85
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold 90
Th' immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those Demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent 95
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes', or Pelop's line,
Or the tale of Troy divine, 100
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing 105
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told,
The story of Cambuscan bold, 110
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride; 115
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120

98. *Hermes Trismegistus.* The great Egyptian philosopher who flourished, it is supposed, near the time of Moses.
99. The ancient tragedians drew the subjects of their principal dramas from the history of the kings of Thebes, &c.
104. *Musæus*, a celebrated ancient poet.
109. An allusion to a tale which Chaucer left unfinished. Spenser endeavoured to complete it. Fae. Qu. B. 4. Can. 2. St. 32.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounced as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud, 120
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves. 130
And when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me Goddess bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine or monumental oak, 135
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look, 140
Hide me from Day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep, 145
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep:
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid. 150
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail 155
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high-embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light. 160
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below

In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies, 165
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
  And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell 170
Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
  These pleasures, Melancholy, give 175
And I with thee will choose to live.

ARCADES.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby, at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family, who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state, with this song.*

I. SONG.

Look Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
  What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry,
Too divine to be mistook!
  This, this is she 5
To whom our vows and wishes bend;
Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that, her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse 10
Of detraction from her praise;
  Less than half we find exprest,
  Envy bid conceal the rest.

* This fragment is called a mask in Milton's manuscript, and it is supposed to have been completed by other hands. There was a connexion by marriage between the Countess of Derby and the Earl of Bridgewater, before whom Comus was performed. The Arcades in a chronological arrangement ought to precede the latter.

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train.

Follow me, 90
I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendour as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen. 95

III. SONG.

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more
By sandy Ladon's lilied banks,
On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though Erymanth your loss deplore, 100
A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Mænalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place. 105
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

LYCIDAS.

In this monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester, on the Irish seas, 1637, and by occasion foretels the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.[*]

Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude

97. *Ladon*, another beautiful river in Arcadia.—*Lycæus*, &c. are celebrated mountains in the same country.

[*] This beautiful little poem, which partakes as much of the character of the allegory as of the pastoral, was written in memorial of Edward King, son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland, who perished by shipwreck in a voyage to Dublin, in the 25th year of his age. He was the fellow-collegian and most intimate friend of the poet, who at that time was destined, as well as himself, for holy orders. There are several allusions to the latter circumstance in the monody.

Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose. 45
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep 50
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream: 55
Ay me! I fondly dream,
Had ye been there; for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal Nature did lament, 60
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade, 65
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears, 75
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies; 80
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes

52. *The steep;* supposed to be *Kerigy Drudion*, a druid station in Denbighshire.—*Mona;* the isle of Anglesey.—*Deva;* the river Dee.

66. *Meditate the Muse;* a classical phrase; thus Virgil, Ecl. i. 2. *Musam Meditaris.*

And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed.
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood, 85
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea; 90
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged winds
That blows from off each beaked promontory;
They knew not of his story, 95
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark 100
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge, 105
Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with woe.
Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain 110
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain),
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold? 115
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest; [hold
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs! 121

86. *Mincius;* a river near Mantua, where Virgil was born
89. *The herald;* Triton.—*Hippotades;* Æolus, the son of Hippotas.—*Panope;* a sea nymph.—*Camus;* the Cam.
100. *The pilot;* Saint Peter.

What recks it them? what need they? they are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, 125
But swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
But that two-handed engine at the door, 130
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.
  Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues. 135
Ye Valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers, 140
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet, 145
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears, 150
To strow the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd, 155
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,

124. *Scrannel;* harsh.
128. An allusion, it is probable, to the supposed attempts at this period to introduce again the superstitious observances of the Roman church, which Archbishop Laud, it was thought, favoured.
142. *Rathe;* early.

Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead, 165
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore 170
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, 175
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of Joy and Love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood. 185
Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey,
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills, 190
And now was dropt into the western bay:
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

160. *Bellerus;* the Land's End, it is supposed, so called from an old Cornish giant.—*Namancos* and *Bayona*, fortresses on the coast of Spain.

POEMS

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

I.

(Anno Ætatis 17.)

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT,
DYING OF A COUGH.

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst out-lasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry
For he being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

For since grim Aquilo his charioteer
By boisterous rape th' Athenian damsel got,
He thought it touch'd his deity full near, 5
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infâmous blot
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld, [held
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was

So mounting up in icy-pearled car 10
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far:
There ended was his quest, there ceased his care.
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace 20
Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair biding-place.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
Whilome did slay his dearly loved mate,
Young Hyacinth born on Eurota's strand, 25
Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land;

23. *Apollo*, it is said by the poets, slew Hyacinth while playing at quoits, and afterwards changed him into the flower bearing his name.

But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb, 30
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low delved tomb;
Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom?
Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that shew'd thou wast divine. 35

Resolve me then, oh Soul, most surely blest
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear),
Tell me, bright Spirit, where'er thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in th' Elysian fields (if such there were) 40
O say me true, if thou wert mortal wight, [flight.
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
Of shaked Olympus by mischance did'st fall;
Which careful Jove in Nature's true behoof 45
Took up and in fit place did reinstall?
Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall
Or sheeny Heav'n, and thou some goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

Or wert thou that just maid who once before 50
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
And cam'st again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou that sweet smiling youth?
Or that crown'd matron sage white-robed Truth? 54
Or any other of that heav'nly brood [good?
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
Who having clad thyself in human weed,

44. *Shaked Olympus;* in allusion to the war of the giants who besieged Jupiter.

50. *That just maid;* Astrea, the goddess of justice.

53. I am inclined to think that Truth only is meant both in this and in the following expression, and that it is, therefore, not necessary to introduce, as the commentators have done, mercy or youth, in this line. Truth, for its purity, clear and unsullied beauty, has all the characteristics of *sweet smiling youth:* for its gravity and unchanging steadiness it has the marks of matronly grace. The poet might hence very beautifully express a doubt as to whether he was to call it a youth or a matron.

To Earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
And after short abode fly back with speed, 60
As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire?

But oh, why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy Heav'n-loved innocence, 65
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe
To turn swift-rushing black Perdition hence
Or drive away the slaughtering Pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child, 71
Her false imagined loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
Think what a present thou to God has sent,
And render him with patience what he lent; 75
This if thou do, he will an offspring give
That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live.

II.

(Anno Ætatis 19.)

At a Vacation Exercise in the college, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began.

HAIL, native Language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
Half-unpronounced, slide through my infant-lips,
Driving dumb Silence from the portal door, 5
Where he had mutely sat two years before:
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task:
Small loss it is that hence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee: 10
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me, I have thither pack'd the worst:
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The dantiest dishes shall be served up last.

60. These verses were written while there was a great plague raging.

I pray thee then deny me not thy aid 15
For this same small neglect that I have made:
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure.
Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight
Which takes our late fantastics with delight, 20
But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire:
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out;
And weary of their place do only stay 25
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array;
That so they may without suspect or fears
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears;
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
Thy service in some graver subject use, 30
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound;
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door
Look in, and see each blissful deity 35
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
List'ning to what unshorn Apollo sings
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire:
Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
And misty regions of wide air next under, 41
And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,
In Heav'n's defiance must'ring all his waves;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass 45
When beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And last of kings, and queens, and heroes old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told
In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,
While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest 50
Are held with his melodious harmony
In willing chains and sweet captivity.

48. *Demodocus;* a musician and poet mentioned in the eighth book of the Odyssey, in which king Alcinous is represented as entertaining Ulysses. The reader, if he be curious to understand the scope of what follows, must have reference to some book of logic.

But fie, my wand'ring Muse, how thou dost stray!
Expectance calls thee now another way;
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent 55
To keep in compass of thy predicament:
Then quick about thy purposed business come,
That to the next I may resign my room.

Then Ens is represented as father of the Predicaments, his ten sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance with his canons, which Ens, thus speaking, explains.

Good luck befriend thee, son; for at thy birth
The faery ladies danced upon the hearth; 60
Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
And sweetly singing round about thy bed
Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st still
From eyes of mortals walk invisible: 65
Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
For once it was my dismal hap to hear
A Sybil old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wisely could presage, 70
And in Time's long and dark prospective glass
Foresaw what future days should bring to pass;
Your son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
Shall subject be to many an accident.
O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king, 75
Yet every one shall make him underling,
And those that cannot live from him asunder
Ungratefully shall strivè to keep him under;
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them;
Yet being above them, he shall be below them; 80
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
And Peace shall lull him in her flowery lap;
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door 85
Devouring War shall never cease to roar:
Yea, it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity.
What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot? 90

The next Quantity and Quality spake in prose, then Relation was called by his name

Rivers arise; whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Ooze, or gulphy Dun,
Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
His thirsty arms along th' indented meads;
Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath, 95
Or Severn swift, guilty of maidens' death;
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,
Or Medway smooth, or royal tower'd Thame. 100

[*The rest was prose.*]

III.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

(Composed 1629.)

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy Sages once did sing, 5
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high council-table 10
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein 15
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:

O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet; 25
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
  And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild,
While the Heav'n-born child 30
  All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
  With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her 35
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
  To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame, 40
Pollute with sinful blame,
  The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease, 45
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
  She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready harbinger,
  With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing, 50
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
  The idle spear and shield were high up hung, 55
The hooked chariot stood,
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
  The trumpet spake not to the armed throng
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

28. Isaiah vi. 6, 7.
52. *She strikes*; so the Latin, *fœdus ferire*.

But peaceful was the night, 61
Wherein the Prince of light
  His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kiss'd, 65
  Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze, 70
  Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
  Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow, 75
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
  The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame, 80
As his inferior flame
  The new enlighten'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear [bear.
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree could

The shepherds on the lawn, 85
Or ere the point of dawn,
  Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
  Was kindly come to live with them below; 90
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
  As never was by mortal finger strook, 95
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
  As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air such pleasure loth to lose, [close.
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heav'nly

Nature that heard such sound, 101
Beneath the hollow round
  Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done, 105
  And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light, 110
  That with long beams the shame-faced night ar-
The helmed cherubim [ray'd;
And sworded seraphim,
  Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire, 115
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
  But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great 120
His constellations set,
  And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the welt'ring waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres, 125
Once bless our human ears
  (If ye have power to touch our senses so),
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
  And let the base of Heav'n's deep organ blow, 130
And with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full concert to th' angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
  Time will run back, and fetch the age of Gold, 135
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
  And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell itself will pass away, 139
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
  Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen, 145
  With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
And Heav'n as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so, 150
  The babe lies yet in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
  So both himself and us to glorify; 154
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep, [the deep,
The wakeful trump of Doom must thunder through

With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang, [brake:
  While the red fire and smouldering clouds out-
The aged Earth aghast, 160
With terror of that blast,
  Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When at the world's last session, [throne.
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his

And then at last our bliss 165
Full and perfect is,
  But now begins; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In straighter limits bound,
  Not half so far casts his usurped sway, 170
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
  Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving
Apollo from his shrine 176
Can no more divine,
  With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

173. In allusion to the opinion that the oracles ceased at our Saviour's birth.

The lonely mountains o'er, 161
And the resounding shore,
  A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale, 165
  The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn [mourn.
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth, 190
  The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
  Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat, 195
While each peculiar pow'r foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
  With that twice-batter'd God of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth, 200
Heav'n's queen and mother both,
  Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn, [mourn.
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammus

And sullen Moloch fled, 205
Hath left in shadows dread
  His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king
  In dismal dance about the furnace blue; 210
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
  Trampling the unshow'r'd grass with lowings loud:

191. *The Lars and Lemures;* household gods and night spirits. *Flamens;* priests. There is a remarkable resemblance in this poem, one of Milton's earliest, to the later productions of his genius. It presents the same mixture of learning and fancy; of original genius, forgetting itself amid the treasures of erudition. Most of the mythological names have been mentioned in the notes to the larger poems.

Nor can he be at rest 216
Within his sacred chest,
  Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark.

He feels from Juda's land 221
The dreaded Infant's hand,
  The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside,
Longer dare abide, 225
  Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe to shew his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red, 230
  Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to th' infernal jail,
  Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted Fayes 235
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
  Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
Heav'n's youngest teemed star 240
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
  Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnest angels sit in order serviceable.

IV.

THE PASSION.

Erewhile of music, and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav nly Infant's birth,
My Muse with angels did invite to sing;
But headlong Joy is ever on the wing, 5

244. *Bright-harnest;* arnese, from which the epithet is derived, is an Italian word for any kind of ornament or dress. Harness, in English, is commonly used for armour. See 1 Kings xx. 11.

In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long, 10
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
Which he for us did freely undergo:
Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight, [wight!
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human

He sov'reign Priest stooping his regal head, 15
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;
O what a mask was there, what a disguise!
Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide, 20
Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound;
His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings other where are found; 25
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound;
Me softer airs befit, and softer strings,
Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

Befriend me Night, best patroness of grief,
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw, 30
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my woe;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish
white. 35

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood,
My spirit some transporting cherub feels,
To bear me where the tow'rs of Salem stood,
Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guiltless blood;
There doth my soul in holy vision sit 41
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

26. *Cremona* was the birth-place of the poet Vida, who wrote a poem on the sufferings and history of Christ.
37. *The prophet;* Ezekiel. See Ezekiel, chap. i.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
That was the casket of Heav'n's richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock, 45
Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;
For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

Or should I thence, hurried on viewless wing, 50
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,
And I (for grief is easily beguiled)
Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud 55
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

[*This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinished.*]

V.

ON TIME.

Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain, 5
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consumed, 10
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine, 15
With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him, to' whose happy-making sight alone

When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall climb,
Then, all this earthy grossness quit, 20
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,
O Time.

VI.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

Ye flaming Pow'rs, and winged Warriors bright,
That erst with music and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night; 5
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whilere 10
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
Alas, how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to seize!
O more exceeding love, or law more just? 15
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remediless
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory,* even to nakedness; 20
And that great covenant which we still transgress
Entirely satisfied,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
And seals obedience first with wounding smart 25
This day, but O ere long
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart.

* Philip. ii. 7. In our translation, *He made himself of no reputation;* but Milton's expression, *Emptied his glory*, is nearest the original.

VII.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ,
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
And to our high-raised phantasy present 5
That undisturbed song of pure concert,
Ay sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To Him that sits thereon
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
Where the bright seraphim in burning row 10
Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms 15
Singing everlastingly;
That we on earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd Sin
Jarr'd against Nature's chime, and with harsh din 20
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood,
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that song, 25
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

VIII.

AN EPITAPH.

ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

This rich marble doth inter
The honour'd wife of Winchester

6. *Concent*; from the Italian *concento*, harmony.
7. Ezek. i. 26. 14. Rev. vii. 9.
pason, a harmony running through the whole scale of notes in every key.

A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
Besides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth, 5
More than she could own from earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told: alas! too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness and with death 10
Yet had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praise,
Nature and Fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces sweet, 15
Quickly found a lover meet;
The virgin quire for her request
The god that sits at marriage feast;
He at their invoking came
But with a scarce well-lighted flame; 20
And in his garland as he stood
Ye might discern a cypress bud.
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes, 25
And calls Lucina to her throes;
But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for Lucina came;
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree: 30
The hapless babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languish'd mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip, 35
Saved with care from Winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flow'r
New shot up from vernal show'r; 40
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways as on a dying bed,

26. *Lucina*, the goddess said by the ancients to be present at births.—*Atropos*, one of the fates.

And those pearls of dew she wears,
Prove to be presaging tears,
Which the sad Morn had let fall 45
On her hast'ning funeral.
Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travail sore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore, 50
That to give the world increase,
Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease.
Here, beside the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan 55
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy hearse, to strow the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name; 60
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitst in glory,
Next her much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian shepherdess
Who, after years of barrenness,
The highly-favour'd Joseph bore 65
To him that served for her before,
And at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light: 70
There with thee, new welcome Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

IX.

SONG.—ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire 5
Mirth and youth and warm desire;

62. *Syrian shepherdess*, Rachel. See Gen. xxix. 9.

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long. 10

X.

ON SHAKSPEARE. 1630.

What needs my Shakspeare for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame, 5
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring Art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart 10
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepúlcher'd in such pomp dost lie, 15
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

XI

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER.

Who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of the plague.

Here lies old Hobson;* Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.

* Hobson is reckoned among the most celebrated Cambridge characters. He was the first who set up an establishment for hack horses, and his resolution in obliging whoever came to hire to take the one which stood next him, gave birth to the well-known saying of *Hobson's choice, this or none.* He made a considerable fortune, and there is a picture of him at Cambridge, for which a very considerable sum has been repeatedly offered and refused. When I was there, it was in the Norwich waggon-office, to the walls of which I was told it belonged by an inalienable right.

'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known, 5
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full
Dodged with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
And surely Death could never have prevail'd
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd; 10
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlain
Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light: 16
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has supp'd, and 's newly gone to bed.

XII.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

Here lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay 5
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old Truth) motion number'd out his time;
And like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceased, he ended straight. 10
Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd, 15
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers. 20
Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light:
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burthensome,

That even to his last breath (there be that say't) 25
As he were press'd to death, he cry'd more weight;
But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate 30
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
Only remains this superscription.

XIII.

AD PYRRHAM.—ODE V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è naufragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat esse miseros.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem 5
Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens!
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
Qui semper vacuam semper amabilem 10
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis. Miseri quibus
Intentata nites. Me tabula sacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti 15
Vestimenta maris Deo.

XIII.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa, *rendered almost word for word, without rhyme, according to the Latin measure, as near as the language will permit.*

What slender youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,

Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he 5
On faith and changed Gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable, 10
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they
To whom thou untried seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares to' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds 15
To the stern God of sea.

XIV.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE, UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

Because you have thrown off your Prelate lord,
And with stiff vows renounced his liturgy,
To seize the widow'd whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword 5
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic hierarchy
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?
Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul, 10
Must now be named and printed Heretics,
By shallow Edwards and Scotch what-d'ye-call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,
That so the Parliament 15
May with their wholesome and preventive shears
Clip your phylacteries, though balk your ears,
And succour our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large. 20

SONNETS.

I.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
  Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
  Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day, 5
  First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
  Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
  Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh; 10
  As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
  Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

DONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
  L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostra si di fuora 5
  De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
  E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
La onde l'alta tua virtu s'infiora.
    Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno, 10
  Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
Le'encranta, chi di te si truova indegno;
    Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
  Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
  L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
  Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata spera

Fuor di sua natia alma primavera, 5
  Cosi Amor meco insù la lingua snella
  Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
  Canto, dal mio buon popol non intese
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno. 10
Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
  Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
  A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

CANZONE.

Ridonsi donne e giovani amorosi
    M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
  Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
Verseggiando d' amor, e come t' osi?
  Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana, 5
    E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;
    Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivi
  Altri lidi t' aspettan, et altre onde
  Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma 10
  L'immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi
Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
  Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, é il mio cuore
Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore. 15

IV.

Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
  Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar soléa
  E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d' oro, ne guancia vermiglia 5
  M' abbaglian si, ma sotto nova idea
  Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
  Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d' una, 10
  E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
  E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fa poco.

V.

Per certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia
  Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole
  Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria) 5
  Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
  Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir, io non so che si sia:
  Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco 10
  Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela:
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
  Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
  Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

VI.

Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante
  Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
  Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Fara divoto; io certo a prove tante
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante, 5
  De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
  Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
S'arma di se, e d' intero diamante,
  Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,
Di timori, e speranze al popol use 10
  Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
E di cetta sonora, e delle muse:
  Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
  Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

VII.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
  Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
  My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth, 5
That I to manhood am arrived so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits indueth.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even 10
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

VIII.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms 5
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
The great Emathian conqueror* bid spare 10
The house of Pindarus, when temple' and tower
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IX.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hath shunn'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the hill of heavenly truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth 5

* *Emathian conqueror;* Alexander, who spared the house of Pindar when he destroyed Thebes.—*Electra's poet;* Euripides, some lines in whose tragedy saved Athens from being totally destroyed by Lysander.

Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.
Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends 9
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

X.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once president
Of England's council, and her treasury,
Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till sad the breaking of that Parliament* 5
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet; 11
So well your words his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

XI.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

A BOOK was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,†
And woven close, both matter, form and style;
The subject new; it walk'd the town a while,
Numbering good intellects; now seldom pored on.
Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on 5

* The *parliament* here mentioned was dissolved March 10, 1628. The *victory* was that gained by Philip of Macedon over the Athenians: and the *old man* was Isocrates, who died with grief when the tidings were brought to him of the event.

† The treatise on divorce, which Milton wrote, is here alluded to. The persons mentioned were some rigid presbyterians, who took offence, and very justly, at some of the opinions started.

A title-page is this! and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
End-Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp? 9
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge, and King Edward,
Greek.

XII.

ON THE SAME.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes and dogs: 4
As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when Truth would set them free. 10
Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that must first be wise and good;
But from that mark how far they rove we see
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

XIII.

TO MR. H. LAWES* ON HIS AIRS.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measured song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas' ears, committing short and long; 4
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envy to look wan;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man
That with smooth air could'st humour best our tongue.

* *Mr. Lawes* was one of the King's musicians, and an intimate friend of Milton. He is supposed to have been frequently alluded to in the Comus and Arcades of our author.

Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing
  To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire, 10
That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn or story.
  Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

XIV.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF
M S. CATHARINE THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,
DECEASED 16 DEC. 1646.

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,
  Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
  Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.
Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavour 5
  Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod,
  But as faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
  Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams
  And azure wings, that up they flew so drest, 11
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
  Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV.

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
  Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
  And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
And rumours loud that daunt remotest kings,
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings 5
  Victory home, though new rebellions raise
  Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
  O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
(For what can war, but endless war still breed?) 10
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
  And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed,
  While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

XVI.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
  Not of war only, but detractions rude,
  Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud 5
  Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,
  While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbued,
  And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
  To conquer still; Peace hath her victories 10
  No less renown'd than War; new foes arise
Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular chains:
  Help us to save free conscience from the paw
  Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

XVII.

TO SIR HENRY VANE, THE YOUNGER.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
  Than whom a better senator ne'er held
  The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold 5
  The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd,
  Then to advise how War may, best upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
  In all her equipage: besides to know
  Both spiritual pow'r and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou' hast learn'd, which few have done: 11
  The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:
  Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XVIII.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONT.*

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
  Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
  Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forget not; in thy book record their groans 5
  Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
  Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
  The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow 10
  O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
  A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIX.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
  Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
  And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5
  My true account, lest he returning chide;
'Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd?'
I fondly ask: But Patience, to prevent
  That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best 10
    Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
  Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
    They also serve who only stand and wait.'

* The massacre in Piemont formed a part of the fearful persecutions which the Vaudois, or Protestants of that country, suffered from the Church of Rome. An abstract of this appalling portion of modern church history may be found in Dr. M'Crie's admirable work on the Reformation in Italy, and in Mr. Gillie's Journey to the Valleys of the Vaudois.

XX.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.*

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
  Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
  Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? time will run 5
  On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
  The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily' and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
  What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise 10
  To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
  Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
  He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXI.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.†

CYRIAC, whose grandsire on the royal bench
  Of British Themis, with no mean applause
  Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench;
To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench 5
  In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
  Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
  To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way; 10
    For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
  And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
    And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

* *Mr. Lawrence* was son of the president of Cromwell's council.
† *Cyriac Skinner* was a pupil of Milton's.

XXII.

TO THE SAME.

CYRIAC, this three years' day these eyes, tho' clear,
  To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
  Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year, 5
  Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
  Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
  Right onward. What supports me? dost thou ask:
The conscience, Friend, to' have lost them overply'd
  In Liberty's defence, my noble task, 11
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
  This thought might lead me thro' the world's vain
Content though blind, had I no better guide. [mask

XXIII.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.*

METHOUGHT I saw my late-espoused saint
  Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
  Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint
  Purification in the old law did save, 6
  And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,
  Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight 10
  Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
  But O, as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

* *On his deceased wife;* his second wife, who died about a year after their marriage.—*Alcestis* was king of Thessaly, and being on the point of death, was restored to life by his wife's voluntarily offering herself to Apollo in his stead. Hercules afterward succeeded in rescuing her from the shades.

PSALMS.

PSALM I.

(Done into verse, 1653.)

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorners hath not sat. But in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
And in his law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watery streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall.
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all. 10
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just, 15
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSALM II.

(Done Aug. 8, 1653.)

Terzette.

Why do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth upstand
With power, and princes in their congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear? 5
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear
Their twisted cords: he who in Heav'n doth dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell 10
And fierce ire trouble them; But I, saith he,
Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
I will declare; the Lord to me hath said,

Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee 15
  This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
As thy possession I on thee bestow
  Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
Earth's utmost bounds; them shalt thou bring full low
  With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse 20
Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
  And now be wise at length, ye Kings averse,
Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear
  Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
With trembling; kiss the Son lest he appear 25
  In anger, and ye perish in the way,
If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.
  Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSALM III.

(Aug. 9, 1653.)

When he fled from Absalom.

Lord, how many are my foes?
How many those
  That in arms against me rise!
Many are they
That of my life distrustfully thus say, 5
  No help for him in God there lies.
But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,
Thee through my story
  Th' exalter of my head I count;
Aloud I cried 10
Unto Jehovah, he full soon replied
  And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and slept, I waked again,
For my sustain
  Was the Lord. Of many millions 15
The populous rout
I fear not, though encamping round about
  They pitch against me their pavilions.
Rise, Lord, save me, my God, for thou
Hast smote ere now 20
  On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhorr'd
Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
  Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSALM IV.

(Aug. 10, 1653.)

ANSWER me when I call,
  God of my righteousness,
  In straits and in distress
Thou didst me disenthral 5
  And set at large; now spare,
  Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.
Great ones how long will ye
  My glory have in scorn,
  How long be thus foreborn
Still to love vanity, 10
  To love, to seek, to prize
  Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?
Yet know, the Lord hath chose,
  Chose to himself a part,
  The good and meek of heart, 15
(For whom to choose he knows)
  Jehovah from on high
  Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
Be awed, and do not sin,
  Speak to your hearts alone, 20
  Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
  Offer the offerings just
  Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
Many there be that say 25
  Who yet will shew us good?
  Talking like this world's brood;
But, Lord, thus let me pray,
  On us lift up the light,
  Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright. 30
Into my heart more joy
  And gladness thou hast put,
  Than when a year of glut
Their stores doth over-cloy,
  And from their plenteous grounds 35
  With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep,

For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where'er I lie; 40
As in a rocky cell
Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSALM V.

(Aug. 12, 1653.)

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,
My meditation weigh,
The voice of my complaining hear
My God and King; for unto thee I pray.
Jehovah, thou my early voice 5
Shalt in the morning hear,
I' th' morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my pray'rs, and watch till thou appear.
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedness delight. 10
Evil with thee no biding makes,
Fools or bad men stand not within thy sight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'st; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie; 15
The bloody' and guileful man God doth detest.
But I will in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go
Into thy house; I in thy fear
Will tow'rds thy holy temple worship low. 20
Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me because of those
That do observe if I transgress;
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
For in his falt'ring mouth unstable 25
No word is firm or sooth;
Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they [smooth.
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counsels quell'd; 30
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame

Defend'st them, they shall ever sing 35
  And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
  To bless the just man still,
As with a shield thou wilt surround
  Him with thy lasting favour and good will. 40

PSALM VI.

(Aug. 13, 1653.)

Lord, in thine anger do not reprehend me,
  Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
  Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
For all my bones that ev'n with anguish ache, 5
  Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore,
  And thou, O Lord, how long? turn, Lord, restore
My soul, O save me for thy goodness' sake:
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
  Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise? 10
  Wearied I am with sighing out my days,
Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;
My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
  Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
  I' th' midst of all mine enemies that mark. 15
Depart all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
  The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my [pray'r,
  My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall be all blank and dash'd 20
  With much confusion; then grown red with shame,
  They shall return in haste the way they came,
And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

PSALM VII.

(Aug. 14, 1653.)

Upon the words of Cush the Benjamite against him.

Lord, my God, to thee I fly,
  Save me, and secure me under
Thy protection while I cry,
  Lest a lion (and no wonder)

He haste to tear my soul asunder, 5
Tearing and no rescue nigh.
Lord, my God, if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace, 9
Or to him have render'd less,
And not freed my foe for nought;
Let th' enemy pursue my soul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roll 15
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust, and there out-spread
Lodge it with dishonour foul.
Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,
Rouse thyself amidst the rage 20
Of my foes that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their fury' assuage;
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command, which I desire.
So th' assemblies of each nation 25
Will surround thee, seeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation. 30
Judge me, Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness 35
And their pow'r that do amiss.
But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies, 40
In him who, both just and wise,
Saves th' upright of heart at last.
God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If the unjust will not forbear, 45
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended

Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.
(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceived of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a lie.
He digg'd a pit, and delved it deep,
And fell into the pit he made;
His mischief that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.
Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the Most High.

PSALM VIII.

(Aug. 14, 1653.)

O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!
So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
To stint the enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,
That bends his rage thy providence to' oppose.
When I behold thy Heav'ns, thy fingers' art,
The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
O what is man that thou rememb'rest yet,
And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?
Scarce to be less than gods, thou mad'st his lot,
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.
O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forest meet,

Fowl of the Heav'ns, and fish that through the wet
  Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
  And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

Nine of the Psalms done into metre, wherein all, but what is in a different character, are the very words of the text, translated from the original.— April, 1648. J. M.

PSALM LXXX.

1 Thou Shepherd that dost Israel *keep*
  Give ear *in time of need,*
Who leadest like a flock of sheep
  Thy loved Joseph's seed,
That sit'st between the Cherubs *bright,* 5
  Between their wings out-spread,
Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light,*
  And on our foes thy dread.

2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
  And in Manasse's sight, 10
Awake * thy strength, come, and *be seen* * *Gnorera.*
  To save us *by thy might.*

3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
  To us, O God, *vouchsafe;*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine, 15
  And then we shall be safe.

4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
  How long wilt thou declare
Thy * smoking wrath, *and angry brow* * *Gnashanta.*
  Against thy people's pray'r! 20

5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
  Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'st them * largely drink the tears * *Shalish.*
  Wherewith their cheeks are wet.

6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey* 25
  To every neighbour foe,
Among themselves they * laugh, they * play,
  And * flouts at us they throw. * *Jilgnagu.*

7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
O God of Hosts, vouchsafe, 30
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drov'st out nations, *proud and haut,* 35
To plant this *lovely* vine.

9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and fast,
That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land *at last.* 40

10 With her *green* shade that cover'd *all*
The hills were *over-spread,*
Her boughs as *high as* cedars tall
Advanced their lofty head.

11 Her branches *on the western side* 45
Down to the sea she sent,
And *upward* to that river *wide*
Her other branches *went.*

12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence, 50
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?

13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild beasts there brouze, and make their food 55
Her grapes and tender shoots.

14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From Heav'n, thy seat divine,
Behold *us, but without a frown,*
And visit this *thy* vine. 60

15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long,*
And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.

16 But now it is consumed with fire, 65
And cut *with axes* down,
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.

17 Upon the Man of thy right hand
  Let thy *good* hand be *laid*, 70
Upon the Son of man, whom thou
  Strong for thyself hast made.

18 So shall we not go back from thee
  To ways of sin and shame,
Quicken us thou, then *gladly* we 75
  Shall call upon thy name.

19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*,
  Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe*,
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
  And then we shall be safe. 80

PSALM LXXXI

1 To God our strength sing loud, *and clear*,
  Sing loud to God *our* King;
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*,
  Loud acclamations ring.

2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song, 5
  The timbrel hither bring,
The *cheerful* psaltry bring along,
  And harp *with* pleasant *string*.

3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new moon
  With trumpet's *lofty sound*, 10
Th' appointed time, the day whereon
  Our solemn feast *comes round*.

4 This was a statute *given of old*
  For Israel *to observe*,
A law of Jacob's God, *to hold*, 15
  From whence they might not swerve.

5 This he a testimony' ordain'd
  In Joseph, *not to change*,
When as he pass'd through Egypt land;
  The tongue I heard was strange. 20

6 From burden *and from slavish toil*
  I set his shoulder free;
His hands from pots *and miry soil*
  Deliver'd were *by me*.

7 When trouble did thee sore assail 25
  On me then didst thou call,
And I to free thee *did not fail,*
  And led thee out of thrall.
I answer'd thee * in thunder deep * *Be sether ragnam.*
  With clouds encompass'd round; 30
I tried thee at the water *steep*
  Of Meriba *renown'd.*

8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well,*
  I testify to thee,
Thou ancient stock of Israel, 35
  If thou wilt list to me,

9 Throughout the land of thy
  No alien god shall be,
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god
  In honour bend thy knee. 40

10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
  Thee out of Egypt land;
Ask large enough, and I, *besought,*
  Will grant thy full demand.

11 And yet my people would not *hear* 45
  Nor hearken to my voice;
And Israel, *whom I loved so dear,*
  Misliked me for his choice.

12 Then did I leave them to their will,
  And to their wand'ring mind; 50
Their own conceits they follow'd still,
  Their own devices blind.

13 O that my people would *be wise,*
  To serve me *all their days,*
And O that Israel would *advise* 55
  To walk my *righteous* ways!

14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
  That now so proudly rise,
And turn my hand against *all those*
  That are their enemies. 60

15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
  To bow to him and bend,
But *they, his people, should remain,*
  Their time should have no end

16 And he would feed them *from the shock* 45
With flour of finest wheat,
And satisfy them from the rock
With honey *for their meat.*

PSALM LXXXII

1 God in the * great assembly stands * *Bagna-*
Of kings and lordly states, *dath-el.*
* Among the gods, * on both his hands * *Bekerev.*
He judges and debates.

2 How long will ye * pervert the right * *Tishphetu*
With * judgment false and wrong, [*gnavel.*
Favouring the wicked *by your might,*
Who thence grow bold and strong?

3 * Regard the * weak and fatherless,
* Dispatch the * poor man's cause, * *Shiphtu-dal.*
And † raise the man in deep distress, 11
By † just and equal laws. † *Hatzdiku.*

4 Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate 15
Of him *that help demands.*

5 They know not, nor will understand,
In darkness they walk on,
The earth's foundations all are * moved,
And * out of order gone. * *Jimmotu.*

6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all 21
The sons of God most high;
7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes *die.*

8 Rise God, * judge thou the earth *in might*, 25
This *wicked* earth * redress, * *Shiphta.*
For thou art he who shalt by right
The nations all possess.

PSALM LXXXIII.

1 Be not thou silent *now at length,*
O God, hold not thy peace,
Sit thou not still, O God *of strength,*
We cry and do not cease.

2 For lo! thy *furious* foes *now* * swell, 5
And * storm outrageously, * *Jchemayun.*
And they that hate thee *proud and fell*
Exalt their heads full high.

3 Against thy people they * contrive * *Jagnarinu.*
† Their plots and counsels deep, † *Sod.*
* Them to ensnare they chiefly strive * *Jirthjagnatsu gnal.*
† Whom thou dost hide and keep. † *Tsephuneka*

4 Come let us cut them off, say they,
Till they no nation be,
That Israel's name for ever may 15
Be lost in memory.

5 For they consult * with all their might, * *Levjach*
And all as one in mind, [*dau.*
Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind. 20

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *scornful* Ishmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the desert dwell,

7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,* 25
And *hateful* Amalec,
The Philistines, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check.

8 With them *great* Ashur also bands,
And doth confirm the knot: 30
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the sons of Lot.

9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*
That wasted all the coast,
To Sisera, and as *is told* 35
Thou didst to Jabin's *host,*
When at the brook of Kishon *old*
They were repulsed and slain,
10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
As dung upon the plain. 40

11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their princes speed,
As Zeba and Zalmunna *bled;*
So let their princes *bleed;*

12 *For they amidst their pride* have said,
By right now shall we seize
God's houses, and *will now invade*
† Their stately palaces. † *Neeth Elohim* bears both.

13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find,
Giddy and *restless* let *them reel*
Like stubble from the wind.

4 As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire
Which on a sudden strays,
The *greedy* flames run higher and higher,
Till all the mountains blaze,

15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
And with thy tempest chase;
16 † And, till they † yield thee honour due,
Lord, fill with shame their face.

† Heb. *They seek thy Name.*

17 Ashamed and troubled let them be,
Troubled, and shamed for ever,
Ever confounded, and so die
With shame, *and 'scape it never.*

18 Then shall they know that thou, whose name
Jehovah is alone,
Art the Most High, *and thou the same*
O'er all the earth *art one.*

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of Hosts, how dear
The *pleasant* tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near!

2 My soul doth long and almost die
Thy courts O Lord to see,
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.

3 There ev'n the sparrow *freed from wrong*
Hath found a house of *rest,*
The swallow there, to lay her young,
Hath built her *brooding* nest.

Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the coasts 15
Tow'rd thee, my King, my God.

4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise,
5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways. 20

6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty vale,*
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watery dale
Where springs and show'rs abound.

7 They journey on from strength to strength 25
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before *our* God *at length*
In Sion do appear.

8 Lord God of Hosts, hear *now* my pray'r,
O Jacob's God, give ear, 30
9 Thou God, our shield, look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear.*

10 For one day in thy courts *to be*
Is better, *and more blest,*
Than *in the joys of vanity* 35
A thousand days *at best.*
I, in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode,*
With sin *for evermore.* 40

11 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory *bright,*
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.

12 Lord *God* of Hosts, *that reign'st on high,* 45
That man is *truly* blest,
Who *only* on thee doth rely,
And in thee only rest.

PSALM LXXXV

1 THY land to favour graciously
  Thou hast not, Lord, been slack
Thou hast from *hard* captivity
  Returned Jacob back.

2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive 5
  That wrought thy people woe,
And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*
  Hast hid *where none shall know.*

3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed,
  And *calmly* didst return 10
From thy † fierce wrath which we had proved
  Far worse than fire to burn.
  † Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*

4 God of our saving health and peace,
  Turn us, and us restore,
Thine indignation cause to cease 15
  Tow'rds us, *and chide no more.*

5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
  For ever angry thus,
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
  From age to age on us? 20

6 Wilt thou not * turn, and *hear our voice,*
  And us again * revive, * Heb. *Turn to quicken us.*
That so thy people may rejoice
  By thee preserved alive?

7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord, 25
  To us thy mercy shew,
Thy saving health to us afford,
  And life in us renew.

8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak,
  I will *go straight and* hear, 30
For to his people he speaks peace,
  And to his saints *full dear,*
To his dear saints he will speak peace;
  But let them never more
Return to folly, *but surcease* 35
  To trespass as before.

9 Surely to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand,
And glory shall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our land. 40

10 Mercy and truth *that long were miss'd*
Now *joyfully* are met,
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set.

11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flower,* 45
Shall bud and blossom *then,*
And Justice from her heavenly bower
Look down *on mortal men.*

12 The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good, 50
Our land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*

13 Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger,
Then* will he come, and not be slow, 55
His footsteps cannot err.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 THY *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline,
O hear me *I thee pray,*
For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, *and sad decay.*

2 Preserve my soul, for † I have trod 5
Thy ways, and love the just;
Save thou thy servant, O my God,
Who *still* in thee doth trust.

3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; 4. O make rejoice 10
Thy servant's soul; for, Lord, to thee
I lift my soul *and voice.*

* Heb. *He will set his steps to the way.*
† Heb. *I am good, loving, a doer of good and holy things.*

5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone* 15
To them that on thee call.

6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry
Of my *incessant* prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously. 20

7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee *for aid;*
For thou wilt *grant* me *free access,*
And answer *what I pray'd.*

8 Like thee among the gods is none, 25
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
Like to thy *glorious works.*

9 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, *and all shall frame* 30
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done,
Thou *in thy ever'lasting seat* 35
Remainest God alone.

11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right,*
I in thy truth will bide,
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide. 40

12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.

13 For great thy mercy is toward me, 45
And thou hast freed my soul,
Even from the lowest Hell set free,
From deepest darkness foul.

14 O God, the proud against me rise,
And violent men are met 50
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.

15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
Readiest thy grace to shew,
Slow to be angry, and *art styled* 55
Most merciful, most true.

16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
And me have mercy on,
Unto thy servant give thy strength,
And save thy handmaid's son. 60

17 Some sign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* see,
And be ashamed, because thou Lord
Dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1 Among the holy mountains *high*
Is his foundation fast,
There seated is his sanctuary,
His temple there is placed.

2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more 5
Than all the dwellings *fair*
Of Jacob's *land, though there be store,*
And all within his care.

3 City of God, most glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are spoke; 10
mention Egypt, *where proud kings*
Did our forefathers yoke.

4 I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia *full of scorn*,
And Tyre with Ethiops' *utmost ends*, 15
Lo this man there was born:

5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
Be said of Sion *last*,
This and this man was born in her,
High God shall fix her fast. 20

6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll
That ne'er shall be out-worn,
When he the nations doth inroll,
That this man there was born.

7 Both they who sing, and they who dance, 25
With sacred songs are there,
In thee *fresh brooks and soft streams glance,*
And all my fountains *clear.*

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 LORD God, thou dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry;
And all night long before thee *weep,*
Before thee *prostrate lie.*

2 Into thy presence let my prayer 5
With sighs devout ascend,
And to my cries that *ceaseless are,*
Thine ear with favour bend.

3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
Surcharged my soul doth lie, 10
My life *at death's uncheerful door*
Unto the grave draws nigh.

4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
Down to the *dismal* pit;
I am a* man, but weak alas, 15
And for that name unfit.

5 From life discharged and parted quite
Among the dead to *sleep,*
And like the slain *in bloody fight*
That in the grave lie *deep,* 20
Whom thou rememberest no more,
Dost never more regard,
Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er,
Death's hideous house hath barr'd.

6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound* 25
Hast set me *all forlorn,*
Where thickest darkness *hovers round,*
In horrid deeps *to mourn.*

7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves,*
Full sore doth press on me; 30
† Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
† And all thy waves break me.

* Heb. *A man without manly strength.*
† *The Heb.* bears both.

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And mak'st me odious,
Me to them odious, *for they change,* 35
And I here pent up thus.

9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,
Mine eyes grow dim and dead,
Lord, all the day I thee entreat,
My hands to thee I spread. 40

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead?
Shall the deceased arise,
And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?

11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell 45
On whom the grave *hath hold?*
Or they who in perdition *dwell,*
Thy faithfulness *unfold?*

12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*
Or wondrous acts be known? 50
Thy justice in the *gloomy* land
Of *dark* oblivion?

13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent,
And *up to thee* my pray'r *doth hie* 55
Each morn, and thee prevent.

14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
And hide thy face from me;
15 That am already bruised, and * shake
With terror sent from thee? 60
Bruised, and afflicted, and *so low*
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo
Astonish'd with thine ire.

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow, 65
Thy threat'nings cut me through:
17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me pursue.

* Heb. *Pro ctenemone.*

18 Lover and friend thou hast removed,
And severed from me far: 70
They *fly me now* whom I have loved,
And as in darkness are.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at fifteen years old.

When the blest seed of Terah's faithful son
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shewn, 5
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that hath received the foil. 10
The high, huge-bellied mountains skip like rams
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
Why fled the ocean? and why skipt the mountains?
Why turned Jordan tow'rd his crystal fountains?
Shake, earth, and at the presence be aghast 15
Of Him that ever was, and ay shall last;
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

PSALM CXXXVI.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad, 5
For of gods he is the God;
For his, &c.

O, let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell; 10
For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake;
For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create
The painted Heav'ns so full of state;
For his, &c.

Who did the solid Earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain;
For his, &c.

Who by his all-commanding might
Did fill the new-made world with light;
For his, &c.

And caused the golden-tressed sun
All the day long his course to run;
For his, &c.

The horned moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright;
For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand
Smote the first-born of Egypt land;
For his, &c.

And in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israel
For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main;
For his, &c.

The floods stood still like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass;
For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power;
For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.
For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown;
For his, &c.

He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
That ruled the Amorrean coast;
For his, &c.

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue, 70
With all his over-hardy crew;
For his, &c.

And to his servant Israel
He gave their land therein to dwell;
For his, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery;
For his, &c. 80

And freed us from our slavery
Of the invading enemy;
For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need;
For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth 90
His mighty majesty and worth;
For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye;
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOANNIS MILTONI
LONDINENSIS
POEMATA.

Quorum pleraque intra Annum Ætatis Vigesimum conscripsit.

HÆC quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimiæ laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibique quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm hercle Angelus ipse fores.

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici poeseos laurea coronandum, Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetrusca, epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.

CEDE Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui:
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRÆCIA Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi

Al Signior Gio. Miltoni nobile Inglese.

ODE.

Erginmi all' Etra ò Clio
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,
Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi, 5
A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.
Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l' oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore, 10
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m'adatti, e ferirò la morte.
Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia resiede
Separata dal mondo, 15
Però che il suo valor l'umana eccede:
Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovruman tra noi.
Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto, 20
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.
Lungi dal Patrio lido 25
Spinse Zeusi l' industre ardente brama;
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro. 30
Così l'Ape Ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde, 35
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.
Di bella gloria amenta
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti

Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti; 40
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.
Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino 45
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' Idea.
Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte, 50
La cui memorio onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.
Nell' altera Babelle 55
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:
Ch' Ode oltr' all Anglia il suo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma. 60
I piu profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani
Troppo avaro tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaromente conosci, e giungi al fine 65
Della moral virtude al gran confine.
Non batta il Tempo l'ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni; 70
Che s'opre degne di Poema o storia
Furon gia, l'hai presenti alla memoria.
Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra 75
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
In Tamigi il dira che gl' e concesso
Per te suo cigno parreggiar Permesso.
Io che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro 80

So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del Sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo
Fiorentino

JOANNI MILTONI

LONDINENSI.

Juveni patria, virtutibus eximio,

Viro qui multa peregrinatione, studia cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda: et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoria totus orbis; in intellectu sapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore eloquentia; harmonicos cœlestium sphærarum sonitus astronomia duce audienti; characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra philosophia legenti; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assidua autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.
At cur nitor in arduum!

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, reverentiæ et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Deodatus Patricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator

ELEGIARUM LIBER.

Elegia Prima, ad Carolum Deodatum.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
  Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas;
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ
  Vergivium prono quâ petit amne salum.
Multùm, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas 5
  Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
  Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
  Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet. 10
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,
  Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,
  Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri 15
  Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
  Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,
  Lætus et exilii conditione fruor. 20
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
  Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cecisset Homero,
  Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro,
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis, 25
  Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
  Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
  Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest, 30
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
  Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;

Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
  Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores 35
  Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
  Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat,
Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo,
  Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amator inest: 40
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
  Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit:
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor
  Conscia funereo pectora torre movens:
Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili, 45
  Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
  Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo,
  Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci. 50
Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sidera flammas
  Virgineos videas preteriisse choros.
Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ,
  Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas, 55
  Atque faces, quotquot volvit uterque polus;
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
  Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
  Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor; 60
Pellacesque genas, ad quos Hyacinthina sordet
  Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
  Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite Achæmeniæ turritâ fronte puellæ 65
  Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submittite Nymphæ,
  Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
Nec Pompeianas Tarpeïa Musa columnas
  Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis. 70
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
  Extera sat tibi sit fœmina, posse sequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis, Londinum, structa colonis,
  Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,

Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis 75
  Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno
  Endymionesæ turba ministra deæ,
Quot tibi, conspicuæ formâque auróque, puellæ
  Per medias radiant turba videnda vias. 80
Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
  Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
  Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cyprum.
Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci, 85
  Mœnia quàm subitò linquere fausta paro;
Et vitare procul malefide infamia Circes
  Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
  Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ. 90
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
  Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEGIA SECUNDA.

(Anno Ætatis 17.)

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.

Ter, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
  Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
Ultima præconum preconem te quoque sæva
  Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo,
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis 5
  Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem;
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
  Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
  Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea. 10
Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
  Et celer à Phœbo nuncius ire tuo,
Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aula
  Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.
Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei 15
  Retulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.
Magna sepulchrorum regina, satellites Averni,
  Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,

Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
  Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
Testibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge,
  Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegëia tristes,
  Personet et totis nœnia mæsta scholis.

ELEGIA TERTIA.

(Anno Ætatis 17.)

In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis.

Mœstus eram, et tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,
  Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo,
Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago
  Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres,
  Dira sepulchrali mors metuendâ face;
Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,
  Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
  Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis; 10
Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
  Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipuè luxi, dignissime Præsul,
  Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar, 15
  Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
  Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
  Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa, 20
Nec sinis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
  Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?
Et tibi succumbit, liquido quæ plurima cœlo
  Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur avis,
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis, 25
  Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invida, tanti tibi cum sit concessa potestas;
  Quid juvat humana tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
  Semideamque animam sede fugasse suâ? 30

Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
  Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum
  Phœbus, ab Eöo littore mensus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili 35
  Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos:
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
  Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
  Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent. 40
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
  Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
  Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos 45
  Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
  Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis,
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
  Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus. 50
Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
  Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,
  Siderum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos, 55
  Insula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
  Intremuit læto florea terra sono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cælestia pennis,
  Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ. 60
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
  Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;
'Nate veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
  Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.'
Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ, 65
  At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,
  Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

ELEGIA QUARTA.

(Anno Ætatis 16.)

Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem suum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, pastoris munere fungentem.

Curre per immensum subitò, mea littera, pontum,
I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;
Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti,
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos 5
Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,
Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri; 10
Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas
Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ, 15
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
Præsul Christicolas pascere doctus oves;
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego. 20
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!
Charior ille mihi quàm tu doctissime Graium
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
Quàmque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno, 25
Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrëius Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo præunte recessus
Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi, 30
Pierosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.
Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,

Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlori, senilem 35
  Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
  Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,
  Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides. 40
Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,
  Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,
Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
  Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei,
Cælestive animas saturantem rore tenellas, 45
  Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
  Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
Hæc quoque, paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos
  Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui: 50
Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter præli Musis,
  Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus,
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
  Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit 55
  Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
  Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
  Et pudet officium deseruisse suum. 60
Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
  Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes
  Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis 65
  Supplicis ad mœstas delicuere preces.
Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
  Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
  Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor; 70
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
  In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
  Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces,
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo, 75
  Et sata carne virûm jam cruor arva rigat;

Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
  Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos;
Perpetuòque comans jam defloresçit oliva,
  Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tubam, 85
Fugit io terris, et jam non ultima virgo
  Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos
Te tamen intereà belli circumsonat horror,
  Vivis et ignoto solus inopesque solo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates, 95
  Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
Patria dura parens, et saxis sævior albis
  Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
  Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum, 99
Et sinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
  Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
  Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris 95
  Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
  Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
  Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus. 100
Talis et horrisono laceratus membra flagello,
  Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iesum
  Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis, 105
  Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
  Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
  Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet. 110
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
  Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi;
Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
  Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras 115
  Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
Terruit en densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
  Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,

Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
  Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum, 120
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,
  Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virûm.
Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento
  Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis, 125
  Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

ELEGIA QUINTA.

(Anno Ætatis 20.)

In adventum veris.

In se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
  Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
  Jamque soluto gelu dulce virescit humus.
Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires, 5
  Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo
  (Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
  Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt; 10
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
  Et furo, et sonitus me sacer intùs agit.
Delius ipse venit, video Penëide lauro
  Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli, 15
  Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum
  Et mihi fana patent interiora Deûm;
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
  Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos. 20
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
  Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
  Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis, 25
  Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus:
Urbe ego, tu sylvâ, simul incipiamus utrique,
  Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.

Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores
  Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus. 30
Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
  Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.
Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
  Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cœleste Bootes 35
  Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ;
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
  Excubias agitant sidera rara polo:
Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,
  Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus. 40
Forte aliquis scopuli resubans in vertice pastor,
  Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
Hæc, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ,
  Phœbe, tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit 45
  Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas;
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
  Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,
  Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro? 50
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
  Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
  Et matutinos ocius urget equos.
Exuit invisum Tellus rediviva senectam, 55
  Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos;
Et cupit, et digna est, quid enim formosius illâ,
  Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto
  Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis! 60
Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
  Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
  Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.
Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos 65
  Tenariò placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aspice, Phœbe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,
  Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.
Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
  Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves. 70

Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
  Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros;
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
  Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
Quòd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt 75
  Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)
Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
  Et super injectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo
  In verspertinas præcipitaris aquas, 80
Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno
  Hesperiis recipit Cærula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ,
  Dia quid imundo perluis ora salo?
Frigora, Phœbe, meâ melius captabis in umbrâ, 85
  Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,
  Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Quaque jaces circum mulcebit lene susurrans
  Aura, per humentes corpora fusa rosas. 90
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelēia fata,
  Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo;
Cum tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientius uteris igni,
  Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores; 95
  Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
  Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
  Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo. 100
Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,
  Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
  Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,
  Littus, io Hymen, et cava saxa sonant. 105
Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
  Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
  Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus: 110
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus
  Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum. [unum,
Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor

Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu, 115
Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri cum sera crepuscula surgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro, 120
Sylvanusque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,
Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
Per sata luxuriant fruticetaque Mænalius Pan, 125
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nympha pedes,
Jamque latet, latitansque cupit male tecta videri,
Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi. 130
Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere sylvas,
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arborea dii precorite domo.
Te referant miseris te, Jupiter, aurea terris 135
Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
Tu saltem lentè rapidos age, Phœbe, jugales
Quà potes, et sensim tempora veris eant;
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo. 140

ELEGIA SEXTA.

Ad Carolum Deodatum ruri commorantem.

Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.

Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Qua tu distento fortè carere potes.
At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camœnam,
Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
Carmine scire velis quàm te redamemque colamque,
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas. 6

Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
  Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim.
  Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum, 10
Deliciasque refers, hyberni guadia ruris,
  Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?
  Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos, 15
  Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
Sæpius Aoniis calamavit collibus Euæ
  Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.
Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:
  Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat. 20
Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum,
  Cantavit brevibus Tëia Musa modis?
Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
  Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;
Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus, 25
  Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
  Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
  Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet. 30
Massica fœsundam despumant pocula venam,
  Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum
  Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te 35
  Numine composito, tres perperisse Deos.
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro
  Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu;
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
  Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes. 40
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
  Et revocent, quantum carpula pellit iners.
Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
  Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum, 45
  Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
  Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.

Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Deorum est,
  Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos; 50
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque
  Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
  Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero.
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cœlum, 55
  Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
  Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri
  Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos; 60
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
  Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juventus,
  Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.
Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, et lustralibus undis 65
  Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
  Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
  Orpheon, edomitis sola per antra feris; 70
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
  Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per monstrificam Persicæ Phœbados aulam,
  Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,
Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro 75
  Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,
  Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora Jovem.
At tu siquid agam scitabere (si modò saltem
  Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam) 80
Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,
  Faustaque sacratis sæcula pacta libris,
Vagitumque Dei, et stabulentem paupere tecto
  Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit,
Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
  Et subitò elisos ad sua fana Deos. 86
Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
  Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
  Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris. 90

ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

(Anno Ætatis 19.)

NONDUM blanda tuas leges, Amathusia, nôram,
Et Paphia vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
Atque tuum sprevi maxime numen Amor.
Tu puer imbelles, dixi, transfige columbas, 5
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,
Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros. 10
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
Promptior) et duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar. 15
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
Prodidit astantem moto pharetra Deum;
Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit. 20
Talis in eterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.
Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares, 25
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.
Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutiùs, inquit,
Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem. 30
Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
Edomui Phœbum, cessit et illi mihi;
Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
Certiùs et graviùs tela nocere mea.
Me nequid adductum curvare peritiùs arcum, 35
Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques:
Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille
Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.

Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
  Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes. 40
Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
  Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
Cætera quæ dubitas melius mea tela docebunt?
  Et tua non leviter corda patenda mihi.
Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ 45
  Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, et aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
  Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
  Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat. 50
Et modò quà nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
  Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, faciêque simillima turba dearum
  Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat, 55
  Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
  Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
  Neve oculos potuit continuisse meos. 60
Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam,
  Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
  Sic regina Deûm conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido, 65
  Solus et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
  Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.
Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
  Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis: 70
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
  Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
  Uror amans intùs flammaque totus eram.
Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat, 75
  Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,
  Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
Findor et hæc remanent: sequitur pars altera votum,
  Raptaque tam subitò gaudia flere juvat. 80

Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cælum,
  Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
  Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? amores 85
  Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
  Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui;
Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,
  Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces. 90
Crede mihi, nullus sic infeliciter arsit,
  Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.
Parce precor, teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,
  Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus 95
  Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens;
Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
  Solus et in superis tu mihi summis eris.
Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme, furores,
  Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans: 100
Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est
  Cuspis amaturos figat ut una duos.

Hæc ego, mente olim lævâ, studioque supino,
  Nequitiæ posui vana trophæa meæ.
Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error, 105
  Indocilisquæ etas prava magistra fuit,
Donec Socraticas umbrosa Academia rivos
  Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
  Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu. 110
Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,
  Et Diomedêam vim timet ipsa Venus.

EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER.

I.—*In proditionem bombardicam.*

Cum simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
  Ausus es infandum, perfide Fauxe, nefas,
Fallor? an et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
  Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli, 5
  Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
  Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

II.—*In eandem.*

Siccine tentasti cœlo donasse Iacobum
  Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen
  Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuis.
Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit 5
  Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
Sic potius fœdus in cœlum pelle cucullos,
  Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,
Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
  Crede mihi, cœli vix bene scandet iter. 10

III.—*In eandem.*

Purgatorem animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,
  Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,
  Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.
Et nec insultus ait temnes mea sacra, Britanne, 5
  Supplicium spreta religione dabis.
Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
  Non nisi per flammas triste patebit iter.
O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
  Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis! 10
Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni
  Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

IV.—*In eandem.*

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
  Et Styge damnarat Tænarioque sinu,
Hunc, vice mutata, jam tollere gestit ad astra,
  Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

V.—*In inventorem bombardæ.*

IAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,
  Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
  Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

VI.—*Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.*

ANGELUS unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
  Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum? Leonora, tibi si gloria major?
  Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli 5
  Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;
Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
  Sensim immortali assuescere posse sono.
Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
  In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet. 10

VII.—*Ad eandem.*

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
  Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.
Ah miser ille tuo quantò felicius ævo
  Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!
Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem 5
  Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ:
Quamvis Dircæo torsisset lumina Penthee
  Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus
  Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ; 10
Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde, quietem
  Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

VIII.—*Ad eandem.*

Credula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas
  Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,
Littoreamque tua defunctam Naiada ripa
  Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, et amœnâ Tibridis undâ 5
  Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
Illic Romulidûm studiis ornata secundis,
  Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

IX.—*Apologus de Rustico et Hero.*

Rusticus ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
  Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino;
Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus
  Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo, 5
  Mota solo assueto, protenùs aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
  Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus;
Atque ait, heu quantò satius fuit illa Coloni
  (Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo! 10
Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:
  Nunc periere mihi et fœtus et ipse parens.

X.—*Ad Christinam Suecorum Reginam, nomine Cromwelli.*

Bellipotens Virgo, septem Regina Trionum,
  Christina, Arctoï lucida stella poli!
Cernis, quas merui dura sub casside rugas,
  Utque senex armis impiger ora tero;
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor, 5
  Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra
  Nec sunt hi vultus Regibus usque truces.

SYLVARUM LIBER

Inobitum Procancellarii, medici.

(Anno Ætatis 17.)

PARERE fati discite legibus,
  Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
  Iäpe'e collitis nepotes.
Vos si relicto more vaga Tænaro 5
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
  Tentantur incassum, dolique;
    Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules, 10
  Nessi venenatus cruore,
  Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
  Quem larva Pelidis peremit 15
    Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
Sic triste fatum verba Hecatëia
Fugare possint, Tellegoni parens
  Vixisset infamis, potentique
    Ægiali soror usa virgâ. 20
Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,
  Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
    Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.
Læsisset nec te, Philyreie, 25
Sagitta Echidnæ perlita sanguine,
  Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
    Cæse puer genetricis alvo.
Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum, 30
  Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
    Et mediis Helicon in undis,

Jam præfuisses Palladio gregi
Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria:
Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis
Horribiles barathri recessus.
At fila rupit Persephone tua
Irata, cum te viderit, artibus
Succoque pollenti, tot atris
Faucibus eripuisse mortis.
Colende Præses, membra precor tua
Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo
Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,
Purpureoque Hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
Interque felices perennis
Elysio spatiere campo.

In Quintum Novembris.

(Anno Ætatis 17.)

Jam pius extrema veniens Iacobus ab arcto,
Teucrigenas populos, latéque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptia Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificusque novo felix divesque, sedebat
In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis:
Cum ferus igniflуo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros;
Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illac unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus;
Insidiasque locat tacitas, casesque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris
Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris.

Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
Jamque fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva 25
Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,
Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnatæ crudelia sæcula Trojæ. 30
  At simul hanc opibusque et festâ pace beatam
Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur; 35
Qualia Trinacria truxa ab Jove clausus in Ætna
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Tiphœus.
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cus is
Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo 40
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis; 45
Quâ volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.
  Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Ausoniæ fines: a parte sinistra
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini, 50
Dextra venificiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem, 55
Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
Evehitur, præeunt submisso poplite reges,
Et mendicantum series longissima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes. 60
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,

Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cava responsat rupe Citherون.
His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque ferocem
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter
Product steriles molli sine pellice noctes)
At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus
Astitit; assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raso, et ne quicquam desit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos constrixit fune salaces,
Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.
Talis, uti fama est, vasta Fransciscus eremo
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicosque leones.
Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execratia voces;
Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
Immemor, O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:
Surge, age, surge piger, Latinus quem Cæsar adorat,
Cui reserata patet convexi janua cœli,
Turgentes animos, et fastus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit.
Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
Et memor Hesperiæ disjectam ulciscere classem,
Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probosæ
Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,

Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires;
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroso milite pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit, 110
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte lacesses,
Irritus ille labor; tu callidus utere fraude:
Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est; 115
Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,
Grandævosque patres trabeâ, canisque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne 120
Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.
Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos
Propositi, factique, mone: quisquámne tuorum
Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ?
Perculsosque metu subito, casûque stupentes 125
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.
Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis. 130
Dixit, et adscitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.
Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Vesti inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati 135
Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis:
Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,
Nocturnos visus, et somnia grata revolvens.
Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,
Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti, 140
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
Hic inter cæmenta jacet præruptaque saxa,
Ossa inhumata virum, et trajecta cadavera ferro;
Hic dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis, 145
Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
Et timor, exsanguisque locum circumvolat Horror;

Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat. 150
Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, et Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum,
Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris,
Diffugiunt sontes, et retrò lumina vortunt;
Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles 155
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor
Gens exosa mihi; prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu, 160
Tartareoque leves diffiantur pulvere in auras
Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago:
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ,
Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.
Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli. 165
Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
Despicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.
Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab Aside terra 170
Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;
Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros: 175
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;
Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen. 180
Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencæ 185
Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nuntantia somno,
Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli: 190

Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria; veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.
Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum, 195
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
Carmine tam longo; servati scilicet Angli
Officiis, vaga diva, tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terrâque tremente: 200
Fama siles? an te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et nova sceptigero cædes meditata Iacobo?
Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis
Et satis ante fugax stridentis induit alas, 205
Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit: 210
Et primo Angliacas, solito de more, per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis 215
Insidiis loca structa silet? stupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Effœtique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverit omnem.
Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto 220
Æthereus pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis
Papicolûm; capit pœnas raptantur ad acres;
At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant; 224
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

In obitum Præsulis Ellensis.

(Anno Ætatis 17.)

Adhuc madentes rore squalebant genæ,
Et sicca nondum lumina
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo 5
Wintoniensis Præsulis.
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh! semper mali
Cladisque vera nuntia)
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
Populosque Neptuni satos, 10
Cessisse morti, et ferreis sororibus
Te generis humani decus,
Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus 15
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:
Nec vota Naso in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore;
Graiusque vates parcius 20
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponsamque Neobolen suam.
At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos 25
Leni, sub aurâ, flamine:
Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque, et irritas minas,
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita? 30
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebôve patre creta, sive Erinnye,
Vastove nata sub Chao:
Ast illa cœlo missa stellato, Dei 35
Messes ubique colligit;
Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
In lucem et auras evocat;

Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
  Themidos Jovisque filiæ; 40
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris:
  At justa raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
  Sedesque subterraneas,
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito 45
  Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatilesque faustus inter milites
  Ad astra sublimis feror:
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex
  Auriga currus ignei. 50
Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
  Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi scorpions brachia,
  Non ensis Orion tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum 55
  Longéque sub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suo
  Frænis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum, siderum per ordines
  Per lecteas vehor plagas, 60
Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam;
  Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et
  Stratum smaragdis atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat 65
  Oriundus humano patre,
Amœnitates illius loci? mihi
  Sat est in eternum frui.

Naturam non pati senium.

Heu quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis
Œdipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!
Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni 5
Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.
  Ergòne marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis
Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater

Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo? 10
Et se fessa senem malè certis passibus ibit
Sicereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas
Annorumque æterna fames, squallorque situsque
Sidera vexabunt? an et insatiabile Tempus
Esuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem? 15
Hen, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto
Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu 20
Stridet uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ
Decidat, horribilisque retectâ Gorgone Pallas;
Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli?
Tu quoque Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati 25
Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruina
Pronus, et extincta fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aërei divulsus sedibus Hæmi
Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro 30
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaque bella.
At Pater omnipotens, fundatis fortius astris,
Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo 35
Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors. 40
Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ
Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum
Surgit odoratis pariter formosis ab Indis, 45
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
Mane vocans, et serus agens in pascua cœli;
Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis. 50
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore

Larida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos 54
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, et raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti 60
Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorem,
Phœbe tuusque et Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum 64
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum;
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cœli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi. 69

De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.

Dicite, sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis, 5
Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei? 10
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsûs extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci; 15
Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimumve terris incolit lunæ globum:
Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens,
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas: 20

Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,
Atlante major portitore siderum.
Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit, 20
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
Non hunc silenti nocte Pléiones nepos
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;
Nec hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini, 30
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
At tu perenne ruris Academi decus 35
(Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)
Jam jam, poetas urbis exules tuæ
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus;
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras. 39

Ad Patrem.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora sontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis. 5
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus: nec novimus ipsi
Aptiùs à nobis quæ possint munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis 10
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi semoto somni perperere sub antro, 15
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.
Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et semina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flammæ. 20

Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
Carmini sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ; 25
Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consulit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis. 30
Nos etiam patrium tunc eum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque morsæ stabunt immobilis ævi;
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
Dulcia suaviloque sociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes, 35
Nunc quoque sidereis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas. 40
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
Nota gulæ, et modico spamabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,
Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines, 45
Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
Et chaos, et positi latè fundamina mundi,
Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane 'uvabit 50
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios, et quercubus addidit aures,
Carmine, non citharâ; simulachraque funeta canendo
Compulit in lachrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.
Nec tu perge precor, sacras contemnere Musas, 55
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres. 60
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam
Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti.

Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti, 60
Dividuumque Deum, genitorque puerque, tenemus.
Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camœnas,
Non odisse reor; neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certaque comendi fulget spes aurea nummi 75
Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures;
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ, 75
Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.
Officium chara taceo commune parentis,
Me poscunt majora: tuo, pater optime, sumptu
Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant 80
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere sussisti quos jactat Gallia flores;
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates. 85
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, sublectaque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfluus aer,
Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit:
Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube, 90
Nuda que conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.
I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas
Austriaci gazas, Perûanaque regna præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse 95
Jupiter, excepto, donâsset ut omnia, cœlo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato
At que Hyperionis currus, et fræna diei,
Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram. 100
Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo;
Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.

Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,
Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
Sæva nec anguiferos extende calumnia rictus;
In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis,
Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.
At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sic memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato
Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.
Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

PSALM CXIV.

ΙΣΡΑ'ΗΛ ἔστι παιδὶς, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῦλ' Ἰακώβου
Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπιχθία, βαρβαρόφωνον,
Δὴ τότε μούνον ἓην ὅσιον γένος υἷες Ἰοῦδα.
Ἐν δὶ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.
Εἶδε, καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσα
Κύμασι εἰλυμένη ἐσθίῳ, δδ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθη
Ἱρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδία πηγήν.
Ἐκ δ' ὄρια σπαρθμοῖσιν ἀπιρίσια κλονέοντο,
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐϋραφιρῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ.
Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίφοι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.
Τίπτε σύγ', αἰνὰ θάλασσα, πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρρώησας
Κύμασι εἰλυμένη ἐσθίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθης
Ἱρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδία πηγήν;
Τίπτ' ὄρια σπαρθμοῖσιν ἀπιρίσια κλονέεσθε.
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐϋραφιρῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ;
Βαιότεραι τὶ δ' ἄρ' ὑμεῖς ἀνασκιρτήσατ' ἐρίφοι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;
Ἐλίε γαῖα τρέουσα θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα
Βαῖα θεὸν τρέουσ' ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσσακίδαο,
Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σκιλάδων ποταμοὺς χέε μερμήρεσσαν,
Κρήνην' ἀειαὸν πίτρης ἀπὸ δακρυόεσσης.

Philosophus ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum et insontem inter reos forte captum inscius damnaverat, τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος, hæc subito misit.

Ὦ ἄνα, εἰ ἀλίσης με τὸν ἴνταμον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
Δεινὸν ὅλως δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον
Ῥωδίων ἀφίλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νόησις,
Μαψιδίως δ' ἀρ' ἐκεῖνα τεῶν πρὸς θυμὸν ἐδυρῇ,
Τοῖόν δ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώνυμον ἄλκαρ ἀλίσσας.

In effigiei ejus Sculptorem.

Ἀμαθεῖ γιγράφθαι χειρὶ τῆνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυὲς βλίπων.
Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγνόντες φίλοι
Γελᾶτι φαύλου δυσμίμημα ζωγράφου.

Ad Salsillum Poetam Romanum ægrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

O Musa gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quàm cùm decentes flava Dëiope suras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum; 5
Adesdum et hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo
Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum 10
Polique tractum, pessimus ubi ventorum,
In sanientis impotensque pulmonis,
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra,
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ 15
Virosque, doctæque indolem juventutis.
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,
Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat; 20
Nec id pepercit impia quod tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divûm munus, O salus Hebes

Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror,
Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan 25
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Lavamen ægro ferte certatim vati. 30
Sic ille, charis redditus rursùm Musis,
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans. 35
Tumidusque et ipse Tibris, hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges
Nimium sinistro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fræna meliùs temperabit undarum, 40
Adusque curvi falsa regna Portumni.

MANSUS.

Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Vilensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non et bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus *Gerusalemme Conquistata*, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, e Corteci
Risplende il Manso———

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summa benevolentia prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ea urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderat, hoc carmen misit.

Hæc quoque, Manse, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore
Post Galli cineres, et Mecænatis Hetrusci.
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ, o
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis;
Mox tibi dulciloquam non inscia Musa Marinum

Tradidit; ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum 10
Dum canit Assyrios divûm prolixus amores;
Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas,
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Ossa, tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit:
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici; 15
Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia ces-
Officia in tumulo; cupis integros rapere Orco, [sant
Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, et varia sub sorte peractam 20
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ;
Æmulus illius, Mycalen qui natus ad altam,
Retulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te, Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi,
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum, 25
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabare Musam,
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos 30
Credimus obscuras noctes sensisse per umbras,
Quà Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
Oceani Glaucos perfundit gurgite crines:
Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo
Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione 36
Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Beöten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,
Halentemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas) 40
Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
(Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum
Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)
Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herbosa Graiæ de more puellæ, 45
Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flaviconiâ Hecaerge,
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens, 50
Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini;

Tu quoque in ora frequens venies, plausumque viro-
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu. [rum,
Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas: 55
At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ, cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes;
Tantùm ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum, 60
Irriguos inter saltus, frondosaque tecta,
Peneium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ,
Ad citharæ strepitum, blanda prece victus amici,
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo 65
Saxa stetere loco; nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas;
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet 70
Nascentem, et miti lustrarat lumine Phœbus,
Atlantisque nepos; neque enim, nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis, poterit magno favisse poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos; 75
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,
Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene nôrit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges, 80
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem!
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
Magnanimos Heroas, et (O modo spiritus adsit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonem sub Marte phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ, 85
Annorumque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
Astanti sat erit si dicam, sim tibi curæ;
Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,
Curaret parvet componi molliter urna: 90
Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas, at ego secura pace quiescam.

Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,
Quò labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo,
Quantum fata sinunt: et tota mente serenùm
Ridens, purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis et Damon ejusdem viciniæ pastores, eadem studia sequuti, a pueritia amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causa profectus peregre de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub persona hic intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca paterno genere ortundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrina, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

Himerides nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)
Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen:
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus;
Dum sibi præruptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relicti
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,
Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon!
Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?

At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum. 25
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupus antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo 30
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piùmque,
Palladiásque artes, sociûmque habuisse canorum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. 35
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon,
At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis? 40
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit 45
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni
Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus
Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo? [auster
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. 50
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus;
Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus, 55
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ;
Hic serum expecto; supra caput imber et Eurus 60
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu, quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!

Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque suum convetunt ora magistrum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,
'Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,
Hic Zephiri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;'
Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat,
Et callebat avium linguas, et sidera Mopsus)
Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, et quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,
Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem
Jure petit, bis ille miser qui serus amavit.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, et filia Baucidis Aegle
Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,
Venit Idumanii Chlorus vicina fluenti;
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi, quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales!
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege, si densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,
Quem si sors letho objecit, sua milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis

Gens hominum, aliena animis, et pectore discors·
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum;
Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ 110
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per sêreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam, 115
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit;)
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes
Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes! 120
Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,
Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse 'Vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra'
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,
Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juventus, 125
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuscus tu quoque Damon
Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam,
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multùm
Displicui, nam sunt et apud me munera vestra
Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ: 135
Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat rosida luna, 140
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.
Ah quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus:
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura 145
Arrigui voto levis, et præsenta finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,
Imus? et argutâ paulum recubamus in umbra,

Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Caseibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina succos, 150
Helleborûmque, humilêsque crocos, foliûmque
hyacinthi.
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentûm,
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentûm,
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro.
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula, ab undecima jam lux est altera nocte, 156
Et tum forte novis admôram labra cicutis,
Dissiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim
Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos cedite sylvæ. 160
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennûmque Arvigarumque duces, priscûmque
Belinum,
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude lögernen, 165
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlöis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit,
Tu procul annosa pendebis fistula pinu
Multûm oblita mihi; aut patriis mutata Camœnis 170
Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
Non spersâse uni licet omnia, mi satis ample
Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni, 175
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis
Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri, 180
Hæc, et plura simul; tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,
Mansus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:
In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver, 185
Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ,
Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris,
Cæruleûm fulgens diversicoloribus alis,

Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis; 189
Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus:
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pharetræ,
Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobili vulgi
Hinc ferit, ad circùm flammantia lumina torquens
Semper in erectum spargit sua tella per orbes 195
Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus.
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.
Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethæo fas quæsivisse sub orco, 201
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà,
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede repulit arcum;
Heroûmque animas inter, divósque perennes, 205
Æthereos haurit latices et gaudia potat
Ore sacro. Quin tu, cœli post jura recepta,
Dexter ades, placidúsque fave quicunque vocaris,
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti 210
Cœlicolæ nôrint, sylvisque vocabere Damon:
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona, 215
Lætâque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia Thyrso.

Ad Joannem Rousium *Oxoniensis Academiæ Bibliothecarium.*

(Jan. 23, 1646.)

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in bibliotheca publica reponeret. Ven.

Strophe 1.

Gemelle cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ,
Munditiéque nitens non operosâ,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim, 5
Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ;
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit
Insons populi, barbitóque devius
Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio 10
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede:

Antistrophe.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu missus ab urbe, 15
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi 20
Aonidum, thyasusque sacer,
Orbi notus per immensos
Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum?

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo, 25
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,
(Si satis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet studia sanctus, 30

Et relegatas sine sede Musas
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm ;
Immundasque volucres
Unguibus imminentes 34
Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ, [gasèo,
Phinèamque abigat pestem procul amne Pa-

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuncii licet malâ
Fide, vel oscitantiâ,
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat specus, 40
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
Callo terèris institoris insulsi,
Lætare felix, en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget posse profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique superam 45
In Jovis aulam remige pennâ :

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roüsius sui
Optat peculi, numeròque justo
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
Rogataque venias ille, cujus inclyta 50
Sunt data virum monumenta curæ :
Teque adytis etiam sacris
Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet
Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris, 55
Quàm cui præfuit Ion
Clarus Erechtheides
Opulenta dei per templa parentis
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Ion Actæâ genitus Creusâ. 60

Antistrophe.

Ergo tu visere lucos
Musarum ibis amœnos,
Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum,
Oxoniâ quam valle colit,
Delo posthabitâ, 65
Bifidóque Parnassi jugo :

Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legeris inter alta nomina 70
Authorum, Graiæ simul et Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo 75
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas,
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabit soleræ Roûsi, [longè
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque
Turba legentum parva facesset; 80
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
Adhibebit, integro sinu.
Tum, livore sepulto, 85
Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,
Roûsio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, unâ demum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commodè legendi potiùs, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortasse dici monstrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt κατὰ σχέσιν, partim ἀπολελυμένα. Phaleucia quæ sunt Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit

THE END.